



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

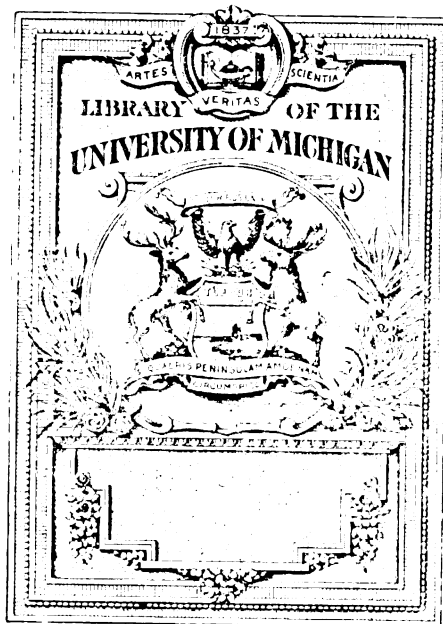
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

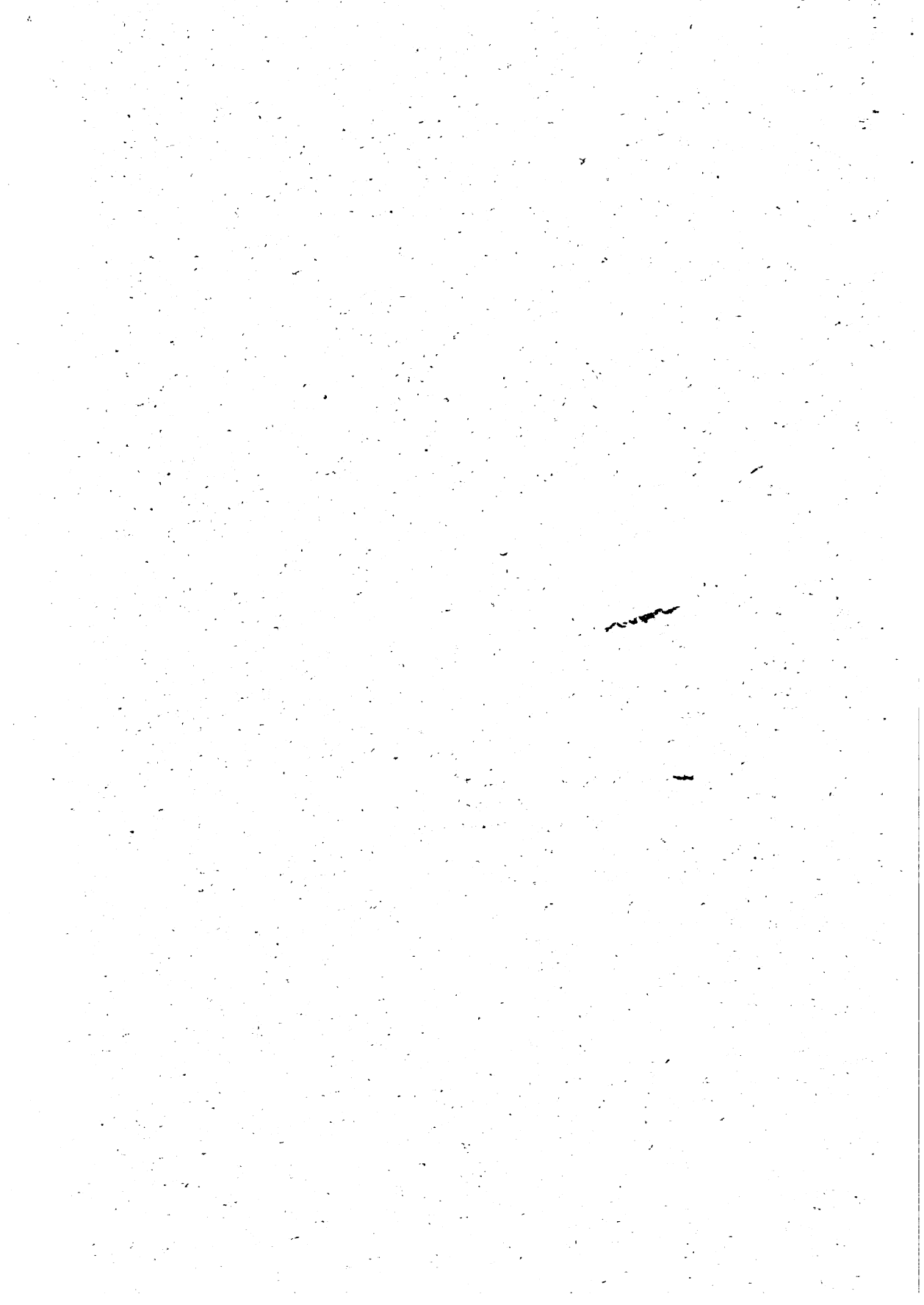
B 3 9015 00234 692 5
University of Michigan - BUHR

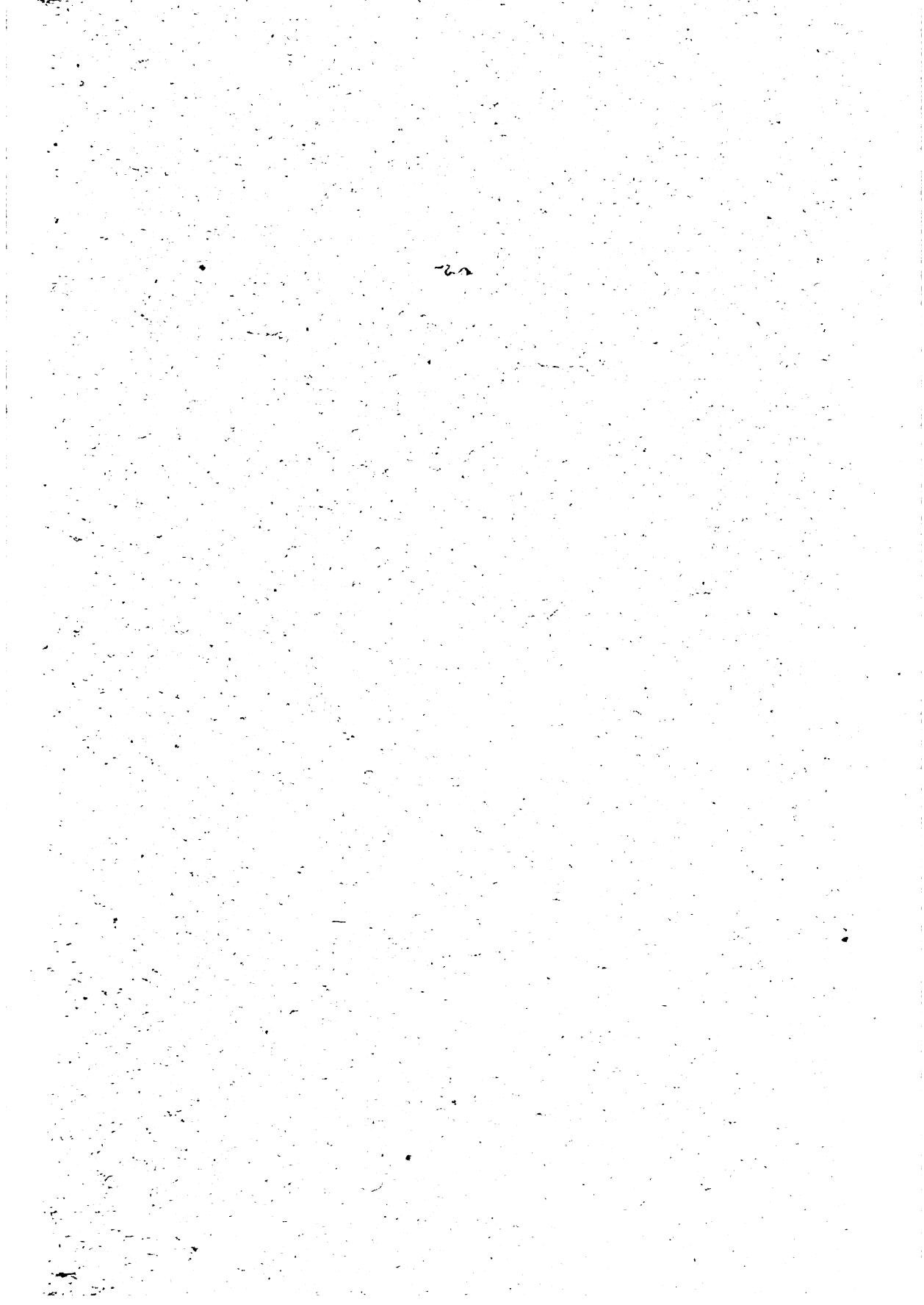


F

-31

,G 76





THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE,
AND STATE PROGRESS

VOLUME XXXVI

CONCORD, N. H.
PUBLISHED BY THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY

1904

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXXVI.

January—June, 1904.

	PAGE
ABANDONED FARM, HIS, H. G. Leslie, M. D.	229
Abbott, Frances M., HISTORY OF CONCORD, N. H.	44
Annett, Albert, THE RAVINE (<i>poem</i>)	263
Bailey, Sarah M., THE LOST RING	165
Bagley, Frank R., OUR GOOD OLD WINTER TIME	98
Beede, Eva J., DAVID SCRUTON'S ECONOMY	117
Browne, G. Waldo, AN INDIAN LEGEND OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS	56
THE DOOMED OAK	161
Buffum, Jesse H., THE PROFESSOR'S PROTEGE	309
Carr, Laura Garland, REMEMBER (<i>poem</i>)	89
LIFE (<i>poem</i>)	157
CHAMPERNOUNE, THE GRAVE OF (<i>poem</i>), Frederick Myron Colby	43
Chapin, Bela, SWEET FIELDS AND SKIES (<i>poem</i>)	340
Chapin, Charles H., TO GRAND MONADNOCK (<i>poem</i>)	106
Cheney, G. A., ENFIELD TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW	3
WALPOLE	127
Clafin, Sumner F., WINTER (<i>poem</i>)	164
CLEVELAND'S, GROVER, SUMMER HOME, H. B. Colby	246
Cogswell, Thomas, Jr., SNOW-CAPPED NEW HAMPSHIRE	116
Colby, Frederick Myron, THE GRAVE OF CHAMPERNOUNE (<i>poem</i>)	43
THE "GOOD OLD TIMES" AT PLYMOUTH	158
DANTE AND BEATRICE (<i>poem</i>)	208
Colby, H. B., GROVER CLEVELAND'S SUMMER HOME	246
AN INDUSTRY QUITE OUT OF THE ORDINARY	333
CONCORD, N. H., HISTORY OF, Frances M. Abbott	44
CONTOOCOOK, THE (<i>poem</i>), Martha Hale Shackford	264
DANTE AND BEATRICE (<i>poem</i>), Frederick Myron Colby	208
DAVID SCRUTON'S ECONOMY, Eva J. Beede	117
DIVORCED (<i>poem</i>), Minnie Louise Randall	105
DOOMED OAK, THE (<i>poem</i>), George Waldo Browne	161
Dow, W. M., TILLEY HOWE	291
DURGIN, CLEMENT, Helen Philbrook Patten	239
EAGLE, THE (<i>poem</i>), Fred Lewis Pattee	263
EDITORIAL NOTES.	
GOOD ROADS LEAGUE	292
NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE ROADS	293
A MOUNTAIN DRIVE	294
OLD HOME WEEK	295
WIDE TIRES	341
STONES IN HIGHWAYS	341
CONDITIONS OF ROADS IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS	342
ROAD CRITICISM	342
THE BROWN-TAIL MOTH	343
ENFIELD TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW, G. A. Cheney	3
EVANS, REV. ISRAEL, A. M. (<i>addenda</i>), John Calvin Thorne	247
EXETER	301

CONTENTS.

iii

FATHER'S REST (<i>poem</i>), Emily Hewitt Leland	331
FRANKLIN PIERCE CHINA, THE (<i>poem</i>), Frank Herbert Meloon	115
GARVIN'S FALLS	234
Gilman, Isabel Ambler, SUNRISE AND SUNSET (<i>poem</i>)	172
"GOOD OLD TIMES" AT PLYMOUTH, THE, Frederick Myron Colby	158
GRAND MONADNOCK, TO (<i>poem</i>), Charles H. Chapin	106
GRANITE STATE, THE (<i>poem</i>), Dana Smith Temple	118
Griffith, George Bancroft, THE LIGHT OF PITY (<i>poem</i>)	161
OUR AMERICAN ELM (<i>poem</i>)	327
Groves, Ernest R., THE HIDDEN HALF OF WENDELL PHILLIPS	162
Hackett, Frank Warren, LETTERS TO JOHN P. HALE FROM WILLIAM H. Y. HACKETT	318
HANS AND ROSEL, Ellen McRoberts Mason	167
HOWE, TILLEY, W. M. Dow	291
HOW OLD CORNCOB WAS FOOLED, Witchtret	322
Hoyt, Samuel, WINTER (<i>poem</i>)	116
INDUSTRY QUITE OUT OF THE ORDINARY, AN, H. B. Colby	333
Kelley, George H., "OLD DUMN-IT-ALL" (<i>poem</i>)	316
KEZIAH SARACEN'S MICROBE SCARE, Alice Evelyn Minot	257
KIMBALL, ROBERT RANTOUL	291
LANGDON, DOCTOR, F. B. Sanborn	209, 267
Lawrence, Sarah B., SPINNING OVER AN INDIAN TRAIL IN AN ELECTRIC CAR	301
Leland, Emily Hewitt, FATHER'S REST (<i>poem</i>)	331
Leslie, H. G., M. D., SHORELINE SKETCHES—POPE NIGHT	99
HIS ABANDONED FARM	229
LETTERS TO JOHN P. HALE FROM WILLIAM H. Y. HACKETT, Frank Warren Hackett	318
Libby, Norman H., RECOLLECTIONS OF A VISIT TO MT. WASHINGTON	288
LIFE (<i>poem</i>), Laura Garland Carr	157
LIGHT OF PITY, THE (<i>poem</i>), George Bancroft Griffith	161
Lord, C. C., A STAR IN ECLIPSE	90
LOST RING, THE, Sarah M. Bailey	165
Mason, Ellen McRoberts, HANS AND ROSEL	167
McLANE, JOHN	300, 333
Meloon, Frank Herbert, THE FRANKLIN PIERCE CHINA (<i>poem</i>)	115
Metcalf, Henry H., PLYMOUTH	179
Minot, Alice Eveleth, KEZIAH SARACEN'S MICROBE SCARE	257
MT. WASHINGTON, RECOLLECTIONS OF A VISIT TO, Norman H. Libby	288
NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.	
LADD, FLETCHER	59
HUTCHINSON, HON. JONAS	59
MARSHALL, REV. THOMAS, D. D.	60
STEVENS, HON. EZRA A.	60
CARR, EDGAR L., M. D.	60
YOUNG, AARON	61
MERRILL, HON. MOODY	61
CHENEY, REV. OREN B., D. D.	61
BRADLEY, RT. REV. DENIS M.	62
KINGMAN, COL. JOHN W.	62
STICKNEY, JOSEPH	62
BADGER, COL. JOSEPH	62
RAND, MAJ. GEORGE	119
DEARBORN, DR. CHARLES E.	119
PALMER, HON. HENRY H.	119
DUTTON, LEWIS H.	120
SLADE, HON. LUCIUS	120
EVANS, EARL, M. D.	121
MELLOWS, AARON L.	173

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY (*Continued*):

FOSS, FREDERIC J.	173
COGSWELL, COL. THOMAS	174
GOULD, DR. TRUE M.	174
JACKSON, CHARLES E.	175
COMINGS, URIEL L.	175
COX, JOHN LANGDON	175
PARKER, WARD	175
BROWN, ORANGE S.	176
SCRUTON, COL. WALTER S.	176
NORTHWOOD, THE LAKES OF (<i>poem</i>), Winnie M. Watson	89
"OLD DUMN-IT-ALL" (<i>poem</i>), George H. Kelley	316
OUR AMERICAN ELM (<i>poem</i>), George Bancroft Griffith	327
OUR GOOD OLD WINTER TIME (<i>poem</i>), Frank R. Bagley	98
Pattee, Fred Lewis, THE EAGLE (<i>poem</i>)	263
Patten, Helen Philbrook, CLEMENT DURGIN	239
Perkins, Bennett B., THE REDEMPTION OF PETER	231
PLAYMATE, MY (<i>poem</i>), Mrs. W. V. Tompkins	172
PHILLIPS, WENDELL, THE HIDDEN HALF OF, Ernest R. Groves	162
PLYMOUTH, Henry H. Metcalf	179
PLYMOUTH (<i>poem</i>), Walter M. Rogers	207
PORTSMOUTH NAVY YARD, THE, Timothy P. Sullivan	65
PRESCOTT, GEORGIANA A., SAILED DECEMBER THIRTY-FIRST	42
PROFESSOR'S PROTEGE, THE, Jesse H. Buffum	309
Randall, Minnie Louise, DIVORCED (<i>poem</i>)	105
RAVINE, THE (<i>poem</i>), Albert Annett	263
REDEMPTION OF PETER, THE, Bennett B. Perkins	231
REMEMBER (<i>poem</i>), Laura Garland Carr	89
Rogers, Walter M., PLYMOUTH (<i>poem</i>)	207
ROYAL FLUSH, A., Mrs. W. V. Tompkins	251
SAILED DECEMBER THIRTY-FIRST (<i>poem</i>), Georgiana A. Prescott	42
Sanborn, F. B., DOCTOR LANGDON	209, 267
Scales, John, A. B., A. M., COL. JONATHAN WENTWORTH	108
Shackford, Martha Hale, THE CONTOOCOOK (<i>poem</i>)	264
Shirley, Moses Gage, SOME DAY YOU'LL FALL ASLEEP (<i>poem</i>)	56
SHORELINE SKETCHES—POPE NIGHT, H. G. Leslie, M. D.	99
SHOW, THE (<i>poem</i>), Mary H. Wheeler	164
SNOW-CAPPED NEW HAMPSHIRE (<i>poem</i>), Thomas Cogswell, Jr.	116
SOME DAY YOU'LL FALL ASLEEP (<i>poem</i>), Moses Gage Shirley	56
SPINNING OVER AN INDIAN TRAIL IN AN ELECTRIC CAR, Sarah B. Lawrence	301
STAR, A., IN ECLIPSE, C. C. Lord	90
STRAFFORD COUNTY TOWNS, Lucien Thompson	328
Sullivan, Timothy P., THE PORTSMOUTH NAVY YARD	65
SUNRISE AND SUNSET (<i>poem</i>), Isabel Ambler Gilman	172
SWEET FIELDS AND SKIES (<i>poem</i>), Bela Chapin	340
Temple, Dana Smith, THE GRANITE STATE (<i>poem</i>)	118
Thompson, Lucien, STRAFFORD COUNTY TOWNS	328
Thorne, John Calvin, REV. ISRAEL EVANS, A. M. (<i>addenda</i>)	247
Tompkins Mrs. W. V., MY PLAYMATE (<i>poem</i>)	172
A ROYAL FLUSH	251
WALPOLE, G. A. Cheney	127
Watson, Winnie M., THE LAKES OF NORTHWOOD (<i>poem</i>)	89
WENTWORTH, COL. JONATHAN, John Scales, A. B., A. M.	108
Wheeler, Mary H., THE SHOW (<i>poem</i>)	164
WHITE MOUNTAINS, AN INDIAN LEGEND OF THE, G. Waldo Browne	56
WINTER (<i>poem</i>), Sumner F. Claffin	164
WINTER (<i>poem</i>), Samuel Hoyt	116
Witchtret, HOW OLD CORNCOB WAS FOOLED	322



GEORGE ELLIS WHITNEY.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXXVI.

JANUARY, 1904.

No. 1.



"Enfieldiana."

THE HEART OF THE MASCOMA VALLEY—ENFIELD, TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

By G. A. Cheney.



SO distinct and comprehensive are the physical characteristics of the territory that describes the limits of the town of Enfield, that it is wholly and pleasingly unlike any other locality in the state. Grandeur and majesty are the dominant traits of one locality; the ruggedness and strength of the picturesque of another; the ocean's shore and surf, and turbulent headland prevail in a third, but here, in this heart of the Mascoma valley, nature reigns in a constant, never-changing mood of peace, beauty, and harmony. Here the beautiful and the picturesque blend without discordant note, the

hills are verdure-clad in luxuriant growth, the most sought for phases of nature abound, and every farmstead and home face the rising and coursing sun. All the influences of nature's aspects that here abide conspire to create placidity of mind and soul-satisfying conditions.

For more than a century Enfield has been the chosen abiding place of one of the country's largest communities or settlements of that ecclesiastical sect called Shakers, a cardinal principle of whose organization is that "mine is thine and thine is mine," or, in other words, communism in actuality. The keynote of these loving and lovable people is peace and good



The Famous Shaker Bridge across Mascoma Lake.

will. In their original seeking for a fraternity or community home it was but natural that they should desire a spot where nature was in its most homelike and heart-alluring forms. That the result of their search was the selection of Enfield is a fact of widest significance.

The Enfield Shakers tilled their fertile hillside slopes, and from south to north for a distance of two miles they made the fields yield of grain, vegetables, and fruit, that thereby their homes might be all the more abodes of peace and plenty. Great orchards, planted by a generation of long ago, clothe the hillsides, and mammoth old buildings still stand as firm and strong as ever, and will so remain for generations to come.

But the Enfield Shakers are yearly growing less in number, for they receive only now and then an accession to their ranks, and the great majority that now remain have reached or are near to the Psalmist's allotted years. Already the so-called "South family" has sold its lands and other realty to those not of the faith.

But should extinction, as now seems probable, be the fate of the Enfield Shakers, the fact will ever remain that they bettered the world and humanity in having lived. The memory that will survive of the good they did will be pure, sweet, wholesome, and enduring.

The great physical feature of Enfield is its Mascoma lake, at once one of the handsomest, and, withal, best-enviored sheets of water that dot the landscape of all New England. The land around its whole shore circumference lies clean and dry, and free from swamp, bog, or stagnant wet. It was along the western shore that the Shakers finally settled and developed their magnificent properties. The Mascoma valley, beginning to the eastward and extending to the Connecticut river, has its mid-distance in Mascoma lake, like the principal setting in a line of gold. It is fully five miles in length, with width varying from one quarter to more than two miles. At one of its narrowest widths the lake is spanned by a bridge built by the Shakers in the

first half of the last century, and still seemingly in perfect condition. The magnitude of this Shaker bridge, as it is called, and the substantial nature of its construction place it among the interesting sights of New Hampshire. How great it was as an undertaking is shown by the action of Enfield, as a town, in paying over to the Shakers almost sixty thousand dollars when it decided to assume the ownership of the bridge.

Unlike the lot of most towns and cities, Enfield has its Mascoma lake right at the doors of its homes instead of at a distance, as is in many instances. The value of this proximity of the lake to street and domicile is inestimable. The Shaker bridge and the highway that skirts the western shore and encircles its spacious headwaters make accessible its larger portion by foot or carriage.

Nature's lavishness in a bestowal of gifts upon Enfield finds additional exemplification in the presence within her limits of Crystal lake and Goose pond. The first named is in that part of the town called Lockehaven. In addition to its charming natural ma-

rine parks, Enfield's hills, which hem it in upon every side, give it an added glory and variety of scenery that always pleases and cheers the soul of man. The highways that wind around and over these hills and thread their way through the intervening valleys, afford opportunities for carriage drives or jaunts afoot that are of surpassing interest and charm. Should one, however, prefer the level road to hill or mountain way, then upon every hand can such a road be found. It is through this region that the Mascoma river flows, sometimes in the open, then again it hides itself in some wooded glen, from whence it springs at an unlooked for point, and, lingering a little as it accepts the right of way across a sunlit meadow, it all at once leaps from its reverie and dashes into woods whose trees overhang its banks and darken its waters. But everywhere is beauty, gaiety, and life. The lover of nature in all its most pleasing moods cannot fail to find these at their best within the realms of Enfield.

Contrary to what one would naturally think, the woods and hills of



Beautiful Crystal Lake, Lockehaven, Enfield.
Photo. W. H. Manahan, Jr., Hillsborough, N. H.

Enfield constitute one of the best hunting grounds in all New Hampshire. In the short open season for deer that closed December 1, 1903, no less than twenty-two deer were killed within the limits of the town. Foxes and hares are comparatively plenty, and wild ducks seek the waters of Mascoma and Crystal lakes throughout the season. This abundance of wild game in and about Enfield is an evidence of the locality's

community, and one that has come to be widely known for its wealth and general prosperity. Such it has been in the past and such it is to-day. There is no sign of stagnation. Rapid as has been the growth of the town it is in no sense a boom growth, but certain, sure, and permanent.

No town in all New England can surpass Enfield in a proportionate number of men of all ages who more worthily represent the best there is in



On the Mascoma River.

natural resources and ability to sustain life.

The Enfield of to-day is one of the most prosperous towns in New Hampshire. Its population is about two thousand, which is a marked increase during the past decade. It is the commercial center for an extensive outlying territory, and these commercial interests are continuously expanding. Its industrial interests represent woolen, lumber, grain, and other plants.

Enfield's population is one that counts in quality as well as in quantity. It has ever been an industrious

American citizenship and manhood. The visitor in Enfield is quick to note the character of the life prevailing there. He notes with an ever-increasing admiration the number and neatness of the individual homes, and the absence of all those conditions so indicative that life is a struggle and a drudgery.

The farming interests of Enfield are presumably the equal of any in New Hampshire. The land is naturally fertile and productive, and highly improved. Now that the town has a future big with an assurance as a popular summer home, the increase

of this business will open an ever-expanding home market for all farm products. The farms themselves will become all the more sought for as summer homes, for, to repeat that already said, the scenery, the topographical traits, the possibilities, opportunities, and advantages of Enfield are not only great and abundant, but they are distinct, and in no wise a copy of other portions of New Hampshire or New England. It is most

site for a reservoir, and one was obtained free from the possibility of sewage contamination. The supply is mainly from mountain springs, flowing into a twenty-acre reservoir distant less than two miles from the village. The decision to build the works, and the carrying of them forward to so speedy a completion was a bit of courage and enterprise that do credit to all concerned. The precinct, for funds, issued bonds to the amount



Homeward Bound across the Fields.

emphatically "Enfieldiana," and the possibilities for Enfield's growth are simply without limit.

What manner of people constitute the population of this village and precinct finds expression in the fact that in the last year (1903) they completed a public water-works system at a cost of \$45,000. Agitation of the scheme began, was fostered by a practically unanimous sentiment, and took form in the appointment of a board of water commissioners consisting of Everett B. Huse, Fred A. Fogg, and Henry W. Flanders. Extreme care was exercised in the selection of a

of \$45,000, to mature in twenty years, and bear interest at three and a half per cent., and already these water bonds sell at a premium in spite of the low rate of interest.

Enfield is an electrically lighted community, and it has its miles of thoroughly built sidewalks.

The precinct has Congregational, Catholic, Methodist, Episcopal, and Universalist societies and churches. Its public school system is well maintained, as goes without saying, and those of its boys and girls who seek a higher preparatory education than is afforded by the town schools can se-

cure it by attendance at Kimball Union academy, Meriden, or the Rockland Military academy, West Lebanon, both of which are adjacent towns, while Hanover, the home of Dartmouth college, joins Enfield on the north. The town is thus extremely well favored as respects educational facilities.

G. A. R., Farragut Woman's Relief corps, and selectmen's rooms, besides the library proper. In its possession Enfield has a library and building all paid for by the munificence of its own citizens, and free from the obligations that would have been incurred by the acceptance of the offered help of those not resident or native of the town.



Public Library Building.

Bearing close relation to the matter in the preceding paragraph is the story of yet another undertaking by the people of the town, which significantly presents their dominant spirit, their tastes, and their willingness to help one another. This was the construction of the Enfield public library building, comprehending in its scope a soldiers' memorial hall, a public hall, rooms for Farragut post, No. 52,

The library building is a frame structure of three stories, including a basement that is almost wholly above ground. In the basement is the heating plant, and in addition a perfectly equipped kitchen and spacious dining hall. On the street floor is the library with reception room, reference room, and stack or book room. Across the hallway from the library is the selectmen's room and record vault. Be-

yond the library are the G. A. R. rooms, and next beyond these those of the Woman's Relief corps. The rooms of both these associations are splendidly equipped and appointed. On the third floor is the public hall, or opera house.

The scheme of the public library building had its origin in a proposal submitted at the annual town-meeting, March, 1900, by Henry Cumings, he offering the town twelve hundred dollars for the construction of the building on certain conditions. The town accepted the conditions named, and George E. Whitney and Lorenzo D. Dunbar were selected with Mr. Cumings as members of a committee. At the first meeting of the committee Mr. Whitney proposed that the plans be enlarged so as to include a public hall, and showed his personal belief in the idea by offering to give one thousand dollars, unconditionally, save that the hall be of adequate size for the public need. Then the local post of the Grand Army of the Republic made a further offer of one thousand dollars on condition that the post and relief corps should have rooms. All these propositions were accepted by the town, and the work on the construction of the building began. Its plans were drawn by C. W. Flanders & Co., and the same firm was its builders. Later Mr. Whitney contributed the additional sum of five hundred dollars, and Mr. Cumings, three hundred dollars. Smaller sums aggregating a total of one thousand dollars were paid in by other individuals and the town paid the balance. The entire cost was about ten thousand dollars.

The hall in the building was

named in honor of Mr. Whitney. A memorial window in the library reference room bears the name of "Henry Cumings," and still another in the building is to the memory of Enfield's sons who offered their lives for the perpetuity of the Union.

The library contains a total of four thousand books, and the sum of two hundred dollars is expended annually for new publications. The librarian is Miss Ella M. Pattee, and she



Delivery Room, Public Library.

is one who administers the affairs of the library with consummate skill. She is also a library trustee, and as such was the first woman to be elected by the vote of its citizens to a public office in Enfield.

Some one has said, "Show me the cemetery of town or city and I will tell the kind of people that live in such city or town." Enfield has in its Oak Grove cemetery one of the best cared for places of its kind in the state. The cemetery association has a perpetual care fund of seven thousand dollars. The superintendent in charge is Wallace Putnam, and the



Congregational Church.

secretary and treasurer is Warren C. Clough, these two, with L. D. Dunbar, E. B. Huse, and H. F. Morrill, constitute the standing committee.

The railroad facilities of Enfield lack no essential toward their completeness, for by an irrevocable agreement made with the interests that built the original Northern railroad every regular passenger train must stop at Enfield. This perpetual covenant governing the running of trains through the town is likewise an everlasting reminder of the astuteness, foresightedness, and business acumen of the late Caleb Dyer, the Shaker leader, who gave to the Northern railroad the site for the Enfield passenger station with the above proviso. It is a telling illustration of the good that men can do by the exercise of a little forethought and discernment of the future. No matter how great and important any other community on the line of the Northern road may become, it can

never possess a better railroad service than that guaranteed Enfield.

But Enfield, as the heart of the Mascoma valley, the centre, the hub of a region containing twenty thousand people and constituting an area that is bound to become more and more the chosen and favored summer resort of an ever-increasing number of people, needs and must have for its more rapid development that newer factor in modern material life, the electric railway. A frequent suggestion heard in the Mascoma valley relative to an electric railway is that it extend from Canaan to West Lebanon, thence to Hanover, only four miles away. From Enfield to West Lebanon is eleven miles, and the four additional to Hanover make fifteen. The Mascoma valley, as already pointed out, is a region of distinct and exceptional advantages, and though these have their climax and culmination within the boundary lines of Enfield, as the heart is the fountainhead of a human life, yet the building of an electric railway, as outlined, would intensify and en-



Methodist Episcopal Church.

hance that community of interest already singularly apparent between all the settlements of the valley. The impression that the electric railway tends to build up one community at the expense of another is not borne out by the actual facts, but the benefits to the territory it traverses are mutual.

isters the rising and falling of the temperature, so does the post-office in a community indicate with like degree of certainty the progress of the town as respects population, the volume of its business, and the intellectual character of its inhabitants. Exceptions to this rule are where one or more interests do a greater



The Lewis Hall Residence, South Street.

It is the most natural thing in the world for the visitor in Enfield, after noting the extent of its farming, commercial, and industrial interests to inquire respecting its national and savings banks. The answer is that there are neither in the town, yet the need of both is so urgent that the sentiment for the establishment of each is already so strong as to warrant the belief that Enfield will ere many months have its own monetary institutions. Few towns in New England have as much wealth per capita as Enfield, and all its classes are prosperous and of more than average intelligence.

As surely as the thermometer reg-

than ordinary mail order business, but where these are absent the post-office patronage is a certain indicator of a town's growth and of the character of its people. In five years' time the business of the Enfield post-office has increased more than thirty-three per cent., and it has taken its place as a presidential office. It has a commodious room by itself, and all its appointments are of the latest pattern. The present postmaster is Frank B. Williams, who received his appointment early in the first McKinley administration, and a reappointment when the office was placed in the presidential class. Mr. Williams has as a most popular and

efficient assistant, Miss Stella M. Huse.

It is Enfield's good fortune to be able to include among its citizens and residents George Ellis Whitney, and also is he one whom the entire Mascoma valley keenly appreciates and thoroughly respects. New Hampshire as a state has a special

George and Eliza J. Whitney, he attended the schools of his native town, and later pursued his educational life in a Boston commercial school. His father was a lifelong woolen manufacturer, owning and operating a factory in Royalston. As a citizen of Massachusetts he was known throughout the state for



Residence of George E. Whitney.

interest in him, for he is a member of the upper branch of its present legislature. Mr. Whitney in his personality is a fine illustration of the saying that this is the era of young men, and he is furthermore a genuine exemplification of President Roosevelt's doctrine that every man should carry his own weight. Still just a little on the right side of forty he directs vast business interests that call for their success the soundest judgment, a minute attention to detail, and a comprehensive understanding of men and current affairs.

Born in Royalston, Mass., January 30, 1864, the son of the late Col.

ability and all-around worth. For five years he was a member of the governor's council, serving in the administrations of Govs. A. H. Rice, W. A. Gaston, Wm. B. Washburn, and Thomas Talbot, all now dead, and the last of whom, like Colonel Whitney, was a woolen manufacturer. The subject of this sketch was early taught the fundamental principles of manufacturing in his father's mills, and in those of James Phillips, Jr., in Fitchburg. At eighteen he assumed the management of his father's works until they were burned in 1892, when he went with his father to Fitchburg, where they



Upper Baltic Mills, American Woolen Company.

leased a mill, and in addition the son superintended the Beoli mills of James Phillips, Jr. The George Whitney Woolen company had been incorporated in 1890. In 1893 Colonel Whitney and his son bought the Greenbank mill in Enfield, and in addition to this plant they built a yarn and spinning mill. To-day these plants are designated in Enfield as the upper and lower mills, but their distinctive name is the Baltic mills. To the development of these properties Mr. Whitney bent his



Lower Baltic Mills, American Woolen Company.

whole ardent nature and won a magnificent success. In 1899 they were sold to the American Woolen company, and Mr. Whitney became the agent of that corporation, and as such has managed the Enfield, Lebanon, and Burlington, Vt., properties of the American Woolen com-

noted elsewhere. He is broad-minded, broad-shouldered, and big-hearted, and he is in the rightful sense a captain of industry. In addition to his present service as a state senator he has represented Enfield in the house of representatives. In his church relationship he is a Univer-



The Webster House, Charles H. Webster, Proprietor.

pany. These various plants give employment to quite two thousand people, and include one hundred and fifty sets of cards and seven hundred and fifty looms. Mr. Whitney is also president and treasurer of the George Whitney Woolen company of Royalston, Mass. He is a director of the Cotton and Woolen Manufacturers' Insurance company, and of the Whiting Mutual Insurance company, both of Boston. He actively identified himself with all that is intended for the good and uplift of Enfield, as is

salist. He is a Thirty-second degree Mason, and a Knight Templar. He married Miss Minnie Banks Rutter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew L. Rutter of Chicago. Their home is on South street.

Diagonally across the street from the railroad station in Enfield is the Webster House, and as the guest crosses its threshold he steps into an atmosphere that breathes a welcome and cheers the heart. The greeting of the proprietor, Charles H. Webster, is sincerity itself, and soon the

natural restraint of the stranger-guest is wholly dispelled. Ever after he is bound to have a warm place in his heart for the Webster House, and for its host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Webster.

This hotel is steam-heated and has electric lights, while every room is clean, tastefully furnished, and commodious. Connected with the hotel is a livery, complete in its appointments and management. Close by the hotel are the post-office, express, and telegraph offices, while the local and long distance telephones are equipments of the house. Scarcely a minutes walk from the house is the Mascoma lake steamboat landing, and near by are various boat houses. Mr. Webster is a native of Enfield, and is acquainted with every nook and corner in the Mascoma valley. Always esteemed for those qualities that make the steadfast friend and respected townsman, he has served in the legislature and is counted one of



Lewis Wyman Currier.

the most valued of Enfield's citizens. His hotel career has been successful, mainly for the reason that he is one who gains and retains the regard of the traveling public, and for the further reason that the Webster House is known far and wide for the good table it sets. Especially does the summer visitor find the house exceptionally pleasant.

For ten consecutive years Lewis Wyman Currier has been a selectman of Enfield, showing that he not only possesses the confidence of his fellow-townsmen to a marked degree, but that he has tact, ability, and sound judgment. He was born in Enfield, August 23, 1837, son of James and Lucy M. (Webster) Currier. He attended the schools of the town and Kimball Union academy, Meriden. From school he entered the bedstead factory of Cambridge & Huse, and remained at this calling for twenty-two years. For twelve years he was of the mercantile firm of Pattee & Cur-



Lydia A. Kimball Currier.



Rev. T. Roscoe.

Photo. by Lewis, Lebanon.

rier; was postmaster under Benjamin Harrison; has served as town treasurer, and for eight years was a member of the school board. Since retiring from commercial life he has engaged in the fire insurance business. In 1883 he served in the legislature. Politically he is a Republican, and ecclesiastically a Universalist. October 7, 1858, he married Miss Lydia A. Kimball of Cornish, Me. Two daughters were born of this union, Nellie R., the wife of Irwin Leviston of St. Paul, Minn., and Alice M., the wife of Howard C. White of Enfield.

In the spring of 1899 the Rev. T. Roscoe was called to the pastorate of the Universalist church in Enfield, and he remained in this charge until the close of 1903, leaving to accept a call to the church of the same denomination in Westmoreland. In the practically four years that he lived in Enfield his ministry was successful

and far-reaching in its influence for good. As a citizen he was popular with people of all classes and creeds. During his pastorate he worked vigorously for the repair and improvement of the church building, and now the society has for its place of worship one of the best appointed churches in this section of the state. Toward the fund for the rebuilding of the church George E. Whitney, a member of the society, gave \$1,500, Mrs. Burnham and Fred A. Fogg gave the heating plant, and there were other generous contributions.

Rev. Mr. Roscoe was born in England and there grew to manhood, coming to this country with his wife and three children November, 1885.

In 1891 he entered the divinity school of Tufts college, and graduated in 1895. He was ordained to the Christian ministry at Tufts college, and the same year called to Rochester, Vt., and remained for



Universalist Church.

three years, leaving to accept the call to Enfield. His Rochester pastorate was an exceptionally successful and happy one. There, also, he secured the remodeling of the church. The son, Albert, is the agent of the

was Samuel Williams, the father of Enfield's present postmaster, Frank Burton Williams. As farmer, school-teacher, man of affairs, soldier, and manufacturer, he proved himself efficient in all places. He was born in



The late Samuel Williams.

Massachusetts Bible Society, Boston. One daughter, Florence, is book-keeper and saleswoman with her brother, while the second daughter, Rev. H. Gertrude, is the pastor of the Universalist church in Hinsdale, and as a member of the Christian ministry is meeting with a flattering success.

One of the most prominent and worthy citizens of Enfield during the years leading up to and immediately succeeding the War of the Rebellion,

Canaan, May 18, 1820, the son of Stephen and Elizabeth (Longfellow) Williams. His boyhood life was passed upon the parental farm and in attending the public schools and Canaan Union academy. He began manhood's career as a teacher in the Canaan schools, eventually going to Utica, Mississippi, where he taught for two years. Returning to his native Canaan he married, in 1848, Miss Ursula Day, and settled down on the homestead farm. In 1857 he

went to Enfield. At the annual March meeting in Enfield in 1861 he was elected a member of the board of selectmen. In the fall of the same year he enlisted in Company C, Seventh N. H. Volunteers, and upon the mustering in of the company was commissioned second lieutenant. Later he was made a first lieutenant, but in the fall of 1862 ill health compelled him to resign and return home. In 1865 he became a member of the firm of Dodge, Davis & Williams, manufacturers of the once famous Shaker flannels. He continued as a woolen manufacturer until 1873, when he retired from active business. In 1870 he represented Enfield in the legislature, and again in 1871-'72 was a member of the board of selectmen. He died February 4, 1878, in his fifty-eighth year, leaving a wife, who still survives, and five children.

From 1866 to the current year Valentine Manahan, M. D., has been one of the strongest and most valued personalities in Enfield and the entire Mascoma valley. His has been a career of marked success in his chosen profession, and as a citizen of Enfield his counsel has been sought in all matters of vital concern to the community. As his family name indicates he is of Scotch and Scotch-Irish extraction. John Manahan, a great uncle, was a soldier in the patriot army at Bunker Hill from Londonderry. Adam Manahan, the grandfather and first American ancestor of Dr. Manahan, settled in Methuen, Mass., in 1783. His son John, born in Methuen, removed to Sutton, N. H. He married Lucintha Felch of Weare, and born to them in Sutton, November 17, 1825, was the subject of this sketch.

From Sutton the family removed, when the son was but six months old, to New London, in which town he passed his boyhood, attending the public schools and New London (now Colby) academy, and also for a time at Pembroke academy. He studied with H. C. Bickford, M. D., in New London, and later under Ebenezer Moore, M. D., in Concord, also attending lectures at Dartmouth. From Dartmouth he went to Windsor, Vt., where for a year he was a student of Professor E. E. Phelps, later entering the Jefferson Medical college of Philadelphia, from which he received his diploma.

He practised in Manchester, Antrim, and Springfield, remaining in the latter place for fifteen years, when he went to Enfield.

When Dr. Manahan arrived in Springfield it was with a personal indebtedness of twelve hundred dollars. But he had, as all his own, an individuality of the sturdiest type, a robust physique, a keen and never resting intellect, health, and force of character. He prospered by skill and industry, and won for himself an ever broadening field of practice. Although not now in active practice he is in vigorous health, and with his mental faculties as strong and acute as ever.

Possessing a philanthropic spirit and kindly nature Dr. Manahan has been the means of smoothing out the rough and repellent places in life's pathway for others. It was by request of those not akin to him that there has been chiseled upon his stately monument, in the beautiful Oak Grove cemetery the legend, "The Best Part of the Record of Any Man's Life is What He Has Done for Others."

Two girls and one boy received their academic and collegiate education at the expense of Dr. Manahan. The boy and one of the girls have since passed from earth, but the second girl, now grown to womanhood, the American Medical association. From his first admission to medical practice he has been a justice of the peace. He is a Republican in politics, and in his church affiliations a Congregationalist.



Valentine Manahan, M. D.

"The best part of the record of any man's life is what he has done for others."

is an exceptionally successful teacher in Connecticut. She is a graduate of Radcliffe college, and in addition was given a post-graduate course in Europe.

October 21, 1851, Dr. Manahan was married to Miss Abbie E. Porter of Sutton. She died January 5, 1856. In fraternal life Dr. Manahan is a member of the lodge and chapter in Masonry; a member of the New Hampshire Medical society, and of

Henry Cumings, whose wise forethought and regard for the welfare of his fellow-man are set forth in the preceding account of Enfield's public library building, has been, since boyhood, a resident of the town. A native of New Hampshire, having been born on Power's hill, Groton, June 17, 1834, he combines in his personality those characteristics that have ever been the dominant traits of the best type of New Hampshire's man-

hood. He sprang from an ancestry on both sides that represented the robust and virile Scotch-Irish stock that located in the town of Londonderry. His father was Edward T. Cumings, and his mother Mary (McGrath) Cumings. When Henry was but five years old the parents removed to Hebron, where they lived until 1844, when they went to Enfield and joined the Shakers. With the Shakers the subject of this sketch grew to manhood. At the age of sixteen he began school teaching, and continued as a teacher for seven years.

In 1856, when only twenty-two years of age, he was appointed an elder in the Church family. In 1859



Henry Cumings.

he was appointed an elder in the North family and in 1866 became a trustee. His acceptance of this position involved the entire management and direction of the business and financial affairs of the North family. At

the time the family's material affairs were not free from confusion and depression and the financial resources were limited. Mr. Cumings devised ways and means for increasing the material prosperity of the family. He built and equipped mills for the manufacture of pails, sap buckets, butter tubs, and the like. Steam power and machinery were installed, and so remunerative did the venture prove that the plants were enlarged in 1873.

In 1881 Mr. Cumings perceiving, as he believed, the necessity of adjusting one's self to the changed conditions of American life, left the Shakers. At the time of his withdrawal he left the society with a good cash paying business, all debts canceled by payment in full, and available cash assets of \$15,000. Soon after separation from the Shakers he married Mrs. Arabella Churchill, a native of Meredith.

In 1882 he went to Grand Haven, Michigan, and engaged in fruit growing. This pursuit he relinquished after four years, on account of the climate. He has since lived in Enfield with the exception of two and a half years passed in Hanover. He was engaged in the manufacture of brooms until the spring of 1903. A Republican in politics he has always been a steadfast advocate of temperance and equal suffrage. He is vice-president of the Enfield Republican club, and was a delegate to the constitutional convention of 1902.

One of the younger citizens of the town who keeps in touch with her affairs is Wayland F. Dorothy, now a student in Dartmouth college. He was born in Enfield, and graduated from New Hampton Literary institu-

tion in 1901 with honors. Entering the class of 1905 at Dartmouth, he was elected to membership in the Delta Tau Delta fraternity. He organized and was president of the Freshman Debating club. While in college he has devoted his outside labors to literary work, contributing to various periodicals.

In politics Mr. Dorothy is of the Republican faith, and championed that party's cause on the stump in



Walter S. Dorothy.



Wayland Francis Dorothy.

the state campaign of 1902. His religious affiliations are with the Congregational church, and he is a member of both the Odd Fellows and Masonic fraternities.

Walter Smith Dorothy was born in Enfield, July 22, 1871. He received his education in the public schools of his native town, graduating from the high school in 1888. He then pursued a business course in the commercial department of the New Hampton Literary institution. On com-

pleting his education he entered the mercantile business in Enfield, and in 1893 formed a partnership with Frank C. Smith, under the firm name of Smith & Dorothy, in which business he is now engaged.

Mr. Dorothy was one of the representatives of the town in the last legislature, serving on the Committee on Railroads. In the musical and fraternal circles of the section he is well known.

Charles William Pitman, D. D. S., has practised dentistry in Enfield since 1893. He was born in Barnstead, August 17, 1859, the son of Samuel J. and Mary A. (Nutter) Pitman. His school-day life was passed in the schools of his native Barnstead and in the near-by town of Pittsfield. Deciding upon the profession of dentistry as a life calling he entered the Philadelphia dental college, the largest and best institution of its kind in the country, from which he graduated in 1893. In the



Charles William Pitman, D. D. S.

same year he located in Enfield and from the first has continued in a markedly successful practice. He is one whose natural traits adapt him to his exacting profession. In fraternal associations he is an Odd Fellow, with membership in Helping Hand lodge of Enfield. In 1886 he married Miss Nettie F. Stevens of Barnstead. One child, Eugene F., has been born to them. He died at the age of eighteen months.

The recognition of Enfield as a desirable place of residence has been the magnet that has drawn within its borders not a few who have come to be numbered as among its most valued and estimable citizens. Notably conspicuous among these is Lorenzo Dow Dunbar, who, since 1885, has made Enfield the town of his adoption. But Mr. Dunbar is New Hampshire born and bred and a true exemplification of that manhood and citizenship that have ever made the state so potent among American com-

monwealths. He was born in Grantham, February 5, 1833, the son of Ancel Dunbar, who with his parents went to Grantham from Bridgewater, Massachusetts. They were of Scotch-Irish extraction. The maiden name of the mother of Lorenzo Dow Dunbar was Betsey Nichols, born in Royalston, Massachusetts. She died at the age of fifty-four, when her son was in his fifteenth year.

At the age of fifteen young Dunbar



Lorenzo Dow Dunbar.

began to assist in his own and family's support. Entering the employ of Reuben Winters he worked on his farm in summer for wages and attended the winter terms of schools, continuing to work out of school hours for his board. For three terms he was a student at Kimball Union academy and engaged in teaching school for three winters in that part of Springfield since included in Grantham. At the age of nineteen he entered the store of Erastus Wilkins.

of Warner, as a clerk, and began what was destined to be a mercantile career. After one year in Warner he accepted a clerkship in the store of Horace Ford in Grantham and remained with him until 1860, when Mr. Ford sold his business to Dodge & Hall, and for this firm Mr. Dunbar worked until it was dissolved in 1865 by the sale of Mr. Dodge's interest to Mr. Dunbar, this firm continuing until 1871, when Mr. Dunbar became sole owner, continuing as such for one year, when he formed a partnership with Elon G. Sargent which continued to the spring of 1877, after which Mr. Dunbar was alone until 1885, when he retired from active mercantile pursuits. During the nearly thirty-two years that he was in the Grantham store it was the home of the local post-office and as the assistant postmaster, or postmaster, Mr. Dunbar had the direction of the office.

As a resident of Grantham Mr.

Dunbar served the town in many capacities, the record of which shows that he was ever held in marked esteem by his fellow-citizens. He was on the school board, town clerk, treasurer, selectman, overseer of the poor, and represented the town in the legislature during the sessions of 1874 and 1875.

At the age of twenty-six Mr. Dunbar married Miss Ellen Huse of Enfield. She died in Enfield August 11, 1899. She was a person of sterling worth in all her qualities of heart and mind, and was ever esteemed by the people of Grantham because of her disinterested concern for their welfare.

Mr. Dunbar has graciously remembered his native town by the presentation to it of a public library building which he caused to be erected in 1901. The women of Grantham caused to be set apart in this building a room as a memorial to the late Mrs. Dunbar.

Since taking up his home in Enfield Mr. Dunbar has served as district commissioner, treasurer of school district, town auditor, trustee of public library, associate justice of the police court, and member of the public library building committee.

Few among Enfield's citizens are more widely known throughout the state than Everett Byron Huse, for his has been a long, active, and energetic career. He is Enfield born, a descendant of one of the town's oldest families, and he is to-day seemingly in the assurance of many future years of usefulness. He was born November 2, 1837, the son of William and Sarah (Verbach) Huse. His great-grandfather was a soldier in the American Revolution. As a boy he



The late Ellen Huse Dunbar.



Everett B. Huse.

attended the schools of the town and Kimball Union academy. At the conclusion of his school life he became a clerk in a store and later was with his father in his farming and lumbering business. Then came the Civil war, and, responding to the nation's call, he enlisted in Company B, Fifteenth N. H. volunteers, in which were some thirty other Enfield men, fifteen of whom gave up their

lives in the service. During the war Mr. Huse was much of the time on detached and special service. Since his return he has been active in G. A. R. affairs and his comrades in that organization have bestowed upon him many honors. He has commanded posts in Lebanon and Enfield and was made department commander in 1891. He has been on the staff of the national commander and has been

a delegate to various national encampments. In 1895 he was chosen president of the New Hampshire Veterans' Association at the Weirs. He has served as town clerk of Enfield, was on the school board for ten years, and has ever been a zealous worker in

census of 1890 and in 1900 was again a census enumerator. Since 1873 he has conducted a fire insurance agency which has grown to be one of the largest in the Mascoma valley. In 1861 he married Miss Carrie F. Day. Two children were born to them, a



James Andrew Leete, M. D.

Photo. by Lewis, Lebanon.

behalf of the schools of the town. For years he was the chairman of the town fire commissioners and is the present chairman of the water commissioners and as such he has supervised the introduction of the water system into the streets and homes of the town. He was a member of the constitutional convention of 1876. In 1880 he was a United States census enumerator, state supervisor of the

son, Charles E., who lives in Mason City, Illinois, and a daughter, Stella M., of Enfield. Mrs. Huse died in September, 1892.

Conspicuous, popular, and respected for his manly characteristics and esteemed for his professional ability, James Andrew Leete, M. D., is one of the best known residents of the Mascoma valley. He was born in Claremont, April 12, 1855, the son



Lake View House, Harry E. Sargent, Proprietor and Manager.

Photo. by Fellows, White River Jct., Vt.

of George H. and Sarah F. (Chase) Leete. He was the youngest of three sons. The eldest of these three is George E. Leete, M. D., of Concord. The second was the Rev. Charles H. Leete, a talented member of the New Hampshire Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, and who died in 1890. The parents of the Drs. Leete are yet living, hale and hearty, in the city of Keene, having celebrated the fifty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. The three sons were of the seventh generation from Governor William Leete of Connecticut, one of the state's most noted chief executives. On their maternal side the sons trace their descent from the Puritan, Aquila Chase. The subject of this sketch, after completing his preparatory studies in the public and private schools of Claremont, selected the medical profession as a life-calling and in preparation therefor he passed a year in the Taunton, Mass., hospi-

tal. He then returned to Claremont and became a student of Osmon B. Way, M. D., and attended two courses of lectures at Dartmouth college, graduating in 1883 and receiving his diploma. He practised in Canaan and Marlborough until 1888, when he bought the practice of Dr. Manahan in Enfield. While Dr. Leete is a general practitioner he has met with remarkable success in typhoid fever cases, so much so indeed that the treatment of this disease may almost be called his specialty. He is at present the physician for all the families of Shakers in Enfield. He attends and takes a decided interest in the meetings of the White River Valley Medical association, the New Hampshire Medical association, the American Medical association, and the New Hampshire Surgical club. He is prominent and active in Odd Fellowship. He was the first noble grand of Helping Hand lodge, En-

field; is a past chief patriarch of Morning Star encampment, Lebanon; and a member of Canton Hanover. He has served as district deputy in lodge and encampment, has served as grand marshal in the grand lodge of New Hampshire, and now holds an appointive office in the grand encampment. In his church affiliation he is a Methodist. In 1884 he married Miss Jennie M. Farnum of Unity.

To Harry E. Sargent is due much of the credit for the present rapid development of Mascoma lake as a summer resort. As the proprietor of the Lake View House at the head of the lake, and owner of the beautiful and staunch naphtha launch *Princess*, he has provided the requisites for the lake visitor, be it for a shorter or longer time. Mr. Sargent, like so many another son of New Hampshire, is a natural born hotel keeper. His winter and year-round house is the widely known Sargent's Hotel at West Lebanon, formerly managed by his father, D. H. Sargent, now a



Harry Earl Sargent.

leading merchant in West Lebanon. Harry Earl Sargent is not as yet thirty years old, but for all that he has demonstrated his ability to manage either a summer or year-round hotel. He believes thoroughly in the future of Mascoma lake, and has



Lake View House Wharf, H. E. Sargent's Launch *Princess*.

Photo. by Fellows, White River Jct., Vt.



Lake View House, from Distant Shore of Mascoma Lake.

Photo. by Fellows, White River Yct., Vt.

given practical evidence of this by the construction of his beautiful Lake View House. Last year he made additions to the house that cost a clear \$5,000, and in addition to his spacious hotel he has built cottages in its near vicinity. Already Mr. Sargent is busy in preparation for next season. Order and system throughout are insisted upon by him in the management of the hotel. Mr. Sargent opens the Lake View House about the middle of May, closing in November. The Lake View House

is beautiful for situation, perfect in construction and appointment, and notable for the excellence of its cuisine. The house is supplied with mountain spring water. The dining-room seats one hundred guests, and belonging to the house is a bowling alley and a fleet of boats and canoes. Encircling the house is a covered piazza, ten feet in width, and a beautiful grove flanks the house to the west. Everything is as complete and as good as it is possible to have it.

Gleason Campbell Young, principal of the Enfield high school, is serving his first year in that capacity, but he has a record of thirty-seven terms as a public school teacher in his life to date of thirty-four years. He was born in Columbia Falls, Me., August 13, 1869, the son of Charles S. and Caroline L. Young. At the conclusion of studies in the public schools of his native town he entered Coburn Classical institute, Waterville, Me., and from thence pursued special courses in Colby university. His life-work has been teaching, in which he has been exceptionally successful. In the two years preceding the acceptance of his Enfield position he taught in North Conway. He is an active and valued member of the Odd Fellows.



Gleason Campbell Young.

One of the most successful business men in Enfield's history was the late Wyman Pattee, whose death occurred on March 9, 1902. To him was due much of Enfield's prosperity during the thirty or more years preceding his death, and throughout the Mascoma valley he was a central figure for more than a generation. Born in

sitated his return home. In 1855 and 1856 he was sent to the legislature from his native town, and took his seat in that body as its youngest member. He removed to Enfield in 1859, and for twenty-two years was a dealer and shipper of grain, flour, and feed. In 1860 he was the sheriff of Grafton county, and in 1875 and 1876



The late Wyman Pattee.

Canaan in 1826, he grew up on his father's farm and attended the Canaan public schools and its Union academy. Possessing a decided predilection for trade, he entered upon a business career in 1848, when he was but twenty-two years old. The Canadian lumber trade attracting his attention, he went to that country and remained until 1859, when failing health neces-

he was a representative in the legislature from Enfield. His business sagacity and experiences caused him to be much sought by financial and commercial interests, and thus it was that for fifteen years he was the auditor of the Northern railroad. He was a director of the Peterborough & Hillsborough railroad, of the Mascoma Valley Fire Insurance Company,

and the National bank of White River Junction. He was a Republican in politics and a Universalist in religion. In 1857 he married Mary Jane Burley. Two sons were born of this union, James W., now a leading citizen of Enfield, and John H., a resident of Melrose, Mass. Mrs. Pattee yet lives at the age of seventy-six, and is with her son, John H.



Willard Alfred Abbott.

Editor of the "Advocate."

Enfield has a notably large number of young business men, and conspicuous among them is Willard A. Abbott, the editor and publisher of the *Enfield Advocate*, a weekly paper devoted to the news interests of the Mascoma valley. Mr. Abbott was the founder of the *Advocate*, and from the start he has been its directing genius. He is, moreover, a practically self-taught printer, editor, and publisher. The *Advocate* is printed in its own building, upon its own

press, and mostly from its own type. Its publication office is wonderfully different from that of most country newspapers, and if there is a superior office in New England the writer of this article knows not where it is. The *Advocate* building has three floors, counting the basement. A portion of the room off the street entrance is devoted to the purposes of a periodical and stationery store, operated by Mr. Abbott in connection with his printing and publishing business. To the rear of this store are the editorial and composing rooms. As said, Mr. Abbott created his present business and the *Advocate* from the smallest of beginnings. Born in Lawrence, Mass, March 4, 1866, he went to Enfield in childhood. In 1890 he made his first attempt at job printing, in Enfield Centre, having an office over the old grist-mill. Prior to this venture he had been associated with J. F. Spaulding in the shoe and grain business. In 1893 he went to Enfield and there continued his job printing. Prospering in this, he determined to venture further in issuing a local paper, and April 27, 1894, saw the first number of the *Advocate* come from the press. The first issue of the *Advocate* was one hundred and fifty copies. The people of Enfield gave it an immediate approval, and in the second week of its publication four hundred copies were struck off and sold. Its present circulation is over one thousand. The new *Advocate* office is but the result of his own business ability and industry. Mr. Abbott is an Odd Fellow and member of the Red Men. He is a past grand in the first and treasurer of the second. In 1890 he married Miss Addie M. Favreau of Enfield.

Another of the younger business men of Enfield is John Reynolds Rutter, who, although but a resident of two years, has in that time won the regard of the townspeople in general. He was born in Washington, D. C., January 24, 1875, the son of Andrew L. and Emma S. (Dull) Rutter. His father, a member of an Ohio family, was for many years in the treasury department of the national government. The son was educated in the schools of Washington, and upon the removal of the family to Chicago, in 1893, he entered the statistical department of the Illinois Steel corporation, later absorbed by the United States Steel company. In 1900 he went to Enfield and entered the employ of the American Woolen company, and is at present the assistant superintendent of its Baltic mills. Mr. Rutter is thoroughly in sympathy with all New Hampshire affairs, hopes, and prospects.



John Reynolds Rutter.

Among the more recently constructed business and office structures in Enfield is that one owned and occupied in part by Fred A. Fogg, still



Office of Enfield Advocate.



The Fred A. Fogg Building.

another of Enfield's younger business men. In its exterior and interior lines the Fogg building is in every way admirable, and the people of En-

field take a justifiable pride in its possession. It was built in 1901, and the entire street floor is occupied by Mr. Fogg as a hardware and stove store, and paints, oils, and varnishes. The furnishings of the store are of the most modern make. Mr. Fogg is thoroughly representative of all that is best in Enfield's business life. He is an Odd Fellow, a member of lodge, encampment, and canton. He married Miss Louise Raymond of Enfield.



Frank Burton Williams.

In Frank]Burton Williams Enfield has another]man who complies with President Roosevelt's idea that every man should carry his own weight. He is also one who exemplifies in his personality and career that this is most assuredly an era of the young man in business. Mr. Williams was born in Enfield, November 29, 1864, the son of the late Samuel and Ursula (Day) Williams. He passed through the various grades of the common



Residence of Frank B. Williams.

schools of his native Enfield, and took a supplemental course in the New Hampton Business and Classical institute. He first became a clerk in an Enfield store, and afterward in Benjamin Greenbank's office. He later became a member of the firm of Leavitt & Williams. He was thus at an early age a merchant on his own account. In 1890 he became sole owner of the store and the building in which it is located. He has since devoted his energies to the building up of his mercantile interests, and to-

day his is one of the largest department stores in New Hampshire. His stock in extent and variety would do credit to any city store. Since 1894 he has been treasurer of the town. His administration of the affairs of the Enfield post-office since his first appointment in 1895 are noted elsewhere in this article. Mr. Williams is a Mason, belonging to lodge, chapter, council, and commandery. In 1899 he married Miss Grace Parker of Gloucester, Mass. They have two boys.



Department Store of Frank B. Williams.



Herman Hunter Dinsmore, M. D.

A quite recent addition to the ranks of the professional men in Enfield and the Mascoma valley is Herman Hunter Dinsmore, M. D. He went to Enfield from Manchester in the spring of 1902. Dr. Dinsmore is a native of Peterborough, in which town he was born November 10, 1873. His parents were John E. and Sarah Frances (McDuffie) Dinsmore. The family removed to Manchester when the son was in infancy. In 1892 he graduated from the Manchester High school, when he entered the classical department of Dartmouth college, but left after one year and entered the medical school of the college and remained there for two and a half years. He next pursued his studies in the medical school of the University of Vermont, from which he graduated in 1897. A season in the Post-Graduate hospital of New York closed his career as a medical student, and he began practice in Brattleboro, Vt., where he remained for

two years, leaving to practice in his home city of Manchester. Here he met with an immediate success, but his health failing he went to Enfield. Dr. Dinsmore is a member of the Knights of Pythias, the Red Men, and of the Vermont and New Hampshire Medical societies.

He married, in 1896, Miss Martha Lovell Seaver of Malone, N. Y.

Frank Colby Smith, senior member of the firm of Smith & Dorothy, department store merchants, is yet another of Enfield's young business men who were to the manner born, and he is a pillar of strength throughout the community. In connection with this nothing speaks in stronger terms for all Enfield than this fact that so many of her young men have been content to remain in their native town and doing so have found an abundant success right at home.

Mr. Smith was born in Enfield, December 17, 1864. His parents were William W. and Arvilla M.



Frank Colby Smith.

(Bean) Smith. After completing a common school education he worked in a local store for a while, and then went to Lebanon, where he remained nine years. At twenty-eight he returned to Enfield, and entering business became the senior partner in the firm of Smith & Dorothy. The store of the firm is one of the largest in New Hampshire north of Concord. In 1895 Mr. Smith was sent to the legislature by the Republicans of Enfield, and he served on the committee on banks and engrossed bills and was also clerk of the Grafton county legislative delegation. He is serving his second term as town moderator, and for the past four years has been president of the Republican town club. He is a Mason and present master of Social lodge, which was seventy-six years old last June. He has served as commander of the New Hampshire division of the Sons of Veterans. His father was a member of the Eleventh N. H. volunteers. Mr. Smith is a member of the Congregational church and a trustee of the society.

Yet another Enfield merchant and man of affairs, native of the town, is found in Warren Currier Clough, who was born September 25, 1843. His parents were Theophilus and Relief N. (Welch) Clough. The father was in his earlier life in Enfield a manufacturer. Upon the discovery of gold in California he started for the new Eldorado, but died on the Isthmus of Panama a "Forty-niner." The orphaned son studied in the Enfield schools, and in early manhood worked in the bedstead factory, so long an industrial factor of Enfield. In 1862 he became a clerk in the store of C. G. Morgan & Co., and retained

the position for eight years, when he went into business for himself. This was in 1870, and the store he then opened has remained his business home to this day, he handling dry goods, boots, and shoes. He was postmaster for five years. He has



Warren Currier Clough.

served as town treasurer for numerous terms, and has been secretary and treasurer of the precinct for ten years. His church home is the Universalist. He is a Republican in politics; a Mason of the lodge, chapter, council, and commandery, and a Red Man. In 1867 he married Miss Sarah Elizabeth Currier of Enfield. They have one son, James Currier, who has assisted in the management of the store.

The new business building of William A. Wilmot aptly represents the rapid commercial and industrial growth of Enfield. It is a commodious structure of three stories, counting the basement. The basement is

open to the light upon all but the street side, and it and the entire street floor are occupied by the business of Mr. Wilmot, which consists of furniture, house furnishings, crockery, harnesses, pictures and picture frames, and undertaking. Mr. Wilmot is a man whose commercial life has been a steady, uninterrupted success, but then he is a tireless worker and has soundness of judgment to a fine degree. His present block, that adds so much to the business section of the town, was built in 1900.

He was born in Thetford, Vt., April 6, 1868, the son of Arthur M. and Laura A. Wilmot. He lived until he was twenty-one in his native town, and he still owns the family homestead. In addition to his school life in Thetford he attended the Methodist seminary in Montpelier. His first business venture was the purchase in Lyme, N. H., of a harness business, where he hired a man

to teach him the trade. In the fall of 1889 he went to Enfield, business and all. Hiring a room fourteen feet square he began the business that has in the comparatively few years since grown to its present dimensions. First he added undertaking to his harness making; then branch after branch in quick succession. From his fourteen-foot room he moved into the Copeland building, and from thence to the new structure.

In 1895 he married Miss Lizzie J. McCracken of Enfield, and they have



William A. Wilmot.



W. A. Wilmot's Furniture, Crockery, and Wall-paper Store.

two children. Mr. Wilmot is an active Methodist, and he is a past master of Social lodge, A. F. & A. M.

Loren K. Merrill, the Main street boot and shoe dealer, was born in the town of Hanover, January 13, 1858, the son of Alvin S. and Esther D. (Kenney) Merrill. His boyhood was passed in the schools of his native Hanover and at Kimball Union academy. He worked at farming, until he was twenty-three, and then



Loren K. Merrill.

went to Boston and became a clerk in a provision store. This position was not to his taste or liking, and he soon left it for work more congenial, which proved to be the life of a commercial traveler. This he followed for ten years in the states of New Hampshire and Vermont.

In the spring of 1889 he opened a store on his own account in Orford, and later removed it to Norwich, Vt., finally becoming postmaster of the town. He remained in Norwich until 1895, and after leaving did a little farming in South Royalton, but soon relinquished it to remove to Enfield, where he has lived for the past six years. He is an Odd Fellow, and has an ardent love for boating on Mascoma lake, owning both a fine naphtha launch and sailboat. In 1884 he was married to Miss Addie Banker of Thetford, Vt.

Enfield's list of mercantile interests is augmented and made the more complete by the addition of the jew-

elry and watch store of Howard Cushman White. The store is one of the best appointed and stocked of any of its kind in central New Hampshire, and Mr. White has had a training and experience in the business that admirably equip him for its management. He was born in East Jaffrey, November 9, 1867. He is the adopted son of the late "Hank" or Azro White, who had a wide fame in negro minstrelsy.

The subject of this sketch passed his boyhood life at Felchville, Vt. In his young manhood he was sent to Goddard seminary, Barre, Vt. Upon graduation he served a three years' apprenticeship at the jeweler's



Howard Cushman White.

trade at Brattleboro, Vt. As a journeyman he worked in Claremont, finally starting in business for himself. After three years he sold out, and in 1897 came to Enfield. Mr. White, since going to Enfield, has identified himself with the interests

of the town. He is an Odd Fellow, of both lodge and encampment, and a Past Grand of the first named. In 1894 he married Miss Alice M. Currier. Two children, a daughter and son, have been born to them.

Zenas Freeman Lamb, M. D., has been a practising physician in Enfield since 1887. Two years after his settling in Enfield he was elected to

Charles Lawrence Sweeney, a member of the present dual board of selectmen and assessors in Enfield, was born in the village of Otter River, Templeton, Mass., and is the son of William and Julia Sweeney. After passing through the different grades of the common schools of his native village he began to learn woolen manufacturing in the mills at Otter River.



Zenas F. Lamb, M. D.

the state legislature. Dr. Lamb is a Massachusetts man in New Hampshire, thus reversing the usual rule. He was born in Athol, March 5, 1865, the son of Zenas W. and Addie M. (Chase) Lamb. The family removed to Orange, Mass., when the son was in his childhood. His course of medical study was mainly in the Bellevue Hospital Medical college, he taking there the full prescribed course. He is a general practitioner and has met with entire success. In Masonry Dr. Lamb is a member of the lodge, chapter, council, shrine, and commandery.



Photo. by Lewis, Lebanon.
Charles L. Sweeney.

In 1883 he went to South Royalston and entered the employ of the late Col. George Whitney, and in his mills he devoted himself more especially to the trade of weaving. In 1893 he went to Enfield, and in the course of time became overseer of weaving in the Baltic mills, and holds that position to-day. As a citizen of Enfield he is popular with all classes, and has made an efficient and conscientious selectman. He is the present sachem of Titigan Tribe of Red Men. He is a Republican in politics, and is a member of St. Helena's Catholic parish.



Grain Elevator of Wells & Flanders.

The largest grain elevator on the line of the Northern railroad north of Concord is that of Wells & Flanders, in Enfield. It is one of the principal commercial enterprises of the Mascoma valley, and the volume of its business shows a continuous increase. Messrs. Wells & Flanders are a long established firm in the lumber business, having embarked in the grain business only about three years ago. They own immense tracts of timber and woodland, and in the more than a quarter century that they have been in the lumber trade have built up a widely extensive business.

Eugene Adelbert Wells, the senior member of the firm, is a native of Canaan, where he was born August 15, 1851, the son of Peter S. and Arvilla (Kimball) Wells. He lived in Canaan till his twenty-first year, then he went to Canada and worked as a clerk for

his brother, Fred B. Wells. He returned and took up his residence in Enfield, and worked for another brother, Frank H., at the time one of



Eugene Adelbert Wells.



Residence of Eugene A. Wells.

Enfield's leading business men. Later he bought the sawmill business of his brother, and in 1874 formed the partnership with Henry W. Flanders. Mr. Wells has served in the legislature and been a selectman and member of the school board. In 1878 he married Miss Kate E. Nichols of Canaan. They have three children.

St. Helena's Catholic church in Enfield is the second church which the pastor, Rev. Timothy W. Coak-

ley, by unceasing effort and perseverance, has succeeded in building within two years, the first being St. Timothy's of Bristol, at the foot of Sugarloaf mountain.

Father Coakley was ordained in 1886, is a Phillips Exeter academy graduate, an alumnus of Laval university, and the Grand seminary of Montreal. He holds a position that is unique in many respects. Born in Exeter, the son of the oldest Catholic



Rev. Timothy W. Coakley.



St. Helena's Catholic Church.



Copeland Building—Odd Fellows Hall.

resident of the town, he was the first Exeter-born Catholic boy to enroll as a student in its famous academy; the only Catholic boy of Exeter, or of the Granite state, who left the academy to become a priest, and is the only

priest in New Hampshire who is a Phillips academy graduate.

Although stationed at Enfield, his missionary labors extend over fifty square miles of sparsely settled and mountainous country.



The Dear Old Home—Birthplace of Charles H. Webster, Shaker Hill.

NOTE.—The photographs of the general views in the preceding were by Miss Hattie M. Stevens, of Enfield.

SAILED DECEMBER THIRTY-FIRST.

By Georgiana A. Prescott.

The old year sailed to-day, bound for an unknown land;
One of those fleeting ships that sail from time's strand;
Grand in plan and finish from topmast to massive keel;
The Great Pilot unseen stood at the mighty wheel.
Manned by the months and the days she glided from sight,
With her white sails unfurled in the winter moonlight.
Out and away she sailed beyond mortal ken
From the here to the there, from the now to the then.
Saints and sinners, the lowly and great, a motley throng
She bore. Some embarked early, but some lingered long.
The farewells of the departed were uttered low.
Of her silent voyage only the angels know.
Though siren voices fain would allure from God,
Yet her course was straight on ;—right on heavenward.
Angels watch for her coming for loved ones are there.
Swiftly to heaven rose many a prayer
For guidance into the far fair haven of bliss;
For the calm of that world, after the storms of this.
The good old year was a staunch and sea-worthy ship,
She left here many a tear-dimmed eye and trembling lip.
The year has joined the centuries' mighty fleets.
May all the voyagers roam the home-port's golden streets.
Good-by old year, sail on into the peaceful sea.
What a wondrous review in eternity !
For they never return—these ships—at anchor they lay ;
The Master's divine behest they wait to obey.

LAUNCHED JANUARY FIRST.

Just as the old year sailed, a sister ship hither came.
On the flag at her prow we read her bright lettered name.
The New Year ;—launched forth into time from the Infinite,
When all the vast sky above and around was starlit.
Earth's people heard not nor knew of the great rejoicing.
But all heaven heard humanity's glad welcoming.
In just four seasons the new year will be completed.
The anchor will then be raised, the last good-bys be said.

THE GRAVE OF CHAMPERNOUNE.

By Frederick Myron Colby.


There is a dreary, dismal, wind-swept spot
Set on a rocky islet by the sea,
Marked by rude rocks, unsheltered by a tree ;
Such, Champernounge, is thy sad and lonely lot.
The dashing waves their endless dirges chant
A requiem above thy lone, forgotten grave ;
And sea mews circling o'er the gleaming wave,
Like winged ghosts thy burial cavern haunt.
Upon the isle the Summer sun shines down
With June's or August's fierce and sultry heat,
And Winter's drifting snows upon it beat,
While far off sleeps the dreamy, ancient town.
The ancient town upon whose busy street,
And within whose stately dwellings brave,
That now are silent as his lonely grave,
He once did traverse with proud, hasty feet.
His lordly manse that stood beside the tide,
Where once he feasted all his friends in state,
Whose open doors have welcomed fair and great ;
The park and gardens stretching free and wide,
Have perished long ago, and naught remains
To tell the splendor that within them reigned—
The flash of gold and dainty silks unstained,
The dancers' shadows athwart the lighted panes.
Gone, ever gone, those scenes of old renown ;
The revel's past, the wassail and the mirth ;
A mound of stone, a bit of rocky earth,
This alone is left for thee, brave Champernounge.
And yet thou restest well, O gallant heart ;
Thy sepulcher beside the restless sea,
Within the ken of thy loved Kittery,
And birds and winds to act the mourners' part.

NOTE.—Francis Champernounge, son of Sir Arthur Champernounge, a gentleman of Devon and a large landed proprietor of Maine and New Hampshire, lies buried on a bleak spot on Gerrish's Island. The grave is unmarked save by a rude pile of stones. Champernounge had royal blood in his veins and lived in grand style for those days. Gerrish Island was conveyed to him by Sir Fernando Gorges in 1657. He was for many years a member of the governor's council, and died in 1689.

HISTORY OF CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

[From the Original Grant in 1725 to the Opening of the Twentieth Century. Prepared under the Supervision of the City History Commission.]

By Frances M. Abbott.

T was in December, 1895, that the late Isaac Andrew Hill presented a petition to the city government, asking that a new History of Concord be prepared to supplement that of the late Dr. Bouton, written nearly half a century previous, and long out of print. In September, 1903, nearly eight years later, the Commission sent out circulars, announcing that the History (1,500 copies) had been printed and was ready for delivery to subscribers and others. Few readers who open the two sumptuous volumes, containing 1,500 pages with nearly 200 fine half-tone prints, comprehend the labor, care and thought that went to the making of this work.

Town histories have an inestimable value. Whenever I look at a row of these fat volumes, filled with the quaint, homely annals of the early settlers, intermixed with genealogies and portraits of the local magnates, enlivened with anecdotes of the old time militia parades, bursting with details of all kinds of events from Indian massacres to the controversy over introducing a stove into the meeting-house, giving equal space to the biggest pumpkin raised in town in the year 1817 and the poor old hermit found frozen to death in his hut,—whenever I look at these re-

positories of humble items, dragnets of facts, big and little, I feel that the greatness of America is bound up between their swollen covers. These histories usually represent the patient, unrewarded labor of some public-spirited citizen, who gives years of his life to the collection of material, and then is lucky if he does not come out in debt to the printer. Long after his death the blessings of posterity will be heaped upon his labors, and the books, which he had difficulty in thrusting upon a reluctant public, will be eagerly sought for at four times their original price.

In this class, and it ranks with the best of its kind, belongs the History of Concord by Rev. Nathaniel Bouton, D. D., for forty-two years pastor of the First Congregational church. It was printed in 1856, though the narrative, except for incidental anecdotes, closes with the year 1853. For nearly half a century this volume (785 pages) has occupied a place in the old Concord homes second only to the family Bible. Not even the dictionary is more frequently consulted. Fortunate indeed is the house that possesses a copy, for it is years since there has been an opportunity to buy one except upon the settlement of an estate. The antique book-stores in Boston quote Bouton's History at \$10.00, and at that price it is

seldom possible to supply one. Few men possessed a keener historical instinct than Dr. Bouton, and in his History, which represents the accumulations of a lifetime of research, observation and talks with aged parishioners, he has builded himself an enduring monument.

ard F. Hill, Benjamin A. Kimball, James O. Lyford, Lyman D. Stevens, John M. Mitchell, with the mayor, *ex-officio*, as chairman. During the progress of the work the following mayors have served as chairman: Henry Robinson, Albert B. Woodworth, Nathaniel E. Martin, Harry



Hon. James O. Lyford.

It was seen that the new History must be constructed along different lines. A town history might be written by one man; but the history of Concord, the city, was a different undertaking. It could never be carried out by one man. It was in the beginning of the year 1896 that the city government appointed a City History Commission, consisting of the following men: Amos Hadley, How-

G. Sargent, and Charles R. Corning. When it came time to examine and criticise the manuscript, the following men, lifelong residents of Concord, were elected associate members of the Commission: Lewis Downing, Jr., Joseph B. Walker, Henry McFarland, John C. Ordway, Charles R. Corning, and Giles Wheeler.

In estimating the merits of this History the work of the Commission

must not be forgotten. All of the members were prominent citizens; most of them men whose time commands a price. During the seven years of the building of the book the Commission held over 250 meetings,



Hon. Amos Hadley.

all without compensation. Many of the members wrote no line for the work, and their service is not of the kind to meet the casual eye; nevertheless, it was faithful and fundamental. Of this Commission, one name must be singled out, that of James O. Lyford, the secretary of the board and editor of the History. On him, more than on any other one man, has fallen the burden of the management. He has been the architect and the indefatigable superintendent of the building. He has labored in season and out of season for the success of the work, attending personally to all details, securing gratuitous contributions from others, reconciling conflicting interests and planning all

things with unfailing good temper and good judgment. His name appears by right on the title page of the first volume.

The text of the History is the work of thirteen people, twelve men and one woman. Ten of the contributors have written one or more long articles, that is, chapters of more than twenty pages each; three writers have furnished each a single article of less than twenty pages. The names of the writers, in order of the total length of their contributions, are as follows: Amos Hadley, 548 pages; James O. Lyford, 214 pages; Charles R. Corning, 173 pages; John C. Ordway, 119 pages; Joseph B. Walker, 93 pages; Henry McFarland, 73 pages; Howard F. Hill, 41 pages; (Miss) Frances M. Abbott, 37 pages; Frank W. Rollins, 36 pages; Jacob H. Gallinger, 23 pages. The writers of the short articles are William W. Flint, 16 pages; Frank Battles, 6, and Thomas C. Bethune, 3 pages.

In glancing over the foregoing list any one acquainted with New Hampshire is struck by the number of names of official prominence. Jacob H. Gallinger is now serving his third term in the U. S. Senate. Frank W. Rollins, when governor, founded Old Home Day, an institution which seems destined to become as universal as Thanksgiving, and has made the author's name known not only in this country, but in Europe. James O. Lyford, who for 25 years has been rising in official prominence, is now naval officer for the port of Boston. Henry McFarland was paymaster in the army during the Civil War, and later treasurer of the Union Pacific Railroad. Charles R. Corning is judge of probate for Merrimack

county and mayor of the city. Amos Hadley has been state superintendent of education, and president of the New Hampshire Historical society. Rev. Howard F. Hill has served Episcopal parishes in New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts. Mr. Walker has been prominent in so many ways that it is hard specifying his particular activity; probably no man in the state has held more trusteeships. Mr. Ordway has been president of the board of education, for many years secretary of the New Hampshire Historical society, and has been engaged in railroad and bank work. Mr. Flint is one of the masters at St. Paul's School. Mr. Battles is assistant adjutant-general of the state G. A. R. and indexer of state records.

A critic, unacquainted with this part of the country, might think the foregoing list contains a suspiciously large number of prominent officials, and might inquire if the writers of the History were selected solely on account of their political distinction. A little further biographical information would reassure him. Of the contributors to the History of Concord, every one had previously appeared in type, and most of them have had a lifelong familiarity with printer's ink.

Concord has always been a literary town, and it was not difficult to find among those best acquainted with the assigned topics, several men with the pen of a ready writer. In fact, the available material was not nearly all used. There are enough other people in town who write (*vide* Dr. Hadley's list on page 574) to have constructed three or four more histories.

Of the ten principal contributors to the History of Concord, five, Messrs. Hadley, Walker, McFarland, Corning and Rollins, had already appeared in book form. All the writers have had newspaper training. Four of the ten, Messrs. Hadley, McFarland, Hill, and Lyford, were at one time actively connected with newspapers, as editors or publishers. Three others, Messrs. Gallinger and Corning and Miss Abbott, have had much journalistic experience, as regular correspondents or otherwise, while the remaining three, Messrs. Walker, Ordway, and Rollins, have been oc-



Hon. Joseph B. Walker.

casional contributors to the press. Four of the ten are college graduates: Amos Hadley, A. B. (Dartmouth) '44; Ph. D. (Dart.) '80; Joseph B. Walker, A. B. (Yale) '44; Rev. Howard F. Hill, A. B. (Dart.) '67; Ph. D. *pro meritis* (Dart.) '87; Frances M. Abbott, A. B. (Vassar) '81. Four others, Messrs.

Gallinger, Corning, Rollins, and Lyford, also Mr. Walker, have received honorary degrees from Dartmouth. One half of the ten have had legal training, Messrs. Walker, Hadley, Lyford, Corning, and Rollins. They were admitted to the bar, though not one has continued a lawyer, in active practice. The other professions are represented by Dr. Gallinger, a successful phy-

Canterbury in early youth, and has lived here about thirty years; while Dr. Gallinger was born in Cornwall, Ontario, but began practice here more than forty years ago.

The plan of the History was modeled after the Memorial History of Boston. A general narrative was prepared, covering the two centuries and more since Hannah Dustin



Hon. Charles R. Corning.

sician, until medicine was supplanted by politics; Rev. Howard F. Hill, a clergyman of the Episcopal church; and Amos Hadley, educator. Messrs. McFarland and Ordway have been engaged in railroad work.

Of the ten principal contributors, seven, Messrs. Walker, McFarland, Ordway, Hill, Corning, Rollins, and Miss Abbott, are natives of Concord; Mr. Hadley was born in the neighboring town of Dunbarton, but has lived here nearly sixty years; Mr. Lyford was born in Boston, moved to

scalped the Indians. Then special topics were assigned to different writers in order that certain subjects might be treated separately and fully.

The History of Concord appropriately opens with two chapters by Joseph B. Walker, entitled *Physical Features* (32 p.) and *Physical Development* (26 p.). Never were subject and writer better suited. The great-grandson of the first minister, whose house he dwells in and whose acres he cultivates, Mr. Walker knows this town and its topography

as no other man knows or has ever known it. Born near the "sedgy shores of Horseshoe pond," familiar from boyhood with the tortuous course of the winding Merrimack, Mr. Walker writes of the soils, the meadows, the bluffs, the hills, the streams and ponds, the great elms, the freshets and the bridges they have swept away, the mineral resources and the ancient localities. (How those old names stir up childhood remembrances!) The chapter is a mine of information, for every height, depth, and breadth is given, either in feet or acres, and the description is so plain that one could trace the source of every brook and the location of every pond even without the aid of the four ancient maps which show how the river has made and taken away the land along its banks.

In his chapter on Physical Development, Mr. Walker is not less happy. He treats of the bridges and ferries in detail, and of the changes in the style of houses from the primitive log cabin to the elaborate Romanesque. In the second volume Mr. Walker has chapters on the State Hospital [N.H. Asylum for the Insane] (18 p.), The Rolfe and Rumford Asylum [for female orphans] (8 p.), and the State Prison (9 p.). Of the first institution Mr. Walker has been trustee for nearly sixty years, and of the second, a trustee since its establishment in 1880 under the will of his relative, the Countess of Rumford. The story of these institutions is told in a concise and interesting manner.

The most serious part of the History of Concord is the General Narrative (548 p.), which occupies the bulk of the first volume. The Com-

mission selected Dr. Hadley for this important task, and he has executed it in a thorough and scholarly manner. A man of sound learning, of ripe culture, always a student, yet mingling with public affairs from the organization of the first city government in 1853, he has brought to his work a wide general knowledge, an intimate acquaintance with local matters, a fine sense of proportion, and a



Hon. Frank W. Rollins.

thorough literary training. There are no loose ends in this narrative; there are no hearsay statements. Original documents have been re-examined; proper authorities are quoted in the notes; every fact is traced to its source; and due credit is given Dr. Bouton and the other early writers. As an example of workmanlike method and impeccable English this narrative could be read with profit by any student, whether he were interested in the facts or not.

All histories are valuable, if they are only true; but, as a matter of fact,

the narrative of Concord has an interest beyond that of most New England towns. The aboriginal occupation, the granting of the plantation of Penacook in 1725 to a hundred proprietors from Haverhill, Massachu-



Hon. J. H. Gallinger.

setts, the first settlement, the troublous garrison times and the Bradley massacre, the Bow Controversy when for 17 years town government was suspended and the people held together by the uprightness of their own sturdy characters, and the guidance of Parson Walker, the Revolution (Concord sent three captains with their companies to Bunker Hill), and the still more difficult beginnings of independent government,—all this makes a thrilling panorama of the eighteenth century. The nineteenth century witnessed the establishment of the state capital and the county seat, making Concord the political and legal center, the enlargement of industries, the growth of schools and churches, the development of the

place as a railway terminal, the establishment of various state institutions, the evolving of an interesting social life. In Concord, more than in any other one place, you feel what New Hampshire is and is doing.

The second volume opens with the *Church History* (147 p.) by James O. Lyford. When we find that there have been 26 different church organizations in Concord, every one of which, except the Quakers, is now active, one can see that this is a broad subject, requiring a broad-minded writer. Mr. Lyford has done his work impartially and well. It is pleasant reading. Some of the denominations had a hard early struggle for existence, but there are no bitter stories of persecution; instead, many records of gifts from outsiders and shelter offered when buildings had been burned. Mr. Lyford also contributes four short articles to this volume: *Dentistry* (4 p.) the *Margaret Pillsbury General Hospital* (6 p.) the *N. H. Memorial Hospital for Women and Children* (3 p.) and *Saint Paul's School* (13 p.). The record of the hospitals is interesting and comprehensive. The account of Saint Paul's School is especially valuable, for this institution, though one of the most famous in the country, and well-known in Europe, never appears in print, and Mr. Lyford's article gives information not before accessible to the general public. The *Official Roster* (32 p.) an indispensable chapter, is also Mr. Lyford's work. This not only includes town and city governments from 1732 to 1903, but a list of the important state and federal positions held by residents of Concord. Our city has furnished a president, a cabinet officer, seven U. S.

senators, four congressmen, two representatives to foreign courts, twelve judges of the N. H. Supreme Court, and a long list of other officials. Mention must not be omitted of the most entertaining of all Mr. Lyford's writings, *The Governor's Horse-Guards* (9 p.). The history of this brilliant but short-lived organization with a complete roster of members is printed as an appendix to the first volume.

Following the Church History come two chapters by Henry McFarland, *Canals, Stage Lines, and Taverns*, (34 p.) and *Concord as a Railroad Center*, (39 p.). Major McFarland's writings have a vein of sentiment and humor, which gives them a peculiar literary charm. The grandson of the third minister of the Old North church, born in the house which the Rev. Asa McFarland built, the observing boy day after day saw the stages drive up to the old Stickney tavern just opposite, and his reminiscences of those times are given at first hand. Any reader of the History, in doubt where to begin, is advised to open at the McFarland articles. One would like to quote pages from these delightful chapters: "During the coaching period some things carried themselves to market. Cattle from a thousand hills and flocks of sheep facing southward were a common spectacle on Main street; so were long lines of Vermont horses tethered to guide-ropes which were fastened at both ends to driven wagons. . . . All day long in the winter months of good sleighing, up-country teams—pungs they were called—poured through the town, laden with farm products, butter, cheese, dried apples and the like, stowed below, while round hogs above pointed

their stiffened limbs back reproachfully toward the styes whence they had been torn. . . . The canal-boat and the stage-coach have gone more surely out of local use than have the canoe and the snowshoe. Old tavern methods are gone too. The bell which the host rang at noon by the front door, with many a dexterous sweep of the arm, is laid away; likewise the Chinese gong, which made the guest wince and the household Argus howl. Seven hundred travelers' horses can no longer find nightly shelter in our tavern stables." The steam-car subject is not quite so picturesque as the stage-coach, but



Major Henry McFarland.

Major McFarland's personal recollections of the men and events of those early railroad days make it scarcely less interesting. Here is food for thought when he says "that of a score of the larger local personal estates more than half have been derived in whole or in great part from

the business of transportation by rail; several came entirely by that way."

Charles R. Corning's contributions to the history number three; two in the second volume, Bench and Bar, (57 p.); Political and Public Events at the Capital (62 p.); and one in the first volume, Material Development (54 p.). Judge Corning's Bench and Bar is an excellent piece of biography. He was intimately acquainted with many of the men



John C. Ordway.

whose traits he sets forth and he is familiar with the traditions that have crystallized about the memories of the earlier ones. In judicious estimate of character, in nice choice of epithets, saying neither too much nor too little, Judge Corning is singularly felicitous. A critical discrimination, the best sort of appreciation, characterizes this chapter. In Events at the Capital, Judge Corning unrolls a long series of notable occasions, grave and gay, from the

first constitutional convention in 1778 to the unveiling of the Commodore Perkins statue in 1902. The Material Development deals with the business changes in Concord from decade to decade, the granite industry, the banks and the various manufactures. "It has been an aggregation of small undertakings and of close economies that has given to Concord its standing and prosperity. . . . Few pause to consider how great a source of income has sprung from the forests of Concord. Full forty thousand acres comprise the land surface of the town, and most of that area has borne several growths of the choicest oak, hemlock, chestnut, spruce, pine, elm, and walnut. . . . Compute three or four growths at only \$25.00 an acre, and see how vast a money transaction this has been."

Senator J. H. Gallinger writes of The Medical Profession (23 p.). "The first settlers of Concord were more concerned about their spiritual than about their physical welfare, and no physician accompanied them to what was then a frontier settlement." Dr. Gallinger gives an amusing account of the way the old-time medical students apprenticed themselves to some doctor in the days before medical schools and examining boards. The story of the N. H. Medical society is most interesting, also the account of the Thompsonian Infirmary, which flourished here for a time. The only criticism to be made upon this chapter is its brevity. Dr. Gallinger wields a facile pen and the reader would have been glad if he had written twice as much.

Newspapers and Their Editors (36 p.) was written by Frank W. Rollins. Not till 1789 did George Hough, the

first printer, set up his press. From that day to this, Concord has issued a numerous and varied series of publications, some of them ephemeral like the autumn leaves, but many of permanent worth and character. *The New Hampshire Patriot*, founded in 1809, is the oldest and perhaps the most noted of these. Ex-Governor Rollins gives many pleasant recollections of the old-time editors, and printers; among others, he pays a beautiful and just tribute to the late P. B. Cogswell, one of the most beloved of the craft. The subject is so extensive that one wishes the chapter had been longer, for Colonel Rollins' writings are always eagerly read.

Domestic Customs and Social Life (37 p.) by Frances M. Abbott is the only feminine chapter in the book. The writer depicts the changes in houses, in dress, in food, in cooking, in amusements, in entertaining company, in education and occupation from the log cabin era down to the rise of woman's clubs.

Concord in the Civil War (41 p.), by Rev. Howard F. Hill is unique. Dr. Hill, a grandson of Gov. Isaac Hill, was an editor before he became a clergyman, and he believes with Kipling that each

Shall draw the thing as he sees it,
For the God of things as they are.

The conventional story of the Civil War is found in the general narrative, but Dr. Hill gives us the side-lights, the humor and pathos, the extravagance, the turmoil and passion of that period. He saw with a youth's eyes the substitutes' camp, the Palmer riot, and General Pierce addressing a crowd from his front door the day after the assassination of Lincoln. The chapter teems with life. One of the inter-

esting features is a table showing the inflated prices of household goods and groceries taken from the actual ledgers of store-keepers of that day. "One of the tilting variety of vasty hoop-skirts called for an expenditure of \$3.50."

Schools, Public and Private (108 p.) is the work of John C. Ordway. No chapter in the book was better worth writing, and Mr. Ordway has done the subject justice. His article



Miss Frances M. Abbott.

alone would have made a valuable book. Mr. Ordway has devoted the leisure of years to the accumulation of material, delving among ancient records, consulting elderly citizens, and recalling his own boyhood days. It is the personal flavor, in this and certain other chapters of the History, that makes such good reading. The chapter bristles with facts (among others a nearly complete list of all the teachers up to 1860 is given), but so much humor and gentle satire are in-

termingled, that the chapter is one of the most entertaining in the History. Picnics, sleighrides, and all the joys of childhood are depicted with loving remembrance. After describing the first schoolhouse he says, "No starry flag floated o'er the roof, as in these later days, to inspire the youthful minds with patriotic impulse, but underneath it, it is safe to say, flagellations took place with woeful frequency, in which, no doubt, hurried glimpses of the heavenly constella-



Rev. Howard F. Hill.

tions were occasionally revealed to turbulent offenders." Succeeding the main chapter are two short articles, also by Mr. Ordway, Concord Literary Institution (6 p.) and the Methodist General Biblical Institute (5 p.). The latter seminary, which flourished here from 1847 to 1868 afterward became the nucleus of Boston University.

Three shorter articles remain to be considered. The Weather Record from 1856 to 1900 (16 p.), first volume, was furnished by William W. Flint. Mr. Flint (Dartmouth '71, Columbia

Law School, '74) is a native of Colebrook, moved to Concord in childhood, and for many years has been a master at St. Paul's School. Upon the death of the late Judge W. L. Foster in 1897, Mr. Flint succeeded him as volunteer clerk of the weather and so continued till the recent appointment of a government observer. The weather, whether past, present, or future, is always an inexhaustible subject of interest, and although the Record gave no scope to Mr. Flint's literary talents it will preserve his name in connection with some of the most frequently consulted pages in the History.

The chapter on Fish and Game (6 p.) in the first volume was written by Frank Battles. General Battles is a native of Billerica, Mass., fitted for college at Milford, that state, but for the last twenty years has lived in Concord. No more intelligent sportsman is found in the Merrimack valley; he has devoted the leisure of a life-time to the study of fish and game. He served on the Fish and Game committee of the N. H. Legislature in 1897 and 1899, first as secretary, second as chairman. His article is like a breath from the wildwood. He tells us, what will be a surprise to many, but coming from his pen has the voice of authority, that with the exception of the shad and salmon, which are prevented from ascending the river by dams, and the passenger pigeons and upland plover, which have been ruthlessly slaughtered, the quantity and kind of fish and game found here are not unlike what they were a century ago. It is encouraging to know that there is still good shooting about Concord, and that "in the public ponds of the state,

under wise protection, valuable fish will breed and thrive."

Thomas C. Bethune furnishes the chapter on Saint Mary's School (3 p.), in the second volume. Mr. Bethune is a well known citizen of Concord and active in the affairs of the Episcopal church. He writes with full knowledge of the founding and scope of the school and pays appreciative tribute to Bishop Niles, Miss Gainforth, the first principal, and others who were influential in determining its tone and purpose.

At the close of the second volume ten pages of Miscellaneous are given; and two admirable indexes, occupying more than ninety pages, and prepared under the supervision of Miss Harriet L. Huntress, secretary to the state superintendent of education, render all the rich store of matter available. One of these indexes contains more than 8,000 proper names, and months were required for its compilation.

In mechanical execution the book is without doubt the finest specimen of printing and binding ever published in New Hampshire, and it will compare favorably with any similar work issued anywhere in America. Fine

paper, broad margins, large, clear type, illuminated title-pages and beautiful half-tone engravings make the volumes a delight to the eye, while the substantial bindings, English cloth, half leather or morocco, bid fair to last until the next history is issued. A fine map of the township, drawn in 1902 by Will B. Howe, city engineer, and bound in separate covers, accompanies each set. Every detail of the printing of the books was done by the Rumford Printing Co. of Concord, who have reason to be proud of this, their most important work. The total expense of the publication was \$10,000, which sum was loaned by the city government. One quarter of this has already been returned to the city treasury from the sales of the first six weeks, and it is expected that ultimately every dollar will be repaid. This conduct of a public work, without financial profit to the promoters, recalls the early days of the republic, and is a matter of which any modern municipality may well boast. The price of the set of two volumes with map, bound in cloth, is \$8.00; in half leather, \$10.00; in full morocco, \$14.00.

NOTE.—Miss Frances M. Abbott, writer of the foregoing article and author of the chapter on "Domestic Customs and Social Life" in the "History of Concord," is a native of the city, a daughter of John and Matilda (Brooks) Abbott, her father having been a citizen of note and six times elected mayor, while her mother was a woman of superior intellectual culture and ability. She is a graduate of the Concord high school and of Vassar college (class of 1881), and has devoted her talents quite largely to literary work, contributing extensively to various magazines and periodicals, as well as to the newspaper press. She is a member of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae and of the Boston Branch of Vassar Alumnae, and is prominently identified with the Shakespeare clubs of Concord. She is interested in everything that pertains to the history and progress of the city, especially along educational, social, and charitable lines, and is a life member of the old Concord Female Charitable society. Her contribution to the city history constitutes one of its most valuable chapters, and is surpassed by no other, either in interest or literary merit.—ED.

SOME DAY YOU'LL FALL ASLEEP.

By Moses Gage Shirley.

I.

Some day you'll fall asleep, dear heart, some day you'll fall asleep,
And leaving all that you hold dear will find the silence deep ;
That mystery which still unsolved God and His angels know,
And those who walk by crystal streams where heavenly breezes blow ;
Where grief and sorrow never come nor troubled billows sweep ;
Some day you'll fall asleep, dear heart, some day you'll fall asleep.

II.

Some day you'll fall asleep, dear heart, some day you'll fall asleep,
And passing from us you will see afar the golden street,
And sainted forms of those who dwell upon the other shore,
Where the blest souls of those we love will pass when life is o'er,
Where cool and soft the pathways lie for all the tired feet;
Some day you'll fall asleep, dear heart, some day you'll fall asleep.

III.

Some day you'll fall asleep, dear heart, some day you'll fall asleep,
And we shall call for you in vain, and vainly we shall weep,
But where you go we know that God has promised perfect rest,
And peace for every aching heart and every troubled breast;
And love more lasting than our own he'll give to you to keep;
Some day you'll fall asleep, dear heart, some day you'll fall asleep.

AN INDIAN LEGEND OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

By G. Waldo Browne.

Veiled in sackcloth stands the sun,
The Indian hunter's day is done
In these New England borders ;
A deadly shaft his heart had broken,
High in the clouds the fates betoken
Unwonted, strange disorders.

—Caverly.



HE was a descendant of the Sokokis chief, Paugus, the Oak of the Saco, and he was addressing an adventurous white man who had penetrated farther into the mountain fastness than even oth-

ers of his race had done, as he gave expression to the following tradition, a warning to his companion :

"Pale-face great hunter ; his foot like the deer, but up yonder," pointing toward the mountain looming far above them into the realm of clouds,

"where the moose dares not stop to browse and the bear finds no foothold, he cannot climb. Only the spirit hunters dwell there, and when Waumbek Methna¹ draws his mantle about him, then it is time for the children of the gamelands to bring him their offerings of the chase. Then, indeed, were they warned not to climb where the hardy pine has not found foothold, lest again should the sons of women behold the raven on the sun,² and the wilderness drowned for two moons." Then, as if he felt that his words needed explanation, he continued, while he drew his mantle of tanned moose-skin closer about his erect form: "A great many moons ago, so many the wisest of our women cannot count them, when the daughters of earth wed with the sons of the gods, and were extremely wise, they became vain and proud-spirited. This displeased Mitsi Maniteau³ so much

that he resolved to humble his children, and thus he sent down upon them a great storm of wind and rain. So fiercely did the rain come down that at last the red men were obliged to take to their canoes to keep from drowning. The storm rose and the rain fell, until the valleys had become great rivers, and the plains seas of water. The frail barks of the frightened men were unable to cope with so persistent an enemy, and one after another of the canoe-men were lost, until only one canoe, holding a warrior and his eshsquaw, managed to keep afloat. This man was Sehunk the Loon, who had refrained from idle boasting and lived much apart from his brothers, so much so that he had become an outcast.

"So long did the rain fall and so furious that it came about Sehunk could look upon no sight of land save one little island of barren rock. Toward this desolate spot, whither he would or no, his canoe drifted, until he could see that thither had flocked the creatures of the earth and sky, two and two of each kind, so that he feared to land. But his canoe having sprung a leak, and finding himself powerless to do differently, he approached until his eshsquaw sprang out upon the rock to see if he could land in safety. As strange as it appeared, upon her approach, even to the cat and the bear, though all must have been very hungry after their fasting, the animals moved back to give them room to land.

"No sooner had Sehunk done this than the rain ceased to fall, and the sun freed itself of the raven wings. The rain no longer falling, the water began to roll away. That night Sehunk had a strange dream, in which

¹ Meaning in its poetical sense "Mountain of the Snowy Forehead," which it were well if the successors of the Indian had retained rather than giving it a name without any distinguishing association. In the days of the ancient Amerinds this was a locality of wild interest, and many times must its shadowy glens have echoed with their outbursts of picturesque worship, mingling wildly with the roar of the cataract and the shriek of the tempest, while they offered under the shades of the snow-crowned rock their offerings of fear, esteem, and vengeance. Tradition told that only a few were foolhardy enough to climb above the region of vegetation, and those that did were doomed to wander forever, invisible spirits among the rocky gorges, with no hope of ever reaching the "happy hunting-grounds" beyond the setting sun. The simple exception to this was that of him whose fate belonged to the simple narrative told by the Sokokis. An early writer of the mountains says: "When the first white man came here to climb to the top of this bald mountain, an old Indian, with his tomahawk of stone, flint-pointed arrow, and tanned war-dress, standing proudly erect, shook his head, and said: 'The Great Spirit dwells there; he covers his steps above the green leaves with the darkness of the fire tempest. No footmarks are seen returning from his home in the clouds.'"

² An eclipse.

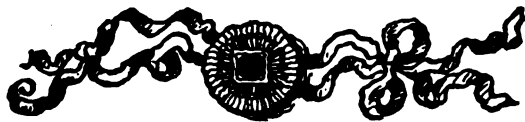
³ The overruling power.

he saw again the earth, with himself ruling over it as master, until the brutes began to quarrel among themselves as to whom of them should be king. In this plight he dreamed that he smote the rock to quell this unseemly riot when a most wonderful thing took place. The brutes, each of its kind, was given a language of its own, so they could not talk, one with another. This so dumfounded them that they no longer strove to see who should be ruler over the rest.

"Then Sehunk was awakened by cries of rage and disorder, and his eshsquaw came running to him, saying that all of the animals were quarreling and fighting to see who should rule after they had put him to death. The moose, then larger and more mighty than now, and greatest of all the brutes, had been chosen to kill him. Indeed, at that very moment he was coming to crush him with one mighty foot, as man himself would crush a worm. Sehunk trembled with terror. Defending himself with his stout ashen paddle, his only weapon of defence, he stood his ground, while the moose, urged on by his companions, moved resolutely nearer. When he felt sure of reaching his mighty enemy, Sehunk struck at him with all his strength. But the paddle shot off from the side of the moose to strike the rock with a resounding thwack, breaking into many pieces and littering the place with its splinters. Wherever one of these pieces of wood fell a wonderful trans-

formation instantly took place. The moose suddenly lost the majesty of its huge form, and became what he is to-day. The squirrel, next to him the greatest of the forest denizens, shrank to its present size, losing all of its former ferocity. So it was with the other animals, both great and small. But the strangest thing yet was the confusion of their speech. No two species now spoke alike where before they had known but one language. Under the new condition they could not talk so as to understand each other, and in the mixed forms they could no longer contend for a kingship that would avail nothing.

"Sehunk discovered, also, that the water was falling away much more rapidly than before, and as it continued to recede he descended with his eshsquaw, until they found themselves once more under a great tent of forest land, while the grumbling animals had scattered hither and thither, to the four winds of earth and heaven. From this couple have come the people of the woods, and from the animals, two and two of a kind, have the gamelands been restocked, so that the hearts of men might be made light. But never does the red man gaze on the storm-cloud, as it hangs over the brow of Waumbek Methna, without remembering the fate of the vain and foolish companions of Sehunk, and none but the hare-brained ever climb to the dwelling-place of the storm-king."



NECROLOGY

FLETCHER LADD.

Fletcher Ladd, born in Lancaster, December 21, 1862, died in Boston, Mass., December 12, 1903.

He was the son of the late Hon. William S. Ladd, of the N. H. supreme court, and was educated at Phillips academy, Andover, Mass., Dartmouth college, the Harvard Law school, and Heidelberg university, Germany.

In 1889 he was admitted to the New Hampshire bar, and to the Massachusetts bar the same year, and to the United States supreme court bar, at Washington, in 1892. He practised law from 1889 to 1892 in Boston, when, upon the death of his father, he went to Lancaster, and entered the firm of Ladd & Fletcher. He continued his professional labors there until April, 1900, when he was appointed by President McKinley a judge of the court of the first instance in the Philippines. His service there, which was highly satisfactory, was terminated last August, when his health forced him to return to this country.

A wife and two children, a son and a daughter, survive him.

HON. JONAS HUTCHINSON.

Jonas Hutchinson, born in Milford, January 10, 1840, died in Chicago, Ill., December 17, 1903.

Judge Hutchinson was the son of Abel and Betsey (Bartlett) Hutchinson, and a descendant of Nathan Hutchinson, one of the first settlers of Milford, who located there in 1748. He was educated at Mont Vernon academy and Dartmouth college, graduating from the latter in 1863. He then taught for a time at the West, being principal of the Columbus, O., high school, and subsequently traveled for D. Appleton & Co. He finally took up the study of law, first with Sweetzer & Gardner of Boston, and afterward with Bainbridge Wadleigh, in his native town. Admitted to the bar in the state in 1869, he immediately went to Chicago and located in practice, and soon achieved success. He was corporation counsel for the city from 1889 till 1891, when he was elected a judge of the superior court, succeeding John P. Altgelt, who resigned to run for governor. This office he held, by successive reëlections, till death.

Judge Hutchinson was a consistent and unfaltering Democrat in politics, and had been chairman of the Cook County Democratic committee. He married, in 1876, Letitia Brown, of Lexington, Ky., by whom he had a son and daughter, all surviving.

REV. THOMAS MARSHALL, D. D.

Thomas Marshall, born in East Weare, April 4, 1831, died at Olney, Indian Ter., December 14, 1903.

He was the son of Moody and Sarah (Beard) Marshall, and a great-grandson of Joseph Marshall, a soldier of the Revolution. His maternal grandfather, Beard, was also a Revolutionary soldier and an ensign under Stark. He was educated at Kimball Union academy and Dartmouth college, being a member of the class of 1857 in the latter. He first engaged in teaching, and was principal of Wilson academy, at Wilson, N. C.

Taking up the study for the ministry, he graduated from the Union Theological seminary in 1864, and was soon settled over the First Presbyterian church at Mankato, Minn. In 1869 he went to St. Louis, as pastor of the High St. church, where after several years he was transferred to the Glasgow Avenue church, remaining till 1881, when he engaged in the missionary field, and in 1890 was made general field secretary of the board of foreign missions, which position he held till death. He was a noted preacher and a man of great ability. He married, in 1871, at Lebanon, Pa., Mrs. Louisa Goodheart Schneck.

HON. EZRA A. STEVENS.

Ezra Allen Stevens, a prominent citizen of Malden, Mass., died in that city, November 24, 1903.

He was a native of Portsmouth, born March 12, 1827, and spent his early life in business in that city. In 1870 he was chosen manager of the Boston branch of the Barstow Stone Co., of Providence, and removed to Malden, where he subsequently had his home. He was active in Republican politics, both in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, having been a member of the New Hampshire state senate in 1867 and 1868, and president in the latter year, and of the Massachusetts house of representatives in 1881 and 1895. He was also a presidential elector in 1884.

EDGAR L. CARR, M. D.

Dr. Edgar L. Carr, a prominent physician and leading citizen of Pittsfield, died in that town from the effects of a railway accident, December 22, 1903.

Dr. Carr was a native of Gilmanton, the son of Isaac S. and Lucinda J. (Osgood) Carr, born May 12, 1841, the family removing to Pittsfield in 1847, where his boyhood days were passed on a farm. He attended the public schools and Pittsfield academy. He commenced the study of medicine with Dr. John Wheeler, but after the War of the Rebellion came on he enlisted in Company G, Fifteenth regiment, N. H. Vols., and served as hospital steward until the discharge of the regiment in 1863. Repairing his shattered health, he entered Bowdoin Medical college, and graduated in 1864. He immediately entered the service again as assistant surgeon of the Twenty-first Massachusetts infantry, joining the regiment at Petersburg.

Returning home at the close of the war, he located in practice at Candia, where he remained four years, then settling in Pittsfield, where he ever after remained, and where he established a high reputation in his profession.

In religion he was a Free Baptist, and was prominent in the affairs of the denomination, in town and state. Politically he was a Republican in early life, but for some years past was an active Prohibitionist, and was the candidate of that party for governor in 1888.

Soon after the close of the war, he married Miss Addie B. Osborne of Loudon, who died a few years since. He leaves a son, Dr. Burt W. Carr of Tilton, and a daughter, the wife of Rev. W. J. Malvern of East Rochester.

AARON YOUNG.

Aaron Young, a member of a noted family of politicians, all active Republicans, natives of the town of Barrington, died in Portsmouth, December 23, 1903.

He was born June 16, 1827, the son of Aaron Young, a prominent citizen of the town, and spent his early life on the farm. In 1851 he went to Manchester, where he was some time engaged in business, removing to Dover, and afterward to Portsmouth, where he had his home the last forty years, being engaged in the custom house, as deputy collector of internal revenue, and latterly in connection with the Boston custom house.

He was a twin brother of the late Col. Andrew H. Young of Dover, was prominent in Republican politics, and was for several years active in the management of the fairs of the old New Hampshire Agricultural society.

HON. MOODY MERRILL.

Moody Merrill, born in Campton, June 27, 1836, died at Silver City, New Mexico, December 24, 1903.

Mr. Merrill went to Boston in 1859, where he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1863. He became prominent in Republican politics, served in the legislature, and was a presidential elector in 1880. He engaged in real estate and railway operations, and organized the Consolidated Street Railway Company of Boston. Subsequently he became involved in financial difficulties and disappeared from the city, going to Silver City, New Mex., where he carried on an extensive banking business under an assumed name, and was in a fair way to restore his fallen fortunes, when exposure overtook him in New York, and he was arrested, but finally released on bail, and failed to appear for trial.

REV. OREN B. CHENEY, D. D.

Oren Burbank Cheney, born in Holderness (now Ashland), N. H., December 10, 1816, died at Lewiston, Me., December 2, 1903.

He was the son of Moses and Abigail (Morrison) Cheney, and one of the first students at the first Free Baptist school in the country at North Parsonfield, Me. Subsequently he studied at New Hampton, and graduated from Dartmouth college in 1839. He taught in different academies, and was licensed to preach, subsequently pursuing theological studies at Whitestown, N. Y. He continued preaching and teaching in different places until, in 1857, he became the first president of the Maine State seminary at Lewiston, established largely through his efforts, and which, in 1863, became Bates college, at the head of which institution he remained until 1894, giving it his most devoted service, with most successful results. He received his degree of D. D. from Wesleyan university in 1865.

RT. REV. DENIS M. BRADLEY.

Rt. Rev. Denis M. Bradley, first bishop of the Roman Catholic diocese of Manchester, died in that city, December 13, 1903.

Bishop Bradley was born in County Kerry, Ireland, February 25, 1846, coming to Manchester, with his widowed mother and her family of small children, when eight years of age. He was educated in the parochial schools and at Holy Cross; was ordained a priest June 3, 1871, and was first stationed at Portland, where he was successively rector of the cathedral, chancellor of the diocese, and bishop's counselor.

When the diocese of Manchester was created he was made bishop, being consecrated as such June 11, 1884, and had administered the affairs of the diocese with remarkable success, endearing himself to his own people, and winning the respect and esteem of the public at large.

COL. JOHN W. KINGMAN.

John William Kingman, a native of Madbury, born in 1821, died at Cedar Falls, Ia., December 17, 1903.

Colonel Kingman was a graduate of Phillips Exeter academy and of Harvard university of the class of 1843. He studied law, being for a time a student in the office of Daniel Webster in Boston. He settled in practice in Dover, where he was a partner of the late Daniel M. Christie, whose daughter he married. He served with distinction in the War of the Rebellion as commander of the Fifteenth N. H. Vols., and subsequently settled in the West. He was for a time judge of the United States district court in Wyoming.

JOSEPH STICKNEY.

Joseph Stickney, born in Concord, May 31, 1840, died in New York City, December 22, 1903.

Mr. Stickney was the son of Joseph P. and Lucretia Gibson Stickney, and was educated in the Concord schools and at Thetford, Vt., academy. He first engaged in railroading, and was stationed at Lebanon, but subsequently went to Wilkesbarre, Pa., and engaged in coal mining. Later he removed to New York City and established an extensive coal handling business, in which he gained a large fortune.

He retained a strong interest in his native city and state, owning much real estate in Concord, and being the most extensive hotel proprietor in the White Mountain region at the time of his decease, owning the Mt. Pleasant and Mt. Washington hotels, the latter of which, the finest summer hotel in New England, he erected two years since.

COL. JOSEPH BADGER.

Joseph Badger, son of Gov. William Badger, and great grandson of Gen. Joseph Badger of Revolutionary War fame, died at his home in Belmont, December 20, 1903.

Colonel Badger was born June 27, 1817; was educated in Gilmanton academy and Dartmouth college, graduating from the latter in 1839, and pursued the avocation of a farmer on the old homestead. He was a member of the staff of Gov. Henry Hubbard. He also took a strong interest in literary and educational matters. He married, in 1865, Hannah Ayers of Gilmanton, who survives, with two sons and a daughter.



PORTSMOUTH NAVY YARD—THE NEW STONE DRY DOCK.

Laying the first stone, May 29, 1901, in the presence of the officers of the yard and others, including Rear Admiral Read, Lieut. Gregory, C. E., and Lee Treadwell, C. E.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXXVI.

FEBRUARY, 1904.

No. 2.

THE PORTSMOUTH NAVY YARD, THE NEW DRY DOCK, AND HENDERSON'S POINT.

By Timothy P. Sullivan.



THE two islands which constitute the "Portsmouth Navy Yard," until ceded to the United States government, were a portion of the state of Maine, and were very early known as "Puddington islands," being occupied by a man named Puddington previous to 1639. After 1645 both islands were known as the Fernald islands, named after the Fernald family who were granted the same according to the following deed in the York County records:

"These presents, witness, that I, Richard Vines, Steward General of the Province of Mayne, have given and granted unto Tho. Furnell, the Soun of Renald Furnell of Piscataqua River, Chicurgeon for and in behalf of Sir Ferdinando Gorges Knt. and proprietor of Sd Province of Mayne, Two islands lying and being on the north east side of Piscataqua River aforesaid, commonly called or known by the name of Puddington islands, the said Thos. Furnell yielding and paying inn to the Sd Farden Gorges, his heirs and assigns two shillings and six pence yearly. Given under my hand this third day of May 1645. Richard Vines."

One of the very interesting spots in what is now called "Seavy's island" (the first Seavy owning any portion of the island was Stephen, who had a deed of sixteen acres in 1721), is the little Fernald cemetery, presumed to be not far from the early Fernald

homestead. It is not far from the "Spanish graves," both being close to the water and facing New Castle and the mouth of the Piscataqua. In this little family cemetery one well preserved Welch slate headstone, still defying the ravages of time, is to the memory of "Elizabeth Eastwick, wife of Captain Stephen Eastwick, who died in the year 1714." She was one of the seven daughters of Thomas and Temperance Fernald, the original owner of the islands. It is hoped that Uncle Sam as present owner will never disturb the last resting-place of the early pioneers of this region, and that some of the numerous and wealthy Fernalds will suitably enclose the same.

During the early settlement of New Hampshire, Portsmouth, as the only seaport town of the colony or state, became prominent for its wealth and enterprise, and, until the revolution created by the introduction of canals and railroads, it was to New Hampshire what Boston is to-day. Although her commerce has largely disappeared, yet state pride is continually centered there on account of the growing importance of the place as a naval station. Through the earnest and untiring watchfulness of our senators

and representatives in Washington, this navy yard is kept abreast of the times in naval construction and modern improvements. The building of one of the largest and best permanent dry docks in the world, here marks a new era in the history of the yard, and the last and only objection to the place as a first-class naval station was

mouth, N. H., Charlestown, Mass., Brooklyn, N. Y., and Gosport, Va." A survey and estimate was made by Loammi Baldwin of Boston, and although the estimated cost for a stone dry dock at Portsmouth was the lowest—\$350,000—this location was ignored, and the stone dock in Charlestown was built in 1833 at a cost of



Hon. Jacob H. Gallinger.

removed when congress enacted a law appropriating sufficient money (\$749,000) for the cutting away of the obstruction in the harbor's entrance, called "Henderson's point."

As early as 1826 congress passed a resolution directing the president "to cause an examination and accurate survey to be made by a skilful engineer for a site for a dry dock at Ports-

\$550,000; the one in Gosport (Norfolk, Va.), at a cost of \$900,000, and Mr. Baldwin was appointed engineer to superintend both docks. The Portsmouth yard had to wait until 1852, when the wooden floating dock which is now in use and cost complete almost \$750,000, was built, and the project to build a stone dock deferred until the present time, when Ports-



Cofferdam under construction at the mouth of the proposed new dry dock, and which recently broke away beyond the far-off angle to be seen in the illustration. Photographed March 8, 1900.

mouth possesses one of the finest, largest, and safest stone dry docks in the world, for which the people of New Hampshire should feel grateful to the persistency and untiring work of Senators Chandler and Gallinger.

January 21, 1892, Senator Gallinger introduced a bill "for the construction of a new wooden dry dock at the United States navy yard, Portsmouth, N. H.," following it with a very exhaustive account of the his-



Site of the new dry dock, showing the bridge connecting Savage's island, taken May 19, 1900.

toric seaport and of the old wooden dock built in 1852, giving facts and figures concerning the large outlays for other yards, and finishing with the following forcible questions: "Why is it that Portsmouth cannot have a new dock as well as the rest, and especially as well as Norfolk or Port Royal? Why is it that this yard is

quent speech on the history of the navy yard and the importance of a new dry dock.

The dock project at that time failed, as Senator Gallinger made another speech May 2, 1896, on an amendment made by him to a pending bill which read thus: "For construction of a dry dock at the Portsmouth navy



Hon. William E. Chandler.

almost closed and depleted of all material while there are millions being spent at Norfolk and \$500,000 being expended at Port Royal preparatory to opening a navy yard there? I trust Mr. President that the bill may receive prompt and careful consideration at the hands of the naval committee." In the following April Senator Chandler from the naval committee reported favorably on the bill, making an elo-

quent speech on the history of the navy yard and the importance of a new dry dock. The dock project at that time failed, as Senator Gallinger made another speech May 2, 1896, on an amendment made by him to a pending bill which read thus: "For construction of a dry dock at the Portsmouth navy yard of such size, design, and material as may be determined by the secretary of the navy, \$600,000, of which \$100,000 shall be immediately available." The senator made an able speech in support of his amendment, but for the time did not convince the senate, as the amendment was ruled out of order. During his speech he brought out the facts that during the past twelve years there were sixty-one

vessels built or in the course of construction, and we possessed only six docks that were fit to receive a ship to be cleaned or repaired. He made the following comparison of our condition in the matter of dry docks with some of the European nations: "All maritime nations in modern times have recognized this necessity. England and France, with their limited coast line, possess respectively forty-three and thirty-four dry docks, and both nations are constantly adding to

He also, in the course of his remarks, anticipated the condition the government might be placed in time of war, but a few years having elapsed since we had to send a war vessel to Halifax to be docked and cleaned, in the following words: "It should be borne in mind that when the emergency comes the nation will need dry docks and that badly. The lack of them in an emergency will cost us more than the construction of a hundred docks, and in no place can a dock



Site of dock partly excavated, showing the numerous steam drills used for blasting, May 2, 1901.

the number. There are now completed at the Portsmouth (England) dock yard eighteen docks, and several in process of construction or projected. They range from 200 to 650 feet in length, and some of them are capable of accommodating ships drawing forty feet of water. A contingency may easily arise in the case of ships damaged in action. Only two of our naval stations are provided with more than one dock, Norfolk having two and New York three, one of which is yet uncompleted."

do better service and be more economically constructed than in the time-honored Portsmouth navy yard, for it must be remembered that in the time of war the larger portion of our fleet would be concentrated on the coast from Virginia to Maine, the territory embracing all the larger cities which would become the objective point of the enemy. Dry docks are therefore necessary in the vicinity, in order that vessels can be immediately repaired."

In the year 1897, the navy department appointed a board to consider

the subject of dry docks required by the government, and from its report it appears that Portsmouth was entirely ignored as a feasible place for a dry dock. The board consisted of Commodore F. M. Bunce, Commodore F. E. Chadwick, Naval Constructor Robert B. Dashiell, and Chas. W. Parks (the latter the only civil engineer on the board, and its recorder, now in

an ideal dock. Here are found all the requisites of a site for a dry dock and additional protection against gun fire can be readily secured by mine fields covered by batteries at Winthrop point and to its northward."

It is singular how "boards" can see blemishes and beauty where ordinary people discern nothing. The board forgot to note that Gerrish



Hon. Henry E. Burnham.

charge of the department of yards and docks in Charlestown, Mass., navy yard, and reputed to be the designer of the Portsmouth and Boston dry docks). The board gave its judgment against Portsmouth, as follows: "This yard and dock are exposed to gun fire from the sea, and are situated on a river whose tidal currents are very strong and whose channel is tortuous. But in Boston everything is found for

island (now "Fort Foster") New Castle ("Fort Constitution"), and Jaffery's point, in Portsmouth harbor front could be and are now fortified by the government. But other counsel prevailed, and Portsmouth, exposed to gun fire and with its tortuous channel, will soon see completed Uncle Sam's finest dock.

The members of the board went to Europe on receipt of an order from

the then acting secretary of the navy, Theodore Roosevelt, and reported as to the number of docks, their construction and material. England had at that time in Chatham thirteen government dry docks and two locks; in Portsmouth, she had sixteen dry docks and three locks; at Plymouth she had seven dry docks; at Keyham, three; at Pembroke, one; and numbers have been added since. She has also docks in Halifax,

docks were a poor investment and should not be considered other than a temporary expedient, granite was substituted for wood in every instance. The wisdom of this can be readily seen by a comparison of the stone dry dock built in Boston at a cost of \$550,000, over seventy years ago, with the present wooden dock in Portsmouth which was built about fifty years ago, at a cost of \$750,000. It does not require much business ex-



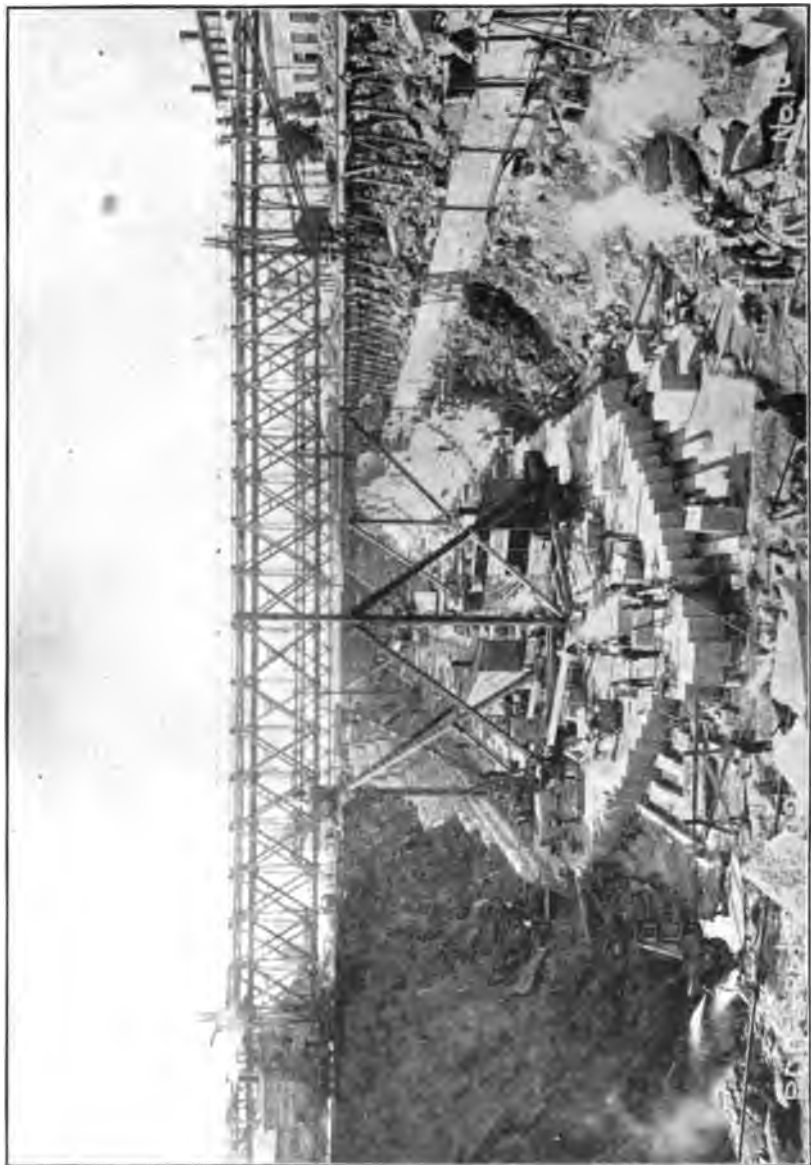
View showing section of stone work at altars and slides, September 3, 1902.

Malta, and India. France had then thirty-six dry docks, the United States had eleven, and only three of them stone.

Finally, when congress had passed a law authorizing the building of a number of wooden docks, Portsmouth was selected as the place where one of the largest should be built. However, before some of the contracts were entered into, through the persistency of Rear Admiral Endicott, who thoroughly believed that wooden

experience to perceive that in building a structure like a dry dock the cheapest material is that which is the least liable to rot or rust.

The Portsmouth dock now almost completed occupies the channel that formerly lay between the navy yard islands—Dennet's and Seavy's. The contract was let to Mr. John Pierce of New York city, for the sum of \$1,070,000, and was to be completed in thirty months. Its entire inside length is seven hundred and fifty feet,



View taken from bow of dock showing granite construction of the 80-foot floor of dock, September 23, 1902.

which is about the length of the Boston dock, and its entire inside width is one hundred and thirty feet, which is about twenty feet more than the Boston dock, and it is thirty-nine feet in depth from coping to floor of dock. In its construction there is 20,500 cubic yards of cut granite which came principally from the state of Maine, from Mount Desert, Fox island, Sprucehead, Biddeford, and Frankfort (Mount Waldo); though a large

18,000 cubic yards of concrete, a material composed of one part Portland cement, two parts sand, and four parts broken stone, to form the bed under the granite floor, and make the base and backing of the sides or altars of the dock. It required about 43,000 barrels of Portland cement (400 pounds to the barrel) for the entire masonry. It required the blasting and hauling away of 166,000 cubic yards of rock to make the necessary



View taken from mouth of dock, showing a section of the dock in progress of construction, giving a good view of the large traveling cranes and the many derricks on the floor of the dock, October 7, 1902.

quantity of the dark stone came from Cape Ann, Mass. About half of the granite was brought in the rough state, and cut in the sheds erected on the grounds for the purpose, the remainder being delivered all cut and ready to be laid in the structure when it arrived. The stone-cutters were principally Americans, a small number being Italians, Englishmen, and Scotchmen. The wages paid them averaged about three dollars per eight-hour day. It required about

space to form the dock, the entire foundation being a quarry which had to be blasted into shape. The number of unskilled laborers employed on the dock was very large, and they were principally from Italy, their pay averaging about \$1.60 per day. The government employed six inspectors to see that the workmanship and materials furnished by the contractor were equal to the specifications under contract and their pay ranged from \$3.25 to \$5.52 per day.

The building of the immense dock, and the cutting away of the abrupt protusion in the channel, called Henderson's point, were the most important events in connection with the development of the yard as a naval station. Henderson's point, so called, was owned in 1730 and 1732 by John and William Henderson. John

The risky undertaking of cutting out Henderson's point was let by contract to the Massachusetts Contracting Co. of which O. W. Norcross, the celebrated builder, is the principal owner, the amount of the contract being \$749,000, which comes from the naval appropriation, and was urged vigorously to congress by



Hon. Frank Jones.

Henderson was the son of Sarah Fernald, whose father owned the island originally, and the Hendersons owned and deeded sixteen acres in 1732, and it is presumed that they lived close to the now famous point that retains their name and which for ages will be called after some of the early toilers on this rocky and dangerous coast.

the then secretary, John D. Long. It has been under way during the past fifteen months, and is about fifty per cent. completed. It increases the narrow channel in width three hundred and fifty feet, and is to be blasted away to a depth of thirty-five feet under low water. This improvement makes almost a straight entrance into the harbor, and what



Henderson's point at the commencement of the excavation, showing the channel since then filled in, October 7, 1902.

changes in the extreme currents of the river, from the increased flow of water it will make, is as yet problematical. This vast improvement was urged strongly by all the officials of the navy department, and with all

the professional prestige of Rear Admiral Mordecai T. Endicott, who is chief of the Civil Engineer Corps of the navy department. The engineers of the army, who have charge of the river and harbor outlays, reported



View of Henderson's point from the reservoir, showing derricks and machinery and a portion of the land reclaimed by the excavated rock, June 29, 1903.

against the taking away of Henderson's point in the following manner (from the report of G. L. Gillespie, colonel of the corps of engineers): "By the preceding indorsement it appears that the improvement is not worthy of being made by the United States for the benefit of the commer-

Secretary Long, replying to Secretary Root as to the report of Engineer Gillespie, submits the following from the report of Admiral Endicott on the improvement: "The bureau has given careful consideration to the subject of the removal of a portion of Henderson's point, Portsmouth harbor, and has



Ex-Secretary of the Navy John D. Long.

cial interests of the port." And he concludes by saying: "The language of the naval commander is very guarded, and it is assumed that he would have recommended the improvement in unmistakable terms had he deemed it necessary for naval purposes. In view of the foregoing, the improvement is not recommended."

received a copy of the correspondence referred to by Col. Gillespie. In this correspondence the commandant (Admiral Remey) of the station made no recommendation in the matter, but the bureau does not regard that as conclusive that he did not consider such an improvement desirable or even necessary. The navigation of this portion of the channel, which is

between the Portsmouth navy yard and the lower harbor, is well known to be difficult, if not dangerous, for the large battleships of the navy. The current at this point is exceedingly swift, except immediately at the turn of the tide. As a matter of fact, none of the battleships have passed up to the Portsmouth navy yard, the commanders of these vessels preferring to undergo the inconvenience of

that navigation at the point named should be improved, on account of its value to the naval service. If this be not done, the dry dock referred to will not be available for a large number of the most important vessels of the naval service, and the usefulness of this yard will be largely impaired."

A bill introduced by Senator Gallinger for the improvement at Hen-



Henderson's point, showing the rock excavation, about sixty feet in depth and carried to near the water line on three sides, September 1, 1903.

retaining the ships in the lower harbor and receiving coal and other supplies by lighters, rather than incur the risks of passing through the channel at Henderson's point. The government has under construction at this navy yard one of the largest dry docks recently authorized by congress, which was required to be not less than seven hundred feet in length, and evidently intended to fit this yard for handling in dock the largest vessels in the service. The bureau considers it very necessary

derson's point was passed in the senate, but met its death in the conference committee on river and harbor outlays. No sooner had the senator met defeat in one direction, than he faced another and immediately introduced a bill, which was referred to the naval committee, and passed, and after a lengthy struggle with the conference committee of the house, was agreed to and passed both houses finally, and the great improvement, dreamed of for years in Portsmouth, but its realization



Showing the length of dock from the bow, with the uncompleted mouth in the distance, June 29, 1903.

hardly hoped for, came to pass, and its benefits will be far-reaching and beneficial for ages to the historic city by the sea.

The navy yard is being prepared

for a first-class station as fast as plans and contracts can be executed, and in a few years will be an entirely new creation, equipped with all modern appliances in machinery, and when



Part of dry dock near the bow, showing large crane and the equipment building, July 31, 1903.

its dock is completed will be able to meet all requirements in the line of repairing any of the immense war-ships owned by the government.

A modern coal pocket, made of steel, having a capacity of 10,000 tons, and about completed at a cost of \$100,000, is being built by Snare & Trieste, the well-known steel

Snare & Trieste company for what will be the most improved government prison in the United States, if not in the world.

The new general store, one of the most elaborate buildings in the yard, is now under construction by the general contracting firm of O'Brien & Hoolihan of Syracuse, New York,



John Peirce.

structural contractors of New York city. The buildings now under contract and in the course of construction will cost over \$450,000. Plans are prepared for quay walls to extend from the dock entrance, and for buildings, which will soon be in the market for estimates, that will cost more than \$400,000 to complete. Contracts are also made with the

and will cost \$150,000. The firm has put up other large buildings for the government in this yard and in Brooklyn, New York.

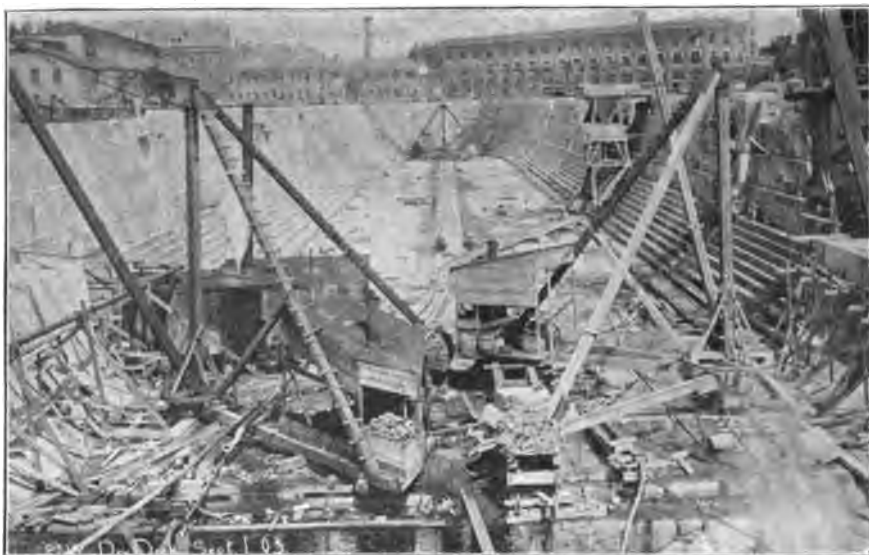
A thoroughly-equipped standard gauge railroad connected with the B. & M. system extends to all parts of the yard, where shops and improvements require freight. A new dock must soon be built of a small size, so

that all classes of vessels can be taken care of. The location of the new dock is talked of as to be built close to the present stone dock, so that the pumping machinery of one can take care of both, making a large saving in the matter of dock expense.

It is estimated that the increased area of land made by filling in beyond the water line with the excavated material from the new dock

receive no set back at the hands of Secretary Moody.

It is proper to mention in this connection some of the prominent men directly connected with the dock construction. Mordecai T. Endicott, rear admiral and the first civil engineer in the navy to receive that rank, chief of the bureau of yards and docks, is entitled to the respect of every lover of solidity and per-



View taken from entrance of dock, showing construction of entrance, derricks, etc., about a month before the breaking of the coffer-dam at this point, upturning derricks, engines, and boilers, and strewing all over the floor. September 1, 1903.

and Henderson's point, will exceed thirty acres, making a yard upwards of two hundred acres, entirely surrounded by water, all of which can be utilized for naval purposes.

Those who have the interest of the Portsmouth navy yard at heart must be grateful for the great interest taken by ex-secretary of the navy, John D. Long, and his assistants, in the advancement of everything pertaining to the naval service, and which, from every indication, will

manency in engineering projects. He proved with convincing argument the poor economy of building dry docks of wood, and, in the face of the interests and the arguments advanced by those in the wooden dock business, succeeded in having the government construct all their docks of enduring material. About twenty years ago he was stationed in Portsmouth, and in turn has been in all the yards, knows their different facilities, and is able to treat each impar-

tially. He was born in New Jersey in 1844, and comes from the Endicott family who furnished the first governor to the colony of Massachusetts. He graduated in 1868 as civil engineer from the Rensselaer Polytechnic institute, Troy, N. Y. In 1872 he became assistant engineer at the League island navy yard and during

and the most of the important civil engineering works done by the government in recent years. He was appointed in 1895 by President Cleveland the naval member of the Nicaraguan Canal commission. Before his time all the heads or chiefs of the civil engineering department of the government were admirals or captains



Rear Admiral Mordecai T. Endicott, U. S. N.

the same year was commissioned a full civil engineer, in the United States navy, serving later at New London, Portsmouth, Norfolk, Port Royal, and New York. He was engineer in charge of the Norfolk dry dock, completed in 1889. In 1890 he was appointed consulting engineer to the bureau of yards and docks. He designed the Puget Sound dry dock

trained in the science of navigation and war, and it is due to practical administering of the business of the navy by Secretary John D. Long that the important interests of the yards and docks of the government were placed for good in the hands of trained, experienced civil engineers, with Mordecai T. Endicott as its first representative chief.



View showing wooden dry dock, built in 1852, having a vessel docked (U. S. S. *Vixen*), Kittery and Badger's island in the distance, October 7, 1901.

Probably there is no man connected with the Portsmouth navy yard that has worked harder and given more hours for the interest of the government than Civil Engineer Luther E. Gregory. About five years ago he commenced at the yard without much help, and he has brought the entire works to the condition they are in to-day. Through his business tact and genial disposition the many interests that have to deal with the government are kept in a state of peace, and the immense business of the yards



The wooden, floating dry dock at her moorage, showing store building and Portsmouth at the distance.

and docks has been carried on without the least friction. He was born in Newark, N. J., January 9, 1872. Graduating from the School of Mines, Columbia university, with the degree of civil engineer in 1893, he engaged, until 1897, in instructing in engineering work as assistant to the professor of mechanical engineering in the Co-

sity. In 1896 and 1897 he was engaged in the department of public works of New York city as an engineer. He entered the navy as a civil engineer in 1898, and has done a large amount of special duty since, from New Orleans to Portsmouth, especially on dry docks, both floating and stationary, and on dock pumping machinery.



Lieutenant Luther E. Gregory, U. S. N.

lumbia university. He was also engaged on the sewerage system of Orange, N. J., and as assistant in the U. S. Geological Survey, on surveys in New Hampshire, Vermont, and New York. He was also engaged on the water-works of Staten Island, New York, and as instructor in surveying and practical astronomy in the summer schools of Columbia univer-

His great ambition now is to see completed the great new dock with which he has become so closely and diligently connected from its inception until the present time.

The government has been fortunate in having for a contractor for the dock one of the prominent builders of this country, Mr. John Peirce of New York city. Owning a large quarry



The Spanish warship, *Reina Mercedes*, soon after arriving from Cuba.

in Frankfort, Maine, and interested as agent in nearly all the large quarries in that state, he was enabled to furnish the immense quantity of granite required for this undertaking and carry on work upon other large structures in granite in all parts of the

country. Mr. Peirce is now in the prime of life and is considered one of the ablest granite contractors in this country. He is a native of Maine, getting his early training in the granite business from his father, who was the senior member of one of the



The inclosed plot containing the graves of thirty-one Spaniards who died during the period that the Spanish prison was established on the island.

prominent granite firms of Maine in the last generation, Pierce & Rowe of Frankfort.

The person who has patiently and quietly brought the great undertaking to its present state, in all its details, is Mr. Lee Treadwell, the superintendent and civil engineer in charge of the entire work for Mr. John

ciated by the casual observer. Mr. Treadwell was born in the state of Texas in 1864. He was brought to the state of Arkansas at the age of two years and raised there; graduated at the University of Kansas in 1888, receiving the degree of civil engineer. He was employed by J. A. L. Waddell, consulting bridge engineer



Lee Treadwell, C. E.

General superintendent of the new dry dock for John Peirce.

Peirce. The problem of putting in coffer-dams and fencing in the site of the dock from the ocean at the two ends; of the building of the machinery to carry on the work in its different stages; the handling of hundreds of men and directing his assistants; the keeping of so many different factors in the line of economy, is a tremendous labor and cannot be appre-

ciated by the casual observer. Mr. Treadwell was born in the state of Texas in 1864. He was brought to the state of Arkansas at the age of two years and raised there; graduated at the University of Kansas in 1888, receiving the degree of civil engineer. He was employed by J. A. L. Waddell, consulting bridge engineer of Kansas City, Mo., from 1888 to 1897. During this period he was connected with the designing and construction of some of the largest bridges in the West, notably a bridge across the Missouri river at Sioux City, Iowa, costing \$1,250,000, and one across the Missouri at East Omaha, Neb., the latter containing the largest swing draw span in the

world. He has had a large experience in bridge and elevated railroad construction and subaqueous foundations for bridges and other structures.

and eventually the government will own the entire water plant.

The Hon. A. F. Howard is another untiring worker in behalf of the yard



New water stand-pipe, showing the "Wentworth" at the distance.

Since November, 1899, he has been in the employ of John Peirce on the Portsmouth dry dock.

Among the residents of Portsmouth who have taken an active part in advocating and advancing the merits of the harbor as a naval station during the past twenty-five years, none were more conspicuous and energetic than the late Frank Jones. No labor nor expense were spared by him to advance every project that pertained to the welfare of the city of Portsmouth, and one of his last achievements was to bring a water supply to the navy yard from a distance of ten or twelve miles, and at an enormous expense, realizing, in his business foresight, that the necessity existed and would pay a safe income on the investment. The system is now in use throughout the yard

and its employees. For years he has been the trusted adviser to the men who are foremost in Washington and New Hampshire, interested in having the state's prestige, both historic and material, sustained in old Portsmouth, whose patriotic history is second to that of no other port in the country. He is at present prominently mentioned as a candidate for governor on the Republican ticket, and would make a notable addition to the many able men who have filled the office of governor of our state.

Mr. Justin V. Hanscom is another Portsmouth man, who, during the past generation, has exerted himself and exercised as much force of character in the developing of Portsmouth's interests as any man in the city. He was the confidential friend

and discreet counselor in whom the late Frank Jones placed implicit confidence. He is modest to an extreme, an untiring worker, and by those who know him, he is considered an unflinching friend, and as far as possible he is following the policy of Mr. Jones where the interests of the navy yard are concerned.

Another prominent figure interested in the welfare of Portsmouth is the Hon. Calvin Page, one of the ablest lawyers in the state and a man whose friends and foes are always certain where to find him. His influence is felt in every interest of the city, and his voice and counsel is always ready to advance the interests of the navy yard.

The limited space allowed for this

repairing and equipping of the many government vessels which are continually sent there. From the commandant of the yard, Captain Goodrich, down through all the chiefs of the different departments, each in his line is working diligently to the end that all classes of work done at this station shall be despatched as quickly and economically as at any other yard.

From every indication the Portsmouth navy yard is intended to be one of the great naval stations of the country. Its climate is unsurpassed at any station on the Atlantic coast. For an unobstructed channel at all seasons and conditions of weather and for a depth of water where the largest war vessel can be docked at the lowest tide, the United States at



New \$100,000 equipment building at the head of the dock, having Concord granite for trimmings,
June 29, 1903.

article will not permit a more extended account of the men interested in, and the immense work being carried on, at the yard, in connection with the

present utilizes nothing to equal it. What has in the past worked against its advancement will in the near future be the reason for its greatness—

"not being a port of commercial importance." It has already been debated that some of the navy yards are more valuable for commercial purposes, and pressure from business interests will induce the government



The immense shears used to load and unload boilers and heavy machinery on board war vessels, March 14, 1901.

to seek locations better fitted by nature to handle the sea monsters of the future where "commercial interests" need not be crippled by the encroachments of the navy, and the time is coming when the representatives in

Washington from the Granite state will not be compelled to continually be in a state of "eternal vigilance" to keep her old historic seaport in a commanding place in the service of Uncle Sam.

It is within the writer's memory that statesmen, from the platform, have proclaimed the invincibility of a nation having thirty-seven millions of people. He also remembers when William E. Chandler and the great ship builder, John Roach, proved that this country could build war ships of steel, and launched the "New Navy." We now hear it proudly proclaimed that we are a nation of eighty millions of people. Such an increase in population, without the aid of cannon, has not had a parallel in history, and is distancing the mental strides of our greatest leaders. He that will enjoy life forty years from now will be one of a nation of 140,000,000 of people; and the government, in order to maintain its greatness and, possessing the greatest means of naval warfare in the world, need not be urged to do justice to the old patriotic town that made the ship and the flag and bid Paul Jones God-speed when he unfurled the beauties of "Old Glory" before the despots of Europe; as then all available space in the navy yard will be utilized for the uses and purposes of the navy; and the engineers and statesmen of to-day, who are not planning and meditating on the needs of 140,000,000 people in the next fifty years, are not heeding the lessons of the past.



REMEMBER.

By Laura Garland Carr.

When dull, dark day to dull, dark day succeeds
And skies forever weep on sodden earth,
When there's no hint of gladness or of mirth
To break the spell, no call for stirring deeds ;
When brooding care all soaring thought impedes,
When love seems dead and life of little worth,
When fires are smouldering low at heart and hearth,
When meaningless seem theories and creeds—
We should remember that in life's see-saw
It takes but little weight to tilt the beam—
And, quick as thought, may fall the needed straw
And we swing lightly to the height supreme.
Then all these horrors of the depths will fade
Just like the stuff of which bad dreams are made.

THE LAKES OF NORTHWOOD.

By Winnie M. Watson.

My native town, I love to tell thy charm ;
Right royal are thy gifts from Nature's hand.
Here she bestows for all earth's woes a balm,
O fairest spot in all our favored land !
Thy beauteous lakes, bright gems set deep in green,
Amid dark forests beam upon our sight ;
The morning-glories tint their silver sheens,
The evening gilds all with its amber light.

REFRAIN :

Northwood, thy lakes are fair to view
As any sheet of azure hue
That in the old world's classic lands
Reflect the stars in heaven's blue.

O half score woodsy ponds that we call ours !
Ye bring sweet peace to many a troubled heart ;
Your coves, all lily-lined, your fern-fringed bowers,
Lure one to rest from all the world apart.
The light and shade, the purple, green, and gold,
That round your verdant margins meet our eyes
Seem rare as dreamed-of tints we may behold
The first glad morn we spend in paradise.

A STAR IN ECLIPSE.

By C. C. Lord.



THE stranger who visits the summit of Putney's hill, or Mt. Putney, in Hopkinton, and stands by the gate of the ancient cemetery, will hardly conceive that here was once the center of the township. Yet time has here so changed the aspect of local things that the evidences of population are mainly reduced to the graves that occupy the sepulchral enclosure. Yet here centers local history, full of the lights and shades of human experience that vividly attract the attention of the recorder.

If the stranger walks a little to the north, by the angle of two roads, in a northeasterly aspect, he notices a tablet that marks the site of Putney's garrison, built in consequence of King George's war, noted as having begun in 1744; if he continues a few steps further, at the junction of two highways, in a southwesterly aspect, he observes the dilapidated parsonage of the Rev. James Scales, the first minister of Hopkinton, ordained in 1757, and the tablet *in memoriam* of the same. These two sites, both deserted of inhabitants, and one occupied by only a ruin of a habitation, are historically associated with one of the brightest families that ever found a residence in Hopkinton.

Nathaniel Rowell and Judith Morse, of Southamptn, Mass., were the domestic progenitors of the household

that found ultimate representation upon the two identified, historic sites on Putney's hill. Nathaniel Rowell, born in 1745, lived on the site of Putney's garrison, where he appears to have died in 1823; earlier he, and later his son, Moses, lived in the Scales parsonage, where Moses died, an aged man, in 1850.

The Rowells were farmers, but inclined to mechanics. Their intelligence was productive and also constructive. Among the descendants of Nathaniel Rowell and Judith Morse, it may safely be said there was not an intellectually dull one. Certain of them became noted for scholarship, and others as capable men of business. The Rowells also in a large measure illustrated the philosophic mind. They had reasons for things, and were not contented to rest in mere theoretical assumption. Perhaps one of the brightest of these Rowells was Benjamin, a grandson of Nathaniel Rowell and Judith Morse, and a child of their son, Abel Rowell, and Susanna Merrill. Benjamin Rowell was the "star in eclipse," who furnished the material of this narrative. A young man of brilliant intellect, skilful at his calling, he became a lunatic and died in an insane asylum. The history of Benjamin Rowell suggests profitable deductions in more than one department of reflection.

Some men pass into history. Others

are reserved for tradition. In the recognition of the intelligent world, some men are put upon record, and the facts of their lives and deeds are made permanently manifest. In the indifference of thoughtless society, others are remembered only by personal reminiscences and popular descriptions of their being and acts. Benjamin Rowell belongs in a large measure to the class whose memory

He had an instinct of originality. This is an important fact in this connection. Upon it turns the sad history of his career. By the study of his life, one is led to see how dangerous it sometimes is to have a broader comprehension of subjects than is always allotted to individuals.

Benjamin Rowell became by vocation a carpenter. It is asserted that, according to the custom of his time,



Old parsonage, built for the Rev. James Scales, ordained 1757, and subsequently occupied by the Rowell family.

is traditional. As an alleged criminal and adjudged lunatic, he is upon record; as a man and member of society, he is mainly the property of tradition.

It were little to say that Benjamin Rowell, born in 1792, was intelligent, industrious, and by genius a mechanic. Yet he was nervous, sensitive, and predisposed to insanity. The latter of these statements is of essential consideration in this narra-

he served a regular apprenticeship. When he had learned his trade, his first test of original competency was made. He was sent into the forest to fell trees, shape timbers, and construct the frame of a meeting-house. In this experience, he accomplished a task that was never before performed in Hopkinton, to say the least.

Previously to this exploit of Benjamin Rowell, all the buildings erected in general had been framed by

"scribe" rule. The essential feature of this method of framing was comparison. A model stick of timber was made, and then other similar sticks were patterned after it. This operation was repeated in different departments of the construction. In the whole process of constructing a frame, very little attention was paid to abstract mathematical calculation. Indeed, it was doubted that a frame could be constructed by such calculation. Benjamin Rowell believed one could be so constructed. He ventured to test the accuracy of his judgment. This was in Orange.

When an ambitious, nervous, sensitive young man enters upon his first original, industrial responsibility, it is but a simple sequence if he suffers anxiety. It is harder if he knows that all his associates in the same vocation deem his project to be visionary. Benjamin Rowell was not only anxious for his first exploit as an independent workman, but he had to encounter the doubts, the criticisms, the jeers, and the sneers of all those whose knowledge of the subject was inferior to his own. Still he persevered. Trees were felled. Timbers, large and small, were cut and hewn. The dimensions and adaptations of every stick were determined by strict mathematical calculation. In other words, the edifice was framed by "square" rule. The crisis came when the collected timbers were wrought into the composite structure of the frame. For the structure, it was a successful crisis; for the constructor, it was ruinous. The frame was a model of accuracy in construction. The constructor of it was unbalanced in mind. Too much labor of mind and body had

done its fell work. Benjamin Rowell then and thenceforth had to be recognized as a hopeless lunatic. He fled to Cardigan mountain in Orange, where he was taken and returned to Hopkinton.

We have said that Benjamin Rowell was predisposed to insanity. This is an assumption. Other members of his ancestral family were reputed to be insane. Yet the assumption is in itself logical. A young man, with a good constitution, in the perfection of health, will not break down either physically or mentally upon his first responsible exploit in business. If his intelligence is in advance of his time, and he suffers some obloquy in proving his judgment correct, the experience will fortify his personal efficiency and make him in every way stronger than he was before. Benjamin Rowell broke down mentally because insanity was constitutionally potential in him. The taint may have existed for generations in the Morse family, as seems probable. Yet the predisposition became effective at the adequate natural inducement. The fact is deductively evident. Benjamin Rowell is therefore entitled to the considerate sympathy and pity of mankind.

The insanity of Benjamin Rowell has been classified by the name of "chronic mania." His malady appears to have been periodical in its severer aspects. In his ordinary mental moods, he was industrious, ingenious, social, mirthful, and even playful. It was easy to tell when his recurring paroxysm of real madness appeared. There was an abnormal gleam in his eye that was unmistakable. It was then that precaution in his behalf was demanded.

Benjamin Rowell's case illustrated a peculiar transitional feature of human experience. We notice it in intoxication, a temporary insanity. Intoxicate a man of naturally mild manners, and he may become savage; make a man of inherent surliness drunken, and he may become so gentle as to be childish. Benjamin Rowell was ordinarily mild and harmless, but in a fit of delirium he became savage, frenzied with a desire to kill. He at length killed a young

and where he ended his days in 1864.

An insane man cannot be legally responsible. Yet natural inquisitiveness sought in Benjamin Rowell a motive for killing Calvin Holmes. Yet it hardly succeeded. The tragedy occurred at the present empty house of Arthur Thornton, on the road from Clement's hill to West Hopkinton. Tradition says Holmes had driven into the enclosure of the farmstead where Rowell was. Hav-



Site of Putney's garrison, later the site of Nathaniel Rowell's homestead.

man. His name was Calvin Holmes. The tragedy occurred in the year 1832. Rowell shot Holmes with a gun. This event determined the future restriction of the liberty of Rowell. He was put under the custody of Andrew Leach, keeper of the Hillsborough county jail at Hopkinton. The old jail building is now the residence of John M. Foss, situated on the outskirts of the village, on the South road. Rowell found a home here until after the erection, in 1843, of the state insane asylum, at Concord, to which he was transferred,

ing procured a gun, Rowell appeared at a door of the house and shot Holmes deliberately. To an uninformed and unreflecting person, such an act would instantly suggest a motive. In seeking for an evidence of motive, one is only partially successful in an investigation of the impulses of Benjamin Rowell, the maniac. We illustrate our meaning by personal assistance. Jacob Chase, of Warner, N. H., was born in Hopkinton in 1811, a son of Enoch Chase, a selectman, who is said to have brought Rowell home from Cardigan

mountain and taken him into his house. Jacob Chase stood by Holmes when he was shot and says Rowell killed him because he declined to go hunting with his slayer. Mr. Chase also says that when Rowell was arrested, he was called down stairs, and seeing the sheriff, Rowell aimed a blow at him with his fist, the sheriff dodging, and the blow denting the ceiling back of the officer, as witness was borne in the wood long afterwards. Standing alone, such a statement naturally suggests a motive. Yet we have another assertion that, with sundry other affirmed facts, militates against a motive in the insane mind of Benjamin Rowell. Horace G. Chase, of Chicago, Ill., was born in Hopkinton in 1827. Living in the village, a small boy, he used to go to the jail and talk with Benjamin Rowell, who seems to have entertained the visitor with favor. One day the boy, Chase, asked Rowell why he killed Holmes. The reply in substance was: "I saw him standing by the wagon, eating bread and cheese, and he looked so silly I thought I would shoot him." This statement is made to us by Horace G. Chase. Like the statement of Jacob Chase, it has its own isolated value. Considered with reference to many other assertions of the career of Benjamin Rowell, no statement fixes a motive upon him.

At the Hopkinton jail, Benjamin Rowell, when exempt from his periodical attack of insane impulse, appears to have been entirely peaceable. He was frequently allowed the "liberty of the yard" and was even taken by Jailor Leach to his private farm in the Stumpfield district, where Rowell appears to have willingly la-

bored. At the jail, in the "yard," he indulged his taste for mechanics by constructing bows and arrows for visiting friendly and appreciative boys. His sociability became so playful that he imposed upon his keeper by pretences of escaping from custody. He would run, Jailor Leach with a posse after him, and then suddenly spring from his hiding place in the rear and shout, "Here he is! Why don't you catch him?" Then the whole ridiculous programme would be executed again. Once Jailor Leach said, "Ben, if you don't stop, I'll shoot you." Rowell quietly replied, "Guess you'll have to go home and get your gun first." A gun was procured and Rowell walked submissively back to jail.

Yet the situation was different when that abnormal gleam shone in the eye of Benjamin Rowell. That maniacal light portended danger. Precaution and confinement were then demanded. A manifestation of this freak once attested the superior personal self-command and prudence of Mrs. Leach, who was reputed a woman of superior personal competency. Rowell had been at work on the farm at Stumpfield. He returned to the jail unexpectedly. He accosted Mrs. Leach and inquired the location of an article of personal convenience. She saw the gleam in his eye, but gave no sign. She simply directed Rowell to a prisoner's room. He went, she quietly followed, he entered the room, and she quickly closed the door and locked it. When Rowell saw that he was outwitted, he playfully said, "You have caught a rat now, Mrs. Leach." This mirthful nonchalance of manner appears to have been very characteristic of Ben-

jamin Rowell. Once Hiram Blanchard, a resident of Hopkinton village, called at the jail and found Rowell, for some crazy insubordination, confined in the dungeon. Upon answer to Blanchard's inquiries, Rowell called out, "This is the place where they put dead men, to keep the cats from eating their noses off. You know that a dead man looks silly without any nose." Yet his confinement frequently illustrated its own prudence. Benjamin Rowell, in his severer paroxysm of insanity, yearned to kill something. Through the jail window, by means of materials collected of friendly boys, he with bow and arrows shot chickens. He once in this way killed a whole brood of crested Poland chicks for Mrs. Leach.

One of the most interesting episodes in the life of Benjamin Rowell is connected with that of Abraham Prescott, of Pembroke, his fellow-prisoner at the jail. Prescott had killed Mrs. Sally Cochran, in Pembroke, in 1833, and being convicted of murder, was executed in Hopkinton in 1836. As the time for execution approached, Prescott exhibited signs of depression, and Rowell apparently tried to arouse cheerfulness in his distressed companion. In this Rowell exhibited the same lightness of mental temperament that he displayed in the contemplation of subjects in general. Speaking of death, he said to Prescott, "It's nothing. I'll take your place for twenty-five cents." This expression of thought, even in an insane mind, is suggestive of speculation. Insanity does not always lose all traces of reasoning power. Why did Benjamin Rowell speak thus of the subject of death? We do not know. We can only reaffirm the

characteristic, philosophic quality of the Rowell mind. Benjamin Rowell was probably familiar with the predominant ideas of the different schools of thought of his day. He may have conceived that death is the annihilation of human consciousness. He may have dreamed that it is only passing the portal to another state of conscious existence. Yet in respect to the exact nature of the case, history appears to be now and forever silent.

Yet Benjamin Rowell, when in jail, put himself on record. He left a written document. It is now in the possession of Horace G. Chase of Chicago. It is said that this paper was written to, or on account of, Abraham Prescott. The production is evidently the work of a man in the severer throes of madness. The date proves that it could not have been directly addressed to Prescott. Its contents, while they possibly suggest deranged thoughts of Prescott, convey evidence of insane allusions to Rowell's own troubles. The following is the document, reproduced, so far as it appears renderable, *verbatim et literatim*:

"I don't know about that. There's your Gun. There's your penknife. There's your Gallon Bottle. There's your Jacket. There's your red Oak. there's your Coat. There's your Razor. There you lay. There's your Axe. That's in the last war. There's where he was. I know the stump. There's your Pistols. I am afraid it is. I guess it will. I am afraid they do know—aint sure of it. I suppose I killed him. Yes he does, let it be where it is. That's it, now you just found out. He is in that house. twenty four year ago the

timber growed. Fa - sol - la. I dont know about that. There's your scythe. See if you can that's all. there's your letter. dont you know? There is the man. yes, yes, he is the very man. let him try it. hope he wont. There's your father. There's your Gloves. There's your handkerchief. There's your Cat. dont you know? There's where he was right there. There's your Awl. There's your — h a , h a , h a , —

speech in the County Jail. October, 1837."

One need not enlarge upon the insane source of such a document as this from the unbalanced mind of Benjamin Rowell. Yet the penmanship is illustrative of considerable cultivation. The whole production bears witness to a thoughtful nature in ruinous affliction.

From the time that Benjamin Rowell was transferred to the insane



Scene in the ancient Putney Hill cemetery, the burial-place of the Rowell family.

dont know but you will! that's it. seven year ago. yes, fourteen year ago. I know it better without it than with it. There's your Saw mill. There's where he was. I am afraid he does know — quak, quak, quak—awefull, awefull! There's your Horse. There's your noggin. There's your Rake. There's your shovel. I dont know about that. I am afraid he aint dead. she's got sick on't. 1 - 2 - 3. That's it. the paper does it. he knows. Benjamin Rowell's

asylum at Concord, and till the day of his death, we do not learn that his mind experienced any improvement, or that it expressed any new phases of disease. At the asylum he appears to have enjoyed much liberty. True J. Putney, of Hopkinton, is a relative of the Rowells. His grandmother, wife of Enoch Putney, was Martha Rowell, sister of Abel, the father of Benjamin. Mr. Putney remembers seeing Benjamin Rowell, apparently in much liberty, as he years ago

used to pass the asylum on his trips to and from Concord. A favorite place of Rowell's resort seemed to be the so-called Pierce lot, where now is the Odd Fellows' home, and where he used to be observed sitting in apparent composure. It is even said that Rowell once rescued two boys from the asylum pond, where they had broken through the ice, and in consequence urged a plea for a discharge. Having "killed one and saved two," he thought himself entitled to full personal exemption from constraint.

Benjamin Rowell died on August 26. His body was sent to Hopkinton for interment. The messenger took it to Putney's hill. The deceased relatives of Benjamin Rowell lay in the cemetery there. The homestead of Nathaniel Rowell had long passed out of the ownership of the family. The ancient house was years before demolished. In the old parsonage lived Manley A. Rowell and Lydia G. Rowell, his sister, children of Moses Rowell and, of course, cousins of Benjamin. They also had one or more relatives who were summer visitors at their house. The arrival of the body of Benjamin Rowell was without notice. What was to be done? There was a legal sexton of the cemetery, but he was out of town. The messenger desired to be relieved of his burden. A hasty consultation resulted in a deposit of the body in the cemetery. Then Manley A. Rowell, and his nephew, Samuel C. Rowell, a visitor from Boston, Mass., deliberated and at length went to the cemetery, with implements for the work, and tenderly buried the remains of Benjamin Rowell contiguously near those of his

family. The grave is in the extreme northeasterly corner of the cemetery, under the oak tree.

In general personal appearance, Benjamin Rowell was much like an average man. If he varied from the average in physical proportions, he illustrated a slight increase of size. In complexion, he was neither a strict blonde nor a positive brunette. His classification in respect to complexion was medium, slightly inclined to the brunette. In his earlier manhood, and perhaps always, he wore his hair long and his beard full. At a time when such a practice was very uncommon, his aspect seemed more forbidding to the casual observer.

Benjamin Rowell now belongs to the past, in a measure in history, much more in tradition. He was one of the unfortunate, gifted sons of earth. Potentially afflicted from his birth, actually deranged by disease during his life, and positively sad in his death, he is a proper object of pity for a reflective and sympathetic world. We trust that the intelligent world is too considerate to ascribe moral responsibility to the insane impluses of this poor man's mind. Those who long for some criterion by which to estimate the intrinsic qualities of this intricate and perplexing human life can perhaps derive consolation and assurance from the depths of the spirit of the words of the Apostle Paul, when he says :

Therefore judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts, and then shall every man have praise of God. (I Cor. 4 : 5.)

OUR GOOD OLD WINTER TIME.

By Frank R. Bagley.

Last night the wind was south, or nearly so—
A warm, moist wind that sought the sullen frost,
And forced that dreaded harbinger of snow
To auction off his stock in trade at cost.

The sky was wan, and drooped above the height :
The height sloughed down in mist upon the hill ;
A blurred, uncanny blotch upon the sight,
The vale lay black and motionless and still.

It looked like rain—it *felt* like rain, and so
We let the fires go out, and went to bed,
Unconscious that a whirling drift of snow
Was even then careering overhead.

To-day the wind is north, with two points west,
And sparkling crystals fret the window-pane.
The sky rounds clear above the mountain's crest—
It does n't look a little bit like rain !

'Twixt sun and sun this wondrous change was wrought—
A sudden shifting to the frozen zone
Of fickle winds which only last night sought
To keep our stern old Winter from his own.

To-morrow ? Ah, to-morrow ! who can say ?
What prudent man would venture to forecast
The sort of wave to pass along this way,
Or even guess how long this "spell" will last ?

Just now the mercury's 25° below—
Good Old New Hampshire weather ; quite the thing.
To-morrow ? Ah, indeed, we do not know.
No mortal man can say what *that* will bring.



POPE NIGHT.

By H. G. Leslie, M. D.



SHORELINE is one of the very few places in New England where the custom of celebrating the discovery of Guy Fawkes' gunpowder plot still exists. In the feverish excitement of that period there is little doubt but what undue weight was given to the fiendish plan of Titus Oates and his lawless compeers for the destruction of the king and parliament.

This plot was attributed to the Jesuits, Catholic clergy, and even to the pope. A more judicial spirit, however, would exonerate all except a small group of fanatics who, in our times, would commit the most dastardly crimes in the hope that during the shock and excitement attending the act they might reap some personal benefit.

The radical cry of a Catholic plot has left a taint on the pages of history that cold facts hardly justify.

Just why the bale fires that were originally designed for a signal of invasion should be lighted on the hill-tops of New England at this time, is hard to say. At some period their significance as a note of alarm was changed to an indication of rejoicing and celebration. It was before the Pilgrims turned their backs on the Devonian hills that the incident occurred that is still commemorated by

this custom, thus proving that hereditary ideas are stronger and more ingrained in the race than historic knowledge.

Few, indeed, who lighted the fire of rejoicing that night, could give any connected reason for their shouts of hilarity.

For a month or more, the youthful residents of Shoreline had been preparing for this annual ceremony. The careful housewives learning from past experience, had safely housed such boxes and barrels as they desired to preserve and placed in a convenient location those odds and ends of refuse which they were willing to contribute to the event.

This material was not immediately transferred to the proposed place of sacrifice, but carefully secreted in various out of the way locations, for it was not considered a matter of theft for the boys of one locality to raid the coveted collections of those of another. When ship-building was the common industry in Shoreline, the tar barrels which accumulated in the various yards were always carefully husbanded for this occasion; but after its decline other resources for material became necessary, hence the general clearing out of worthless barrels and boxes throughout the village.

On the evening of November fifth

when the twilight had faded from the western sky and a veil of obscurity rested over the quiet village, the captain and I wandered down to the head of the wharf, from which point of vantage we had a view of the various hilltops in the vicinity. We had been seated on the old mast but a few minutes when by some preconcerted signal the torches were applied to the combustible material in the different localities almost at the same time, lighting up the sky as though a curtain had been lifted from the stage of nature.

Cromwell's hill, which was nearest to us, presented a strange and fantastic appearance as the glare of burning lightwood limned the picturesque outline of the trees, while the forms of those joining in the ceremonies of the occasion assumed grotesque and uncanny shapes, now magnified to the stature of giants in the sharp light, and anon half obscured by the whirling smoke dwarfed and distorted in resemblance to gnomes.

About a mile from this place, pressing its rounded dome against the northern sky, stands the highest elevation of land for miles around, Powow hill. Here came the savage aborigines from long distances to perform their war dances and torture their helpless captives. It was here that Captain Foot, one of their implacable foes, met his fate at their hands. With this historic fact I was well acquainted and ventured the remark to Captain Somes that with very little stretch of the imagination we could almost fancy that we were looking upon a similar scene.

"Well," said the captain, "the difference between the real and the unreal is so mighty little that some-

times it is hard to know just what you do see and hear. Every little while something comes up right on the border line of dream and reality so that you don't quite know where to place it.

"Did you ever hear that yarn about Uncle George Maxwell and Tim Carbin? No! Well they were great cronies and had many tastes alike, as folks said referring to their bibulous habits. One night a few years ago, it was 'Pope night,' too, they started down to the port to get their week's allowance of nose paint.

"It was in the last quarter of the moon, but a nice clear night, and as the tide served late they did n't hurry much about starting for home. It was along a little after midnight when they pulled around Gunner's Point and scaled over the Point of Sands.

"All at once Tim stopped rowing and stared towards the village street. This attracted Uncle George's attention, and he looked, too. There stood the old Worthern tavern, lit up from cellar to attic. They could see figures passing and repassing before the windows; the front door open and shut to let people go in and out. Every time the door swung back the light from a great pile of blazing logs streamed down the path and lit up the boxwood border halfway to the street. While they were looking a four-horse coach drove up and the passengers were ushered into the top room, but not a sound could be heard; no voice, not even the stamp of horses feet. Back of the tavern, in the lane running under the great elm tree, Marm Wadleigh's boarding-house, where the sailor was killed, appeared just as lively. They could even see Corporal Stevens unloading

oysters in the dock, back of his house.

"Tim rubbed his head. He knew that the tavern had been pulled down years before and that the sailor boarding-house was no longer a scene of boisterous, roystering hilarity and drunken frolics, but a quiet, private residence, and, moreover, he knew that the corporal had not stolen an oyster for years, unless the moss-grown stone in the burying-ground lied about the quiet of his rest.

"All along the shore, the shipyards, that at one time fringed the bank of the river, were crowded with workmen. Even at that distance, they could see that they wore the almost forgotten costume of a previous century—knee breeches, short jackets, three-cornered hats, while a stubby, beribboned queue rested on their shoulders.

"They were hewing timbers and placing them in position to form a frame in one place, while in the next yard long planks were being carried up the stages and bent in position; the tar kettles, over brisk fires, sent up wreaths of smoke, at times half obscuring the busy scene.

"Tim shook himself two or three times, to be sure that he was really alive, and then, without a word, took the oars and shoved the boat to the opposite side of the river, where they crawled up under the birch trees.

"A score of crafts were anchored in the stream, from which boat crews were constantly going and coming from the shore. They could even see the names of some of these on the quarter boards, *Salisbury*, *Decatur*, *Harpy*, *Lion*, and *Alliance*, old privateers, that had long ago done their work in fastening the stars and

stripes at a point where rude hands dare not cast a clod at its sacred folds. Up and down the street swarmed groups of people, all dressed in a strange antique costume.

"While they sat there watching this weird vision the moon began to dip behind Bayley's hill, and, as the light grew less and less distinct, one after another of the vessels seemed to fade out; the street grew deserted; the fires in the shipyards went out, and, as the last glimmering rays of the moon fell on Clark's lane, they could see that the street was crowded by a marching host, all hurrying over the crest of the hill to the grave yard beyond.

"Neither Uncle George nor Tim felt like crossing the river that night, so they sat under the trees on the bank until daylight. When they landed you could n't get a word from them in reply to the banter on their late home coming.

"By and by the story began to leak out as to what they had seen, and occasioned no end of comment. Some thought that they had tipped the jug once too many times, but, Lord, there wan't any sense in that idea. John Caldwell never brewed a batch that could turn a hair on either one of their heads. Tim acted kind of strange and dazed for a while, and I really think his hair grew gray in the next fortnight.

"Now, I think he saw just what he said he did, and I think we could any of us see the same thing if we could only pull our eyes a little wider open. I read a book that my niece sent me from Boston last year, about a man that was two men. A Doctor Somebody and Mr. Hyde that was one man with two shapes. I reckon we

are all of us made that way, and when they say we die and carry us up over the hill to the burying-ground, they only carry half of us, and the other half clings to the ways and scenes with which it has always been familiar. I've been down the street many a night when I felt that I met one of my old chums and turned out to let him pass. I wanted to speak and say 'How are you Bill or Jo,' but folks would say I was 'loony.'

"I don't take any stock in that spook in the hollow beyond the schoolhouse, that is said to wander around with its head in a tin pail asking people that pass there late at night to please put it on again. That is an old woman's yarn. I have been out there many a night a purpose to see it, but I never saw or heard anything. That ain't reason; but when I am out on Southern Clark or Long Ledge, fishing all by myself, I have some awful good talks with the messmates I used to know. Not that they answer me exactly in words, but I feel that they are there and I feel just what they would say.

"Every little while some long-haired newspaper reporter, or school girl story writer, will tell what a superstitious class sailors are. What do they know about it, anyway? One half of them could n't get from here to the Shoals without looking like a sundried codfish. Now, I have seen some things and heard more that I don't believe any yellow-jowled novel writer can explain. If you would like to hear it I'll give you just one little bit of experience." I assured Captain Jared that nothing would please me better.

"A good many years ago," said he, "when I was a young man and

trying to make all the push I could for an honest living, I had an offer to take command of the ship *Scorpion*. I had heard of her before the owners sent for me, and knew she had a bad name. Ships get that sort of thing fastened to them just like human beings. When they once get that rating it is pretty hard to get rid of it, whether it be just or not.

"The story about that old *Scorpion* was, that when she was being rigged somebody lost their hold on a set of blocks and they came down from the foremast head and killed a young Irishman, who was working on deck. Somehow his old mother heard of it and came on board before the body was removed. She set up a kind of cry they call keening the dead, and cursed the ship and everything connected with it from stem to stern, topmast truck to keelson. Soon after she got to sea the sailors declared that whenever a storm was coming on they could hear the moaning of the old woman, a rattle of cordage, and the same fearful cry that the young fellow gave when he was struck.

"You could n't get a crew to stay by her but for one voyage, although no one claimed that this sort of thing did any harm.

"She was a good vessel to manage and made quick passages but the hoodoo part of it was too much for the sailors. She had been lying alongside the wharf in Portland some months when I first saw her. The owners gave me a mighty good lay for a voyage up the Mediterranean, with a chance to do a little trading on my own hook. That was the custom in those days to let the officers take a venture of their own, with the

idea that they would take more interest and feel more as though they were in partnership. I have sometimes made more at one of these ventures three times over than my pay.

"I beat about and picked up a couple of husky down-easters for first and second mates, told them the whole story about the ship as far as I knew, so that everything would be above board with them, and gave them a good chance to turn a penny for themselves.

"They claimed that ghost or no ghost if the old hulk would carry sail, that was all they cared for, and they proved as good as their word.

"We made up a temporary crew of longshoremen and dock loafers, to work her into Boston where we were to load for the Straits. I kept the quarter boards carelessly covered with sails that I pretended to be drying, so that when we had our cargo stowed, I had little trouble in shipping all the men I wanted. We pulled into the stream and catching a fine slant of southerly wind made a good offing the first day. Everything went well for a week or more, when one day the barometer commenced falling and I knew we were in for a bad spell of weather. That night trouble commenced. Whang! bang! came the sound of some heavy body falling on deck followed by a blood curdling scream.

"The crew made a rush aft like a flock of sheep. The mate did a bit of hashed-up Bible talk that I would not like to repeat, but it did n't do any good. They were too scared to mind that. I talked with them and told the story plain and square, doubled the watch and served out a good stiff glass of grog. This helped

out a little; but the rest of that voyage was about as pleasant as going to your grandfather's funeral. When we struck Malta every son of a sea-cook left without bidding me good-by, as I expected they would. I did n't try to look them up for when a crew gets demoralized that way they are not worth hunting for.

"I got a crew of Dagoes to work her into Marseilles where we were to finish loading.

"I talked it over with the mates who were true blue, that we should have a monkey and parrot time getting home; but we had got to do it, so I bought two mountain howitzers and slipped them aboard one night. We took out the dead eyes looking forward, and mounted them so that we could sweep the deck if need be, and put in an extra stock of small arms. When we were ready to sail we shipped all the rough scuffs and rascallions that were stranded in the port. It was a motley crowd you can bet—English, Scotch, Portugese, and the devil. Everything shipped along fairly well, until we were well outside the Bay of Biscay and then one night the old music began. I don't think the crew took in what the trouble was at first, but the next forenoon a delegation came aft and demanded that we make the nearest port, with an implied threat that if we did not, they would do it for themselves. This brought matters to a crisis and I told them that the highlands of Cape Cod would be the first land they would see, and tried to reason with them. They were sullen and ugly so I pulled the covers of the dead lights and showed them the muzzles of the howitzers, and told them if they did not get to

quarters in two minutes I would sweep the deck with a couple of pounds of buck-shot. This was an argument they did n't care to meet and gave them a pretty definite idea as to who was master of that ship. I called a grizzled old Scotchman aft, who seemed to be about the best of the riffraff, and told him to double the watch and serve out a pannikin of rum twice each night. This made them feel that I was willing to treat them about right and they did their work fairly well. I took a trick at the wheel for twelve hours a day and the mates did the other twelve. We had pretty good weather for the next three weeks and one bright moonlight night about eleven o'clock sighted the sandy shore of Cape Cod. It had every appearance of being ten or fifteen miles away and I thought I would hold her on the course for about a half hour and then change and run for Boston Light. Well five minutes afterwards we were high and dry. Went ashore with every sail drawing at dead high water. I never could account for it, but I suppose the moonlight and some peculiarity in the atmosphere deceived me in the distance. When we struck, that peculiar cry which had so frightened the crew rang out clear and distinct. We had driven so far up that the bowsprit almost touched the clay pounds below Highland Light.

"In ten minutes the cook, Scotchman, two mates, and myself were all that were left on the old *Scorpion*.

"I knew from the position of things that she would never float again and sent the second mate to Truro and Provincetown for wreckers to save what we could of the cargo while good weather lasted.

We worked night and day and soon had the most valuable of it safe on shore. Three days after it came on to blow and the old hooker was soon strewn in kindling wood along the shore. I wa n't very sorry, for, after all, sailing with a spook for company is not exactly pleasant.

"Now, what I would like is to have some one explain that whole thing to me. This is not what some one told me second hand. I saw and heard the whole blooming rumpus myself."

The captain got up from his seat in the stiff, labored way of those who have suffered years of exposure to the elements. "Well," said he, "this makes me think that it is about time to start a fire in the shop. The evenings are rather too cool for a seat outside." He rapped the ashes from his pipe and turned toward the house. Just then the fire on Bayley's hill fired up and sent a shower of sparks flying through the air. "I saw a funny thing over there," said the captain, "a year or two ago. Some of the Mills hoodlums sent word they would put out any fire that was kindled that night.

"This brought out an older class to stand by the boys. The crowd came down as they said they would, and in the mêlée that followed, some one threw a clod of earth, and struck Abraham Bennett in the head. 'John Hemlock!' yelled Abraham, 'give me a fence stake!' With this formidable weapon beating the air he charged the riotous scamps so effectively that I don't think they stopped running for a mile.

This demonstration gave a new lease of life to "Pope Night" in this vicinity. All you have got to do is

to oppose a man in religion or politics and you strengthen his cause. It is the dead still water that freezes over first."

A thin film of mist was creeping up the river, the stars shone with an

autumn brilliancy, while the last whistle and shout of parting celebrants had long since died out as we opened the door and closed it on one more of the treasured customs of Shoreline.



DIVORCED.

"And he that marrieth her that is divorced committeth adultery."

By Minnie Louise Randall.

Something I always missed
From out my life,
That seemed to make it incomplete,
And knew not what it was
Till yester-eeen; when our lips met
In rapture sweet, and then I knew
It was your kiss that I had missed
All these long years, oh, sweetheart mine!
The future stretches out a weary way
And I must walk the path alone,
Unloved. Because it was decreed by Him
Long years ago, that she who is divorced
Must miss, forevermore, life's
Sweetest heritage—a husband's love,
And home, and peace, and little
Children kneeling at her knee
To lisp their evening prayer.
Oh, sweetheart mine! had we but met
Long years ago, and spoken these
Sweet words, "All that is mine is
Thine," but now it cannot be.
And all that I may ever have of bliss
Is just the memory of that one kiss
To light me on my weary way alone,
Where all is hopeless, dark, and desolate.
Farewell, dear love, I cannot see you now
For blinding tears dim all my sight.
One kiss—just one—and then I go
Into the darkness and the night. Farewell.

TO GRAND MONADNOCK.

By Charles H. Chapin.

Oh, stately, dear old mountain
With lofty crest upreared,
Your very form and image
Are to our hearts endeared.
We've wondered at your grandeur,
Your symmetry admired :
While all our lives your presence
Has strengthened and inspired.

Before the Indian hunter
Your noble name had framed,
Before the white man's fancy
Your glory had proclaimed,
Your crest reflecting sunlight
Or wreathed in mist or squall
Bore upward toward the heaven
The Father's silent call.

To all mankind to higher
And more enduring life
Our great Creator's signet
Midst earth's confusing strife.

We've seen you from our homesteads
Where, in the early years,
We gained our life's equipment
And told our hopes and fears.
We've seen you from the city
Where busy spindles whirled,
When round your stately ledges
The lightning's darts were hurled.

We've often from a distance,
When driving o'er the hills
Admiring lakes and valleys,
Most happily been thrilled
At seeing your bold contour
On our horizon burst,
While we in observation
Were cheerfully immersed.

How many times the pilgrim
Returning from afar
Has caught your well-known figure
From window of his car!
How many glad rejoicings
To somber hearts you've bro't,
In standing there unchanging,
Will never be forgot.

While monuments of granite
Chipped out by hands of men
Have often touched our fancy
By hillside plain and glen,
You stand a mound colossal
Against the sky relieved,
New Hampshire's frontier pillar
By God's own hand upheaved.

To tens and tens of thousands
Your noble heights give cheer,
In passing train and carriage,
Thro' each and ev'ry year.
To workman by his window,
And dame by kitchen door,
And yeoman at his labor,
Your hopeful signals pour.

God bless you dear Monadnock
The gem in many a scene!
Tho' years of cold absorption,
And distance intervene,
If ever from our prospect
Your kindly form is shown,
We know that deprivation
We shall sincerely mourn.

So here's our New Year's greeting,
You faithful, lonely giant.
To keep the fancy active,
The heartstrings gay and pliant,
Around your crest the laurels
Of memory will twine
When creeds shall be forgotten
And nations shall decline.



COL. JONATHAN WENTWORTH.

By John Scales, A. B., A. M.



OL. Jonathan Wentworth, great-grandfather of Mr. John Thomas Wentworth Ham of Dover, was son of Samuel, grandson of Ephraim and great-grandson of the distinguished Elder William Wentworth, the ancestor of the great Wentworth family of New Hampshire and America. He was born in the parish Somersworth, town of Dover, September 8, 1741, in that part of the town now Rollinsford, and not far from Rollinsford Junction of the Boston & Maine railroad. He was educated under the instruction of that famous old schoolmaster of that town, John Sullivan, and was a schoolmate of Master Sullivan's son John, who is one of New Hampshire's heroes of the Revolution. Master Sullivan was a thorough teacher and gave Colonel Wentworth a mental training which did good service for his town, the province, the state, and the nation. The two boys, John and Jonathan, who were schoolmates, were afterwards soldiers together in several campaigns in the Revolutionary war.

Colonel Wentworth married Betsey, daughter of Richard Philpot, and engaged in farming on what was called Dry Hill. His farm was about two miles from Dover landing, by the old road from Dover to South Berwick. To them were born seven sons, Thomas, Richard, Luke, Sylvanus,

Lewis, Jonathan, David, and one daughter, Patience. Thomas, the oldest, was born June 4, 1768. Here he had led a quiet and industrious farm life till the conflict at Lexington and Concord aroused the people of New Hampshire to take up arms in defense of their liberties and constitutional rights. He was one of the selectmen of Somersworth in 1774-'75, serving until he went to Boston to engage in the siege of that town.

On the 24th of May, 1775, the fourth provincial congress of New Hampshire appointed Enoch Poor of Exeter, colonel; John McDuffee of Rochester, lieutenant-colonel; Joseph Cilley of Nottingham, major of the Second New Hampshire regiment. This was in response to a call from the authorities at Cambridge for more troops to make the siege of Boston more effective. The British army was shut in at Boston, but the American officers feared General Gage would attempt to break through the American line of siege. On the same day the New Hampshire congress appointed ten captains to recruit companies for this regiment; Jonathan Wentworth was seventh in the list.

These captains at once commenced enlisting men. In Captain Wentworth's company, James Carr of Somersworth was first lieutenant; Jethro Heard of Dover, second lieutenant. They hustled in the recruits rapidly, and had the company under drill in a

few days. Most of the soldiers furnished their own guns, powder horns, bayonets, bullets, and the whole equipment; there was no uniform, each man wore his farm or shop suit of "homespun." As soon as a company was organized and equipped it started for Boston, as it was not practical for the whole regiment to march together, on account of lack of accommodations at the taverns and public houses, along the road between Dover and Boston, for a full regiment.

On the 15th of June Captain Wentworth received orders to march at once to Cambridge. He and his men were ready and started immediately, and made a forced march of 62 miles, arriving at Chelsea on the morning of the 17th of June, just as the preliminaries of the battle of Bunker Hill were taking place. He was eager to cross over the river to Charlestown, but the British gun boats stood in the way and prevented his attempting to reach the point of conflict. So all that Captain Wentworth and his men could do was keep their powder dry and watch the smoke on Bunker Hill, and listen to the noise of battle across the Mystic river. In the afternoon of that day he marched up the river and joined the American troops near Winter Hill.

After the battle at Bunker Hill, the British had control of everything from Charlestown Neck to Roxbury, and the Americans began the siege of Boston in earnest, and in time completed a line of forts from Winter Hill on the east around through Cambridge and Brighton to Roxbury, a distance of fifteen or twenty miles. Colonel Poor's regiment, in which

was Captain Wentworth's company, was stationed at Winter Hill, where General Sullivan, the captain's school-mate, was in command of that division of the army. Of course the reader knows that the siege of Boston was kept up till March 6, 1776, when the British army was compelled to evacuate the town. All that this article has to say of that siege relates strictly to the part that Captain Wentworth had in the work. General Sullivan's troops were nearly all New Hampshire men, and General Washington paid them the compliment, when he inspected their quarters for the first time, that the position was the most strongly fortified, the most comfortably arranged, and had the best discipline of any in the American army. General Sullivan maintained this condition of things to the end of the siege.

Well, what did Captain Wentworth do? During the warm weather the soldiers were lodged in all sorts of coverings, from board shanties to regular tents. As the cold weather came on they built for themselves regular barracks and protected themselves from the cold and storms very comfortably. The farmers in the surrounding country brought all sorts of supplies, so there was no lack of provisions. But the soldiers had other matters to attend to besides the household duties of camp life.

They were not far away from the British army on Bunker Hill in Charlestown, in fact they were nearer the enemy than was any other part of the American army. Irregular warfare was kept up on both sides by shot and shell, but neither army dared to cross Charlestown Neck and engage the opposing force. General

Sullivan's forces were several times alarmed and rushed to arms at the report that the British were making a sally, but the British did not dare try the contest of battle.

In front of Winter Hill, and within point blank shot of Bunker Hill, is what was then called Ploughed Hill, now Mount Benedict. In August, General Washington determined to take possession of Ploughed Hill, and he expected such a course would result in a battle with the British. He hoped it would. On the night of August 26, Captain Wentworth's company with others, who made a force of about a thousand men, marched on to this hill and worked diligently all night to fortify it. About 9 o'clock on the morning of the 27th, being Sunday, the British began a heavy cannonade from Bunker Hill, also from one of the war ships and two floating batteries in the Mystic river, and kept up a lively fire against the American army all day, but there were only a few casualties among our force, and none in Captain Wentworth's company, though there were many narrow escapes. On Monday morning, 28th, the British forces were observed to be in motion as though preparing for an assault on the American lines from their forts on Bunker Hill. General Sullivan had five thousand men answer that challenge to battle, by marching them from Winter Hill to Ploughed Hill, and sounding the trumpets of war. There the two armies stood in battle array from 10 a. m. till 3 p. m. The official report says that during that time "the most awful silence was observed on both sides." The British then declined to accept the challenge given

by General Sullivan to battle. On the next day, and each day following until September 10, the British indulged in what proved harmless bombardment from their works on Bunker Hill, and from the floating batteries, and General Sullivan's army returned compliments not only with powder and shot, but also with paper pasquinades which the American pickets passed to the British pickets just across the line. The following is a sample of them:

AN ADDRESS TO BRITISH SOLDIERS.

ON WINTER HILL.	ON BUNKER HILL.
1. Seven dollars a month.	1. Three pence a day.
2. Fresh provisions in plenty.	2. Rotten salt pork.
3. Health.	3. Scurvy.
4. Freedom, ease, affluence.	4. Slavery, beggary, want.

The authors of these handbills, which were scattered profusely among the British soldiers, is unknown; perhaps Captain Wentworth may have penned some of them, for his correspondence shows that he handled the King's English in a very forcible, and, when necessary, sarcastic style. These papers caused much fear among the British commanders, lest their men be induced to desert.

When the siege of Boston was at an end General Sullivan and his New Hampshire troops went to New York with General Washington, and preparations were made to send relief and assistance to the American army in Canada, where it had failed to capture Quebec, and was sorely pressed by the British forces. About the middle of April, 1776, General Sullivan commenced his journey up the Hudson, for Canada. Colonel Poor's regiment,

in which was Captain Wentworth's company, was a part of Sullivan's force. At Albany they commenced the march overland to Lake George; then by boats over that lake, and Lake Champlain to the Sorel river, and down that to the St. Lawrence. There Sullivan's army met the advance of the retreating American forces, and he found half of that army sick with smallpox. It was on the 5th of June that General Sullivan took command of these defeated, sick, and disheartened troops, and by the most skilful generalship conducted them from the St. Lawrence river to Lake Champlain. The story of it is one of the most pitiful, thrilling, and heroic passages in the history of the Revolutionary war.

To carry the sick men up the Sorel river, against the rapid current, it was necessary to place them in boats with the cannon and army stores, and then the boats were hauled by men pulling at ropes on the shore, work that was fearfully dangerous and difficult. The enemy was so close in pursuit that our soldiers could scarcely find time to kindle fires to cook food, or dry their clothes, wet from wading in the water when they could not walk on the shore. Captain Wentworth did his share of this awfully wearisome work till he was taken with smallpox, about the time they arrived at Lake Champlain, on the return journey. Then he had to be cared for with the rest of the sick; he was fearfully sick; it is a marvel that he lived through it.

When he arrived at Crown Point the care for the sick was not much better than it was on the journey from Canada. Being an officer he

demanding of the authorities quarters suitable to his rank, but no heed was paid to his request. A physician who was an eyewitness of the scenes at that camp said: "At the sight of so much privation and distress, I wept till I had no more power to weep." Another witness of the scene said: "I did not look into a tent or hut in which I did not find either a dead or a dying man." Of five thousand men, housed under tents, or rudely-built sheds, or huts of brush, exposed to the damp air of night, the historians say that full half were invalids; and for quite a period more than thirty new graves were made every day. In this condition of things, when he had become in some small degree convalescent, Captain Wentworth gave up his commission and returned home via Albany and New York.

Later a communication appeared in an Exeter paper, criticising Captain Wentworth severely for his action at Crown Point. Captain Wentworth replied in a letter that was published in the *New Hampshire Gazette*, at Portsmouth, Nov. 5, 1776. This letter is a very ably written and scathing production, which fully explains and justifies his course in leaving the army. On the 13th of July, 1776, at Albany, Gen. Philip Schuyler of New York and Gov. John Langdon of New Hampshire personally expressed to Captain Wentworth their deep regrets that he had felt obliged to leave the service, and they hoped he would return when he had recovered his health.

Mr. Wentworth remained at home, on his farm in Somersworth, a little more than a year, when he was again called upon to serve the patriot cause

in war. This time he was adjutant in Col. Stephen Evans' regiment, which was organized in August, 1777, to go to the assistance of the Northern army. An account of Colonel Evans' campaign and the service of his regiment has been published in the *GRANITE MONTHLY* of November, 1903, hence need not be repeated here. Adjutant Wentworth served bravely with his regiment in the battles at Stillwater, Bemis' Heights, and Saratoga, and did his individual share in producing the surrender of General Burgoyne's army. He received high compliments from his superior officers.

Returning home, Adjutant Wentworth remained on his farm till the following summer, when his services were again called for. This time his old schoolmate and compatriot in two campaigns, General Sullivan, invited him to serve on his staff in the Rhode Island campaign of August, 1778, as brigade-major. Stephen Evans was colonel on Sullivan's staff at the same time. This campaign would have been successful in the capture of the British force at Newport, had the French fleet performed its part in the programme as prepared by Washington. As the fleet was so disabled by a storm that it could not fight, General Sullivan was left to fight the battle alone, which he did August 29. The storm of battle raged from 7 a. m. till 7 p. m., and General Lafayette, who commanded one of the divisions of the army, declared, after the war was over, that it was one of the most hotly contested and best fought of any battle during the eight years of war. Major Wentworth was highly complimented by General Sullivan for his able and

vigilant assistance in the performance of the duties of his office in the great battle at Butt's Hill.

Returning home in September, he was not called upon to do further military service till the summer of 1780, and then at West Point, where now is the U. S. Military academy, serving from June 24 to October 26 as major in Colonel Thomas Bartlett's regiment, which was raised by special order of the general assembly of New Hampshire, in response to the call of Washington for troops to reinforce the Northern army. Colonel Bartlett of Nottingham and Major Wentworth of Somersworth were old friends. They had served together in the capture of Burgoyne's army, and they had served on committees together in the general assembly of New Hampshire, hence it was very agreeable to both to serve in the same regiment at West Point. But what caused General Washington to make such an urgent request for this regiment of troops from New Hampshire? Let us look at history a bit.

In 1780 General Washington was at Morristown, N. J., and was keeping close watch of the British forces which were carrying on various and nefarious kinds of warfare in some parts of that state. At the first of June, General Clinton had four times as large a force in New Jersey as Washington had, hence the latter had just cause to fear that Clinton might attack and completely overpower the American army. One of the strategic points for Clinton to first conquer was West Point, hence Colonel Bartlett's regiment, with others, was sent there in great haste.

One of the interesting experiences

of Major Wentworth at West Point was that his division of the army was under command of General Benedict Arnold, and his regiment was encamped near the General's headquarters at the very time when Arnold was planning and plotting to betray the American forces into the hands of General Clinton. Of course the reader knows the story of Major André's capture by John Paulding and his two companions, when he was only a few miles from the British line, and how Arnold escaped to New York and was protected and rewarded by the British rulers. But it is plain to be seen that Major Wentworth narrowly escaped having a chance to do some vigorous fighting, which would certainly have occurred had not the spies captured Major André when they did. Major Wentworth remained at West Point until the last of October, 1780, and then returned home, the services of his regiment being no longer needed at West Point or in New Jersey. This closed his military career, which had been vigorous, able, and honorable, from the start in May, 1775, to the finish in October, 1780; he participated in the siege of Boston; the rescue campaign in Canada; the capture of General Burgoyne's army at Saratoga; the campaign in Rhode Island; and campaign at West Point.

Although Colonel Wentworth died when only forty-nine years old he was active in the public service of his town and state aside from his military service, which has been already mentioned. He served as representative of his town in the general court of the state from March, 1779, to March, 1787, continuously. The reports of proceedings in that legisla-

tive body show that he served on important committees and was influential in helping shape and put through important measures. Wherever mention is made of him he is always called "Major Wentworth." He was very independent and liberal in his views of public affairs. A few examples of his course of action on measures before the house may be of interest to the readers of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*.

The trustees of Dartmouth college presented a petition in the house, October 26, 1784, praying for liberty to hold a lottery for the purpose of raising 3,000 pounds, clear, to be used in erecting proper buildings for the college. Major Wentworth spoke in favor of it and voted as he spoke, and the petition was granted by vote of 55 yeas to 21 nays. The money raised by this lottery formed the nucleus of the fund which was spent in building the historic Dartmouth hall, the largest and the best of the old college buildings now standing.

February 17, 1785, there was a long debate in the house on the question, "Whether a sermon shall be preached at the commencement of the next general court, which is to meet at Portsmouth in June next."

It had been the long established custom, handed down from the Massachusetts general court when it ruled over New Hampshire, to have such sermons preached by the ablest ministers. Major Wentworth talked and voted against it, but he was in the minority this time, as the measure was passed by vote of 42 yeas to 36 nays. This seems to indicate that the Major was not a very strong church man. Certain it is that he did not believe that it was necessary

for the general court to be instructed by a sermon at the expense of the state.

The ancient laws against debtors were villainously cruel and unjust, but had been modified and Christianized somewhat, previous to 1786. That year some of the old skinflints made an attempt to restore the old status of debtors. February 24, the question before the house was whether or not they should repeal the law, "Which prevented the bodies of debtors being taken in execution, when real or personal estate can be found, or is tendered, to satisfy the demand." After a spirited debate the repeal was defeated and Major Wentworth voted, as he talked, with the majority. This shows that he was a humane man; that he was not disposed to oppress the poor and unfortunate, nor was he willing that others should exercise such oppression by law.

December 20, 1784, he was appointed major of the regiment of militia in his district.

August 10, 1785, he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of that regiment.

February 27, 1787, he was promoted to colonel of the same regiment, receiving his appointment from his old schoolmate and compatriot, John Sullivan, who was then chief magistrate of New Hampshire. Colonel Wentworth held this office three years, and until his death, November 16, 1790. His memory was honored by a grand military funeral at the old farm at "Dry Hill" in Somersworth.

Colonel Wentworth was not only patriotic, but he also belonged to a patriotic family. His father, Samuel Wentworth, was born about 1718,

hence was near the threescore mark in life when the Revolutionary war began, yet he enlisted as a private in Captain John Waldron's company, in July, 1775, which did good service at the forts on the islands at the mouth of the Pascataqua river when there was great danger of that town being taken by the British warships. Later he served in other companies when there was urgent call for recruits.

Samuel Wentworth's second son, Enoch, was a private in Captain Jonathan's company, at the siege of Boston, and in the horrible Canadian campaign, until he was incapacitated for further service by smallpox.

The third son, Amaziah, was a private in Captain Timothy Emerson's company in Colonel Thomas Bartlett's regiment at West Point in 1780, his brother Jonathan being major in the same regiment. Thus the father and three sons were soldiers in the great struggle for independence. The other sons were too young for service in the Revolutionary war, but Jacob, who was born in 1766, was a soldier in the war of 1812, under command of General Wade Hampton, the father of Wade Hampton, the famous Confederate general in the Civil war. He received a wound at the Canada frontier of which he died January 1, 1814; further particulars never reached his family. He was a farmer and his farm was on the road from Dover to Rochester. His widow survived him forty-three years, dying in 1857, at the great age of 85 years. No family in Somersworth was more patriotic or rendered larger service to the cause of American independence than that of Mr. Samuel Wentworth.

THE FRANKLIN PIERCE CHINA.

THE "RED EDGE WARE" OF WHITE HOUSE FAME.

By Frank Herbert Meloon.

Ye shade of Franklin Pierce, return
Back to our granite hills,
What time the mem'ry's magic burn
The fount of fancy fills.
Come back, come back, New Hampshire calls ;
Be sure she'll greet you fair.
Oh, set within our ancient halls
Some of your red edge ware !

Ye shade of Franklin Pierce, rejoice,
For once ye were a man ;
And once the nation heard your voice
As loyal people can.
Of old you were our president,
An able one, we'll swear,
If to our daughters you'll present
Some of that red edge ware !

Such china is not now for sale
In any place or mart,
And gathered gold will scarce avail
To duplicate its art.
The nation's annals prize it still,
Describe each piece with care ;
Would you might grant to ev'ry hill
Some of that red edge ware !

Ye shade of Franklin Pierce that was,
And, we believe, that is ;
Show if to doubt we've any cause
Your power is like to his.
For, if it is, you'll bring, we're sure,
Pride of each connoisseur !
Plate, platter, bowl, tureen and ewer,
Some of that red edge ware !



WINTER.

By Samuel Hoyt.

The earth is dead, and its burial dirge
Is sung by the moaning breeze ;
The earth is dead, and its shroud is spread
Under the leafless trees.

There are none to mourn, for the birds are gone
To the Southland, where the sun
Shines warm upon the flowers there
And the limpid streams still run.

Nay ! the earth 's not dead, but only sleeps ;—
Seek not to disturb its rest ;
It will wake with the Spring, and then will bring
The flowers you love the best.




SNOW-CAPPED NEW HAMPSHIRE.

By Thomas Cogswell, Jr.

Snow-capp'd New Hampshire! Ah, the thought of you
Close rolled within your shroud of gleaming white,
Enrapt within the mystery of the night,
And sleeping soundly 'neath the sky so blue,
Sends thrills of greatest pleasure through and through
Me, while the sighing winds in their swift flight
But warms my heart with feelings of delight
In dreaming what New Hampshire's men can do !
Your rugged hills will weather every storm,
Your frozen fields will spring to life again,
Your cheering fires will keep the stranger warm
And bring to you a harvest of rich gain.
Dear old New Hampshire, snow-capped now, indeed !
But wait a while, your bonds will soon be freed !

DAVID SCRUTON'S ECONOMY.

By Eva J. Beede.

"UESS I'll tackle the settin'-room to-day," said Mrs. Scruton at the breakfast table, as she carefully scraped out with her spoon the sugar that had settled in the bottom of her coffee-cup. "Yes," continued she, piling up the dishes around her place, preparatory to clearing the table, "I'll clean the settin'-room to-day, an' next week I'll take the kitchen. The mud will be all dried up by that time, so'st I can paint the floor 'thout hevin' a lot o' dirt tracked in."

David was doing justice to the hot cakes and maple syrup, and made no reply, as he did not often interfere with Elviry's house-cleaning. Outside, the robins were singing, the grass was growing green, the leaf buds were bursting on the trees, and the great maple that stood at the corner of the house was covered with little tassels of deep red.

In the course of an hour, heavy braided mats, and hooked-in rugs, on which blotches of red and patches of green taxed the imagination of the beholder to transform into the likeness of roses and leaves, were hanging on the pickets of the fence, and the rag-carpet was stretched on a line between the trees, ready for David to give it a good beating. Inside, broom, duster, and soap-suds were doing a thorough work.

At the corner cupboard Elviry paused, contemplating three small glass bottles, partially filled with dark liquid, and standing in a row on the top shelf. Finally she took down the bottles, and placed them on the table, then going to the window called, "Come here a minute, father."

"I wuz a jest gwine ter beat the carpet. What yer want now? Be spry, 'cause I want ter git them taters out o' the sullen, an' set Joe ter sproutin' on 'em 'ginst he gets back from the corner," said David coming in, wiping his face with his large, red cotton handkerchief. "The sun's hot, an' no mistake."

"What I wanted ter know," explained Elviry, "is what I'd best do with this ere medicine. It's some that the doctor left for Joe when he had that spell o' sickness last winter. He did n't take it all up, so I set it up here in the cupboard 'ginst he might need some on't, but land sakes! he's tough 's a pitch knot now, an' eats like a pig. I never see him so rugged 's he's ben this spring. Might's well throw the stuff out, heddent ye?"

"Wal, I dunno," replied David. "I've ben feelin' kind o' slim 'long back, an' mebby a leetle tonic, as Doctor Tasker tells about, would sort o' build me up, an' this ere's good medicine, most new. It doos seem a waste ter heave it away, when it's

all bought and paid fur. I'll jest turn it all inter one bottle, an' I don't see why 'taint jest as good stuff ter take's enny, leastways 't won't cost nothin' ter try it.

So David mixed his medicines and stood the bottle on the shelf in the kitchen, and cautioned Elviry "ter help him ter bear 't in mind."

When dinner was ready David, after washing in the tin basin at the sink, and wiping his face on the roller towel, went to the little looking-glass to comb out his few scattering gray locks. There on the shelf stood the bottle, where he could n't help seeing it, and giving the contents a thorough shaking, he remarked, "Some medicines is to be took afore meals, an' some arter, I guess I'll try this afore," so he took a large tablespoonful of the mixture, and then sat down to eat a hearty dinner of ham and eggs.

Either the medicines did n't combine well, or the prescription ordered for the son did not suit the case of the father, for soon after dinner David came in exclaiming, "Oh, Elviry, help me enter the bed quick, an' gimme the camphire, then holler ter Joe ter hitch up ole Prince, an' drive down arter Doctor Tasker's

spry's ever he can, fur I'm dretful bad orf."

When the doctor arrived and heard the particulars of the case he shook his head and said it was a very serious matter. Prompt measures were taken, but David was a very sick man for a few days, and the doctor was obliged to visit his patient morning and evening; the neighbors watched to see him bouncing out of his gig at the Scrutons every day, and then every other day, until they saw him no more.

Slowly David was recovering, and he now sat in his great armchair in the sitting-room. He looked out on the orchard, where the apple-trees stood in rows, like huge bouquets. Dandelions shone like stars in the green grass, and the old maple was full of leaves waving in the breeze. David Scruton was not contemplating the beauties of nature outside, however; he was gazing at the doctor's bill, which Joe had just brought in with his mail from the corner.

"Twenty dollars, Elviry!" he exclaimed. "Jest think on't, am' losin' more'n a month's work besides. That ere wuz a purty 'spensive dose I took, warn't it?"

THE GRANITE STATE.

By Dana Smith Temple.

"The Granite State," of thee we love to sing,
Of all thy praise, and all thy honor bring,
And with winds bleak, and skies so full of rain;
With all its snows and taps against the pane,
We still love thee and pay thee honor well,
And richer bards thy beauties oft shall tell.

NECROLOGY

MAJ. GEORGE RAND.

Maj. George Rand, manager of the New York Athletic club, who died in that city, January 19, 1904, was a native of the city of Portsmouth, born December 21, 1846. He spent his early life in Boston, where he was a member of the Boston Cadets. Removing to New York he became a member of the famous Seventh regiment in 1869, finally becoming adjutant of the regiment, holding the position ten years, and then becoming captain of the sixth company, serving for another ten years. On the outbreak of the Spanish-American war he was commissioned major of the Two Hundred and Tenth New York Volunteers. He had for several years been one of the proprietors of the St. Cloud hotel.

DR. CHARLES E. DEARBORN.

Charles Ebenezer Dearborn, M. D., born in Nashua, February 28, 1820, died at his home in Newton, Mass., December 6, 1903.

Dr. Dearborn was the son of Ebenezer and Hannah (Dyson) Dearborn. He was educated in the Nashua academy, then in charge of David Crosby, and at Dartmouth college, graduating in 1842. He went to Boston that year, and for a short time taught school in Yarmouth. Later he studied medicine and dentistry under Dr. Willard W. Codman. He practised dentistry with Dr. Daniel Harwood for ten years, then with Dr. David M. Parker for thirty-five years. Their offices were first located on Summer street, but later they removed to Boylston street, where they remained for many years. Dr. Dearborn for years had among his patients some of the best known people of the city. He retired two years ago.

He was married to Miss Caroline M. Lawrence of Pepperell, April 30, 1875, and settled in Newton, where he resided for forty-five years.

He was a member of the Dartmouth Club of Boston, being one of the oldest alumni of the college. Two sons, Edward E. Dearborn of Shelburne, Vt., and Henry M. Dearborn of Philadelphia, survive him.

HON. HENRY H. PALMER.

Henry H. Palmer, born in Orford, August 1, 1823, died in Piermont, January 5, 1904.

Mr. Palmer was a farmer by occupation, and settled in Piermont at the age of thirty-two years. He became one of the most successful farmers and best known citizens of the town, and was called extensively into the management of public

affairs, serving in all twenty-five years as a member of the board of selectmen. He also served the town two years as a representative in the legislature, and was for one term a state senator.

He was twice married and is survived by one daughter.

LEWIS H. DUTTON.

Lewis Henry Dutton, for twenty years last past master of the Hancock school in Boston, died at his home in Winchester, Mass., Sunday, January 10, 1904.

Mr. Dutton was born in Claremont, July 5, 1842, the son of Aaron and Phœbe (Tracy) Dutton. His early years were spent in that town, where he assisted his father about his flouring mill, when not attending school. When eighteen years old, at the outbreak of the Civil war, he ran away from home and enlisted in the Third Vermont regiment. Following the fortunes of a soldier, he was fearfully injured at the battle of Fredericksburg. For a period of ninety days he lay in Harvard hospital, Washington, D. C., and for a year or more after his discharge was obliged to use a crutch while his shattered foot was mending.

Returning from the front, Mr. Dutton entered New London academy. Later he became a teacher in Manchester, where he remained a year. He next taught in the Eliot school, Boston, then was assigned to the Emerson and Adams schools, East Boston, and then to the Hancock school.

Mr. Dutton was twice married, first to Clara A. Robinson of Manchester in 1871. She died in 1872, leaving a daughter, Mrs. George F. Edgett of Winchester. A few years later he married Harriett Folger Parker of East Boston, who, with two children, Mrs. A. Miles Holbrook and Herbert N., of Winchester, survives.

He was a member of John A. Hawes post, 156, G. A. R., East Boston, and had filled the position of commander. He was affiliated with Baalbec lodge of Masons, East Boston. Ten years ago the family moved to Winchester from East Boston.

HON. LUCIUS SLADE.

Hon. Lucius Slade, born in Alstead, April 12, 1818, died in Cambridge, Mass., January 13, 1904.

Mr. Slade was a son of Samuel and Eunice (Angier) Slade. His father was a farmer and his house was situated so near the Walpole line that the family have long been reckoned as practically citizens of Walpole. Mr. Slade was descended on his father's side from John Slade, a Revolutionary soldier and one of the early settlers of Alstead, and on his mother's from Silas Angier of Fitzwilliam, also a Revolutionary soldier.

He attended the school taught by Rev. Dr. A. A. Miner in Unity, and after graduating taught school for a number of years in Surry and elsewhere. After his marriage he settled on a farm between Drewsville and Alstead and carried it on for a year or more. In 1844 he removed to Boston and entered the employment of Aaron Aldrich in Faneuil hall market. He was later employed by John Miller in the butter, cheese, and egg business. Wishing to go into business for himself he kept the Central house in Brattle square for a time. He also

bought the Dunshee farm on the river road in Walpole and carried it on for nearly two years, his family living there, but was obliged to go to Boston so frequently that he found it impossible to carry it on to advantage. In 1851 he formed a partnership with his brother-in-law, George Rust, in Faneuil hall market. Mr. Rust retired in 1855 and removed to Walpole and after that Mr. Slade carried on the butter, cheese, and egg business alone for forty-four years. The name of Lucius Slade over the entrance of his place of business on Faneuil Hall square has been a familiar landmark for nearly half a century.

He served in the Boston city council two years, and on the board of aldermen eight years, and also two years in the Massachusetts state senate, from 1860 to 1862. He was also for a time a member of the school committee.

Mr. Slade was a prominent Free Mason and Odd Fellow and one of the oldest members of the Boston club; but he was perhaps most widely known as a member of the Boston Lancers for more than fifty years, and as their captain for eight years. At the time of his death he was the oldest member.

In 1840 he married Miss Lucy E. Rust of Alstead, who died in 1895. He leaves a son, Frank L. Slade of Cambridge and a daughter, Mrs. H. Sawyer of Walpole.

EARL EVANS, M. D.

Earl Evans, M. D., one of the most prominent and active medical practitioners in southern New Hampshire, died from apoplexy at his home in Winchester, October 27, aged sixty-nine.

He was born in Brookline, Vt., son of Charles and Philena Fuller Evans. When a small boy his father purchased a large dairy farm in Halifax, Vt., whence the family moved. Here he received a common school education, after which he completed an academic course at Whitingham, Vt. Then, choosing the medical profession, he took a four years' course at the Berkshire Medical college, Pittsfield, Mass., under the able leadership of President H. H. Childs, and was graduated with high honors, receiving the degree of M. D. in 1856. After this he took a post-graduate course at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York city.

In his first practice he was chief surgeon during the construction of the Hoosac tunnel, thus early in his career having much practical experience with fractures and dislocations. Later he entered upon a successful practice in Boston, but finding that the penetrating east winds of the New England metropolis were undermining his health, he removed to Winchester, N. H. Here he married Helen Euphrasia, only daughter of Capt. David Buffum, of the 16th N. H. Vols., and ever after resided. In 1876 he built a handsome residence on Parker street, and for fifteen years prior to his death was the proprietor of a well-equipped, up-to-date drug store, managed by an experienced registered pharmacist.

Dr. Evans was a member of the Berkshire Medical association, Connecticut River Valley Medical association, and the medical society of the state of New Hampshire; also, for more than twenty years, he was an esteemed member of the American Medical association, from which he was a delegate to the International Medical congress of 1890 at Berlin.

Dr. Evans was a very successful practitioner, and wholly devoted to his profession. His reputation and practice extended over many towns in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, where he was often called in consultation, for his skill and quick perception enabled him to make ready and accurate diagnosis. It was often remarked by his professional friends that they had never met with a physician who would make as ready and accurate or correct diagnosis as Dr. Evans. His skill was rarely questioned, even by those who did not employ him, and if once called to a family, he remained their "ever faithful doctor and most kind friend." He is sincerely mourned to-day in many homes beside his own, as a member of their own household.

Dr. Evans was a strong, whole-souled man, sympathetic, self-sacrificing and honest to the heart's core. The doctor came of good Puritan stock. His mother's ancestor, Edward Fuller, came over in the *Mayflower* in 1620. Nine of her ancestors graduated at Yale and nine at Harvard in 1829. Of these, twelve were clergymen. Dr. Evans' mother, Philena Fuller Evans, was a true, God-fearing woman, devoted to home and children, raising them in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The doctor often spoke of his mother, with tender recollections of her true piety, gentleness, and devotion to her family. His father, Charles Evans, was a well-to-do farmer and a man of much natural intelligence and executive ability.



Earl Evans, M. D.

Dr. Evans was gifted with a power of attraction far above the average of men, and contact with him always left a strong impression. He had a large, kind heart and sympathetic nature. In all the years when called to ride through driving snow or sleet, he was never heard to murmur or complain. The recompense was never considered by him, and he responded just as promptly to the call of the poorest patient as the rich. His calling was to him a high one, and he keenly felt the great responsibility of human life entrusted to his care. He was very generous to the poor; the doctor's sleigh often brought the necessities for the comfort of the patient and other members of the needy family.

In a letter since Dr. Evans' death, a lady of wide experience and travel writes: "I have been thinking of him since receiving the letter; of my first recollections of him. A jingling of sleighbells as he came down the road, driving at such a pace that every one who heard said: 'There goes the doctor.' Then the door opened, and in he came, with that great fur coat he used to wear and that cheerful way he always had with children. I believe I used to begin to get well from the moment he entered the room. And later, of his cheery greeting to brother and myself as he would pass us on our way to school; and even later, as he used

to whirl past my school when I was teaching,—a cloud of dust, and just a glimpse of his hand as he waved a greeting. He ever held his profession in the highest honor, and in all things pertaining to it has left a splendid record. I think when the 'Recording Angel' sums up the account of Doctor's life, the numberless visits of charity, the cases of suffering relieved without hope or wish for recompense, that in the name of Him who said, 'When I was sick and ye visited me,' there will be a large balance on the right side."

The doctor was very fond of children, never failing to give them a pleasant greeting. He will long be remembered by many now grown to manhood and womanhood for his pleasant fellowship with them when they were children. He was very fond of his home, and could always be found there when not busy in his profession or compelled by ill health to take a vacation, and when absent on these vacations he always returned sooner than expected, saying he had stayed away as long as he could; he wanted to get home.

Some years ago his nervous system became so impaired from continuous strain that he was compelled, several winters, to seek health and rest among the orange groves of Florida, as well as in a continental tour of Holland, Germany, Austria, Bavaria, Switzerland, and France. These vacations partially restored health, so that he continued in active practice till the day previous to his death. His earthly career closed, as he had often expressed the desire it might, working till the summons came, and then permitted to drop to sleep and pass over, without pain and suffering, into the border land.





JOHN PEIRGE

Granite
and
General
Contractor



BROADWAY CHAMBERS 277 BROADWAY

NEW YORK

Telephone, 3105 Franklin

1941



HENRY ELIAS HOWLAND.

U of M

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXXVI.

MARCH, 1904.

No. 3.

THE GEM OF THE CONNECTICUT RIVER VALLEY: WALPOLE.

ITS NOTED SONS AND DAUGHTERS, ITS STATELY HOMES, ITS NATURAL ADVANTAGES.

By G. A. Cheney.

During the forty years while the children of Israel dwelt in the Wilderness, a new generation among them reached the years of manhood and womanhood, and as soon as this growth was accomplished the host was given the order to move on and fulfil the Divine intention. This new race of men and women was reared under conditions peculiar to themselves and the land of their temporary sojourn. The conditions of life under which their elders had lived in the land of Egypt no longer prevailed, but their food was such as the Almighty prescribed and the manner of their living in all other respects was by Divine order and sanction.

It was this new generation among the children of Israel that came over on this side of Jordan's stream and won possession of the land of Canaan, and won victory after victory in the contests with their enemies; and when once they had won the land they formed themselves into a mighty republic and not into a kingdom or monarchy. These younger generations of Israelites had been reared under conditions that made the strong man physically, the mighty man intellectually, and the devout and humble man spiritually.

History in all the ages repeats itself not more closely than it does when it reveals those new generations of sturdy men and women, the first-born of the Pilgrims and Puri-

tans on the New England shores. The fathers had remained in the coast settlements, but the time had come for the subduing of the newer fields and regions inland, and upon the new generation devolved this undertaking. They, too, had been reared under conditions peculiar to the land and utterly different from those existing elsewhere in the world. They were conditions that made strong and daring men, and that inured them to hardship and privation. They were great in intelligence, if not in educational acquirements, and they were intense in their belief that their mission was for the glory of God, and the advancement of His kingdom on earth. They were the men and women who peopled that part of Massachusetts now called Worcester county, and it was the descendants of these, more rugged and sturdy even than their forbears, that pushed on beyond the confines of Worcester county and made for themselves homes on the New Hampshire side of the Connecticut river. It was the bravest and ablest of the young men, who were ever leaving the older settlements to found new, and of this stamp was Benjamin Bellows, first of Lancaster, then of Lunenburg in the Nashua valley of Worcester county. As a boy in his teens he had shown the abilities of a man of individuality, originality and personality. It was



Main Street, Walpole.

he, a natural born leader among men, who founded the town of Walpole and became the progenitor of a race of men, who in each generation since has been a factor in the growth and development of the state and nation. True it is, that Col. Benjamin Bellows was not the first settler of what is now Walpole, for John Kilburn, a hero among heroes, with his family, had preceded him, but Colonel Bellows, under a charter from Benning Wentworth, founded the town and brought about its colonization.

From the start, the town was fortunate in the character of its settlers. They were intelligent and such as had ability to see their opportunity, and the skill to utilize their every chance to further the development of their farms. Though it was not until 1752 that Walpole was settled by Colonel Bellows and his colleagues, by 1792 it had become one of the most important educational and literary centres in the country, only second to Boston, Philadelphia, and, possibly, Worcester. It had its book publishing house of Thomas & Carlisle, the senior member of which firm was Isaiah Thomas, the founder of the Massachusetts Spy, still published in Worcester, Mass. Thomas was also the founder of the American Anti-

quarian society, the headquarters of which are in Worcester, and with a membership that today, as it has in the past, includes the leading names in the scholarship of the whole world. A noted newspaper writer in the Walpole of 1792 was Joseph Dennie, or, as he is more frequently styled, plain Joe Dennie. He was the editor of the Farmers' Museum, a paper of wide circulation for its time, and the author of the famed Lay Preacher, a volume that gained and retained a great repute. Associated with Dennie were other writers of almost like ability and reputation.

The literary atmosphere that so early in its history pervaded every nook and corner of Walpole still remains, even though the Farmers' Museum has long since ceased to be, and the presses of Thomas & Carlisle are silent. The building in which the comparatively large number of books bearing the imprint, "Walpole," were printed still remains in the center of the village, and it hardly looks the worse for wear. The visitor to the public library of today can see, in an alcove of their own, a collection of the various books printed and published in Walpole, now more than a century ago.

Of Walpole as one of the country's

principal literary centers in the closing decades of the eighteenth century, enough might be written to fill a magazine of today. As this cannot be in the present instance, let it be said that the town is now the abode of a people who, in their educational and literary attainments, are perhaps unsurpassed by any like number elsewhere in the country. In every field of American intellectual life the sons and daughters of Walpole, in their every generation, have gained distinction for the strength and excellence of work performed.

But Walpoleons have never ceased to work wonders in every chosen field of effort and action. Ere a half century of the town's settlement had passed, its territory was dotted with homes that were simply magnificent in their spaciousness and construction, and a type of which is seen in the illustration of the structure that is at present the residence of Thomas Bellows Peck. This house was built in 1792, and now, after the lapse of more than a century and a decade, it is as perfect in its every timber as when first occupied as a home, and it is preserved in all its lines just as completed.

Walpole abounds in colonial mansions. They are the rule and not

the exception. They are upon every street and they prevail upon the majority of the farmsteads. In their number they bespeak the great prosperity that early was the lot of the settlers and, handed down to this day, they give silent testimony of the success that still attends the efforts of its people. But not only this, the presence of these commodious and stately homes tells the fact that their builders and successive occupants constituted a class noted for exceptional ability and strength of character. To a marked extent many of the Walpole estates were, and still are, communities in themselves after the manner of the landed domain of an English country gentleman. The estate of the founder, Col. Benjamin Bellows, is today called, as it has been for years, The Homestead, and is now the property of Copley Amory, formerly of Boston, who has expended money and skill in its further development and adornment. To the northeast and south, and along the banks of the Connecticut upon the west, grand and beautiful mansions of the pure colonial type reveal themselves to the eye of the visitor and the most pleasurable thing of all in their connection is that they are owned and occupied today by people who care for them in their



House of Thomas Bellows Peck. Built in 1792.

originality and whose chief concern is to keep Walpole as it is and has been in the past, the ideal place for a home, and with the latchstring out to all seeking either a permanent or summer abode in a community of morality, education, and refinement.

the attractive and artistic building built for the exclusive use of the public library.

This building was the munificent gift to Walpole of Hudson E. Bridge of St. Louis, Missouri, as a memorial to his father, Hudson E. Bridge,



The Bridge Memorial Library.

Photo. by Mrs. Hudson E. Bridge.

Walpole is not an industrial community, it never was, nor does it seek to be, but wholly a community of homes in the most beautiful section of the whole Connecticut river valley, which it overlooks from almost every point.

Walpole was fortunate in its first settlers as respects their ability, character, and life purposes, and this good fortune has been the town's to the present hour. Descendants of residents in former generations have returned to the town of their fathers for either a year-round or a summer home, and have entered zealously into plans for the advancement of the town's welfare. An illustration of this "returning to the land of their fathers," is presented to the eye of the visitor to Walpole as he gazes upon, only to admire and appreciate,

a former resident of Walpole, and whose home was on the site of the library building. It is called the Bridge Memorial Library, and the gift is one that is deeply and sincerely appreciated by the town. The library contains 8,000 volumes and the structure has a reading and reference room which is one of the finest apartments of its kind to be found in all New England. It is not only large, but exquisitely beautiful in its arrangements and appointments. The library is open for the delivery of books three days and evenings in the week and in the summer season even more frequently.

The Walpole public library is thought to be the second oldest in the state. But, then, it was but in keeping with the whole atmosphere of the place that the people should

have at the first opportunity moved in the matter. The present librarian is Miss Frances Sabin.

Akin to the advantages afforded by a public library are those of a lecture course, free to all, arranged by the wise forethought and public spirit of Professor Franklin W. Hooper, a son of Walpole, and summer resident, regarded as one of the town's ablest men in any generation, and who has a national reputation as an educator. In his arrangement of the course he is assisted by a committee and the expenses are provided for by public subscriptions, and receipts from various sources. At these lectures the attendants have opportunity to listen to the best talent the country affords.

Walpole village has Congregational, Unitarian, and Protestant Episcopal church organizations, and each society has its own church home. The Unitarian society is the possessor of a parish house that is withal so large and complete in its appointments as to be one of the most notable features in the town. It was a gift to the parish from T. Nelson Hastings, president of the New Hampshire senate in 1899-1900, and erected as a memorial to his wife, Amy Bridge Hastings, who died in 1895, and the structure is called the Hastings Memorial Par-



Unitarian Church.

ish House. The design for the building was drawn by Mr. Hastings, who is an honored graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and while there as a student took the course in architecture. The house is the especial home of the local Unitarian club, an organization not only comparatively strong in numbers but in the ability and character of its membership.



Hastings Memorial Parish House.



St. John's Episcopal Church.

Photo. by Mrs. Hudson E. Bridge.

The Congregational society has a stately and commodious church building in the heart of the village. The Congregational is the oldest ecclesiastical organization in the town, and was the church home of the early settlers of the town.

The most recent addition to the list of Walpole's church buildings is St. John's Episcopal, erected in 1902-'03, by Mr. and Mrs. Hudson E. Bridge, in loving remembrance of, and as a memorial to, their daughter, Katherine, born in 1897, died in 1900.

Ground was broken for the erection of the building in August, 1902, and on Saturday, September 5, 1903, the completed building was consecrated by Rt. Rev. William W. Niles, D. D., bishop of New Hampshire. The solemn and impressive services of consecration were participated in by ten visiting clergymen and the vested choir of St. James' church of Keene. The building stands not only a memorial to a beloved child, but as another instance of the kindly natures of Mr. and Mrs. Bridge, and

the regard they have for Walpole and its people.

Walpole is but the same distance from New York city as Boston, and it has direct railway communication with both cities and to points to the north. It is fast becoming one of the most popular places of summer residence in all New England, and not a few of these, at first summer visitors, have come to love the place so well that they have chosen to make it their permanent abode.

Walpole never fails to accord to her distinguished son, Judge Henry E. Howland of New York, a warm and all-round welcome, whenever he returns to town. No matter how often he may come, the news of an approaching visit is the beginning of a time of happy anticipation, for then is it known that, whatever of monotony and drear may have settled upon the town, all will disappear as he steps from the train. His is not only one of the great intellects in the American life of today, but for years his position at the bar has been of the foremost rank. As a speaker

upon any occasion he likewise is first among the real orators of the day, but so successful and popular is he as an after-dinner oratorical entertainer, that there is a tendency to forget the genius that is his upon graver and more serious occasions. Walpole is enjoying to this day the pleasure that came from his wonderfully entertaining address given on the occasion of the dual celebration of Old Home Day and the sesquicentennial of the town in August, 1903. Real eloquence of the kind that lives characterized his address upon that day, and yet there was hardly time for seriousness between stories, so quickly did they follow some tribute to the nobility of Walpole's manhood and womanhood of the past, and his recital of the major events in the history of state and town. His address on that occasion, together with that of Professor Franklin W. Hooper, the historian of the day, has been published in pamphlet form by the Walpole Old Home Week association, and its acquisition will be a valued addition to any library, public or private.

The first big characteristic of Judge Howland is his genuine Americanism, as evolved from the oldest and best blood in New England. His first American ancestors were John Howland and his wife, Elizabeth Tilley, both of whom came in the Mayflower, he living to be the last male survivor of the band. The ardent love and manly pride which he has for his Pilgrim ancestry and, as for that matter, his whole line of New England ancestry, is still another trait in the make-up of the man that prompts respect and genuine admiration for him, from acquaintance and stranger alike.

Judge Howland's great grandfather was that Rev. John Howland, long a noted clergyman of Massachusetts, a graduate of Harvard in 1741, who preached in the town of Carver in the Old Colony for fifty-nine years. The parents of Judge

Howland were Aaron Prentiss and Huldah (Burke) Howland. Mr. Howland was a native of Walpole, while Mrs. Howland was born in the historic town of Westminster, just across the Connecticut river in Vermont. Judge Howland in his lifetime has been in touch with four generations of Walpole people, and while he has lived elsewhere his affections for Walpole, its traditions, and its people have ever remained keenly alive and warm. Aaron Prentiss Howland, the father, was a man of genuine ability and diversity of talent. As a life calling, he was



Walpole's Historic Town Hall.

an architect and builder. It was he who drew the plans for the Walpole Academy building, now the town High school. This structure is notable, even to this day, for the excellence of its architectural treatment and conception. Mrs. Howland, like her husband, possessed a finely trained mind, and among her family relatives was a cousin, Edmund Burke, widely known in the political history of New Hampshire, who was the United States commissioner of patents under President Polk.

Henry Elias Howland was born in Walpole, June 30, 1835. As a child he was known for strong mental development and scope. His prepara-



The Homestead Golf Links.

tory studies were in the local High school, and at Kimball Union academy, Meriden. At fifteen he entered Yale, and, in 1854, when only nineteen, graduated with his class. For a year following his graduation he studied law with the late Judge Frederick Vose at Walpole, when he entered the law school at Harvard, graduating therefrom in 1857, and in the same year, at the age of twenty-three, entered the office of John Sherwood, New York city. Mr. Sherwood was the son-in-law of Gen. James Wilson of New Hampshire, one of the state's most gifted sons. In 1865 Mr. Howland became a partner of Mr. Sherwood, under the firm title of Sherwood & Howland, and the partnership continued for twenty-one years. In this period the firm became one of the most widely known in New York, having a practice in the highest courts of the country. As a citizen of New York city, Mr. Howland was accorded a place of highest repute, for he engaged heartily in all that was designed for the good of the city. His ability and style as a speaker caused him to be sought for on many and varied occasions and his counsels in party and general affairs were ever safe and valued. In 1873 he was selected by Governor Dix as a member of the marine court, to fill a vacancy. He was nominated by the Republicans

as the candidate to succeed himself, but the Tammany candidate was successful. In 1884 he was the candidate of the Republican party for judge of the court of common pleas, and again in 1887, he was placed in nomination for judge of the supreme court, but in each instance the Tammany forces prevailed and Judge Howland "fell outside the breast-works."

In 1878 he became a partner in law practice of Henry H. Anderson, the partnership continuing until Mr. Anderson's death in 1896. Other appointments that have come to him in civil life in addition to those noted are that of president of the depart-



The Homestead Golf Links—The First Tee.

ment of taxes in the city of New York, to which he was appointed by Mayor Edward Cooper in 1881, and president of the Board of Managers of the Manhattan State hospital, by Governor Morton, which institution has under its care all the insane in Greater New York, some 7,000 in number.

In New York's social life and activity, Judge Howland is extremely popular, for he has those qualities of heart, mind, and disposition that spread sunshine over all they reach. He has served as president of the New England society in New York, the annual meetings of which on Forefathers' Day have become

events of national interest. He was the first governor of the Society of Mayflower Descendants in New York, and is the present president of the famed University Club, and also of the Mid-Day Club, composed of the solid business and professional men of New York city. He is a member of the Century, Metropolitan, and Union League clubs, and of the Republican Bar association. For thirteen years he was the president of the Jekyl Island, Georgia, club, one of the most exclusive organizations of its kind in the country. As president or director, he is connected with various country clubs. From the day of his graduation he has maintained a never languishing interest in Yale, and is a present Fellow of the University. He has served as president of the Yale Alumni association of New York, and as a member of the Yale corporation, and few there are who occupy a higher place in the hearts of their fellow graduates.

In his long career at the bar of New York city, Judge Howland has been on terms of intimacy with the great men of the country. The late Charles C. Beaman and Judge Howland were warm personal friends, and Joseph Jefferson, Chauncey Depew, Joseph H. Choate, and others of like renown have been his intimates for years.

In 1865 he married Miss Louise Miller, daughter of Jonathan Miller, a leading lawyer of New York. She died in 1884. Seven children were born of this union, one of whom died at birth in 1879. The other children are: Mary Miller, born, July 22, 1867, died January 10, 1874; Charles Prentiss, born, 1869; Katharine Elizabeth, born October 29, 1870, died January 15, 1874; John, born in 1873; Julia Bryant, born January 25, 1876, died September 4, 1891; and Frances Louise, born March 19, 1877.

The older son, Charles P., is a member of the law firm of which his father is the senior member, that of Howland, Murray, Prentice & Howland. He graduated from Yale in the class of 1891, and from the Harvard law school in 1894. The younger son graduated from Yale in 1894, and from the medical school of the University of the City of New York in 1897. After service in city hospitals, he studied in Berlin and Vienna, and began practice in New York city in 1901.

On the occasion of Judge Howland's visits to Walpole in the winter, it is his especial delight to coast on its hills, just as was his wont when a boy. It is then, that with T. Nelson Hastings, and a strong double runner, he may be seen coming down Prospect Hill at a fearful clip, and more than once, as they



Judge Henry E. Howland, of New York, and Sister, Mrs. J. G. Bellows, Coasting on Harmony Hill.



Gen. T. Nelson Hastings.

have turned to enter Main street, the sled has gone in one direction and its occupants in another, neither standing on the order of their going. Again may Judge Howland be seen coasting on Harmony hill, with his sister, the wife of Judge Bellows, who, like her brother, is the soul of geniality, good cheer, and good sense. They are family traits.

When one writes of T. Nelson Hastings, he not only speaks of one of Walpole's leading citizens and permanent residents, but also of one of the most conspicuous personalities in the social and political life of New Hampshire. As a member of the state senate in 1897-'98, he entered the political arena for the first time, but he was so thoroughly equipped with every natural quality desired in a legislator that he at once took posi-

tion among the leaders of the session. His ability and willingness to work found recognition in his appointment to the chairmanship of the committee on agriculture, clerk of the committee on education, clerk of the committee on incorporations, and also a member of the committee on labor. In addition to these committee appointments, he also accepted an election as secretary and treasurer of the senate's permanent organization. As an evidence of the entire approval given his first legislative term by his constituents, he was given, contrary to the customary practice, an enthusiastic renomination in the campaign of 1899, and was elected for a second term by an extremely flattering vote. Further testimony of a recognition on the part of the people of



Residence of Gen. T. N. Hastings.



The Four-in-Hand of Gen. T. Nelson Hastings.

his abilities, discretion, and sound judgment, appeared early following the election in the form of a suggestion that he be made president of the upper branch of the incoming legislature. The suggestion was repeated in all sections of the state, and Senator Hastings was literally compelled to yield to the requests of his friends and enter the contest for this important office. Upon the assembling of the senate, its permanent organization began by his election to the presidency, and at the termination of the session the verdict of the senate members was that in President Hastings they had had one of the best presiding officers ever chosen to the position.

Mr. Hastings inspires confidence upon sight, and is one whom his fellow-men will trust in any position, confident that he has the ability to meet all requirements with credit to himself and the public. A man of varied interests, of extensive travel, and wide acquaintance, he is emphatically of the sort of men whom a growing sentiment, all over the country, is fast coming to seek for public service.

In his personality Mr. Hastings is a splendid example of that type of American manhood of which President Roosevelt is so apt an illustration. Though wealthy, Mr. Hastings does not for the instant consider that the world has nothing for him to do. He is an active student of American ideals and purposes, and of these he is a genuine product. He is ever ready to bear his share of every burden and to play his part in causing others to perform their public duty. He is today in the full vigor of an attractive manhood, having been born in Cambridge, Mass., May 23, 1858, but in spite of the fact of the place of his birth, New Hampshire can rightly claim him as a son, for on his maternal side he is descended from an old and virile Walpole family, and it was in Walpole that he passed his boyhood and early

manhood. His parents were T. Nelson and Harriett M. (Holland) Hastings. T. Nelson Hastings, Sr., was in his day a successful Boston merchant. He died when his son, T. Nelson, was but eight months old. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Hastings removed to the home of her childhood, Walpole, where the son attended the schools of Walpole, also Warren academy, Woburn, Mass., and entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. After completing a course in architecture he engaged in various lines of business in Boston. In 1880 he, with four companions, made a bicycle tour of England, and the quintette attracted much attention while touring. In 1888 he became a permanent resident of Walpole. Mr. Hastings has been twice married. His first wife was Amy, daughter of Hudson E. Bridge, a native of Walpole, but later a prominent resident and wealthy manufacturer of St. Louis, Missouri. Mrs. Hastings died April 3, 1895. Five children were born to them, four of whom are living: Thomas Nelson, Jr., Hudson Bridge, Russell, and Henry Winthrop.

He married, second, December 2, 1903, Miss Mary A., daughter of Elizabeth F. and the late William B. Tobey of Walpole, for many years one of the town's most prominent families. The home of Mr. and Mrs. Hastings is in the heart of the village, and is every way charming and attractive.

Out from the historic town of Westminster, on the Vermont side of the Connecticut river, and in the valley which Walpole overlooks, have come from time to time some of the latter town's most esteemed and representative citizens. One of these in the present day is Frank Arthur Spaulding, a leading Walpole merchant, and member of the New Hampshire constitutional convention of 1902. Born in Westminster, October 15, 1860, the son of Lemuel and

Caroline (Whitney) Spaulding, he passed his boyhood on the parental farm and in the village schools. The first permanent work of his manhood life was railroading, he eventually becoming the station agent at Walpole, and this position he filled for fifteen continuous years. For four years under President Benjamin Harrison, he was the postmaster at Walpole. In 1897 he entered business as a general merchant in Walpole, and his success in the undertaking is mani-



Frank Arthur Spaulding.

fest in his possessing one of the largest stores in the town. His long service as the Walpole station agent gave him opportunity to make an extensive acquaintance and gain the good will of the people, and these have been factors that have contributed to his commercial success. But back of all were those personal traits that people like and make for one steadfast friends. Mr. Spaulding in fraternal life is an Odd Fellow and member of the Grange. He is a Republican in politics, and a Congregationalist in his church affiliations. In

1886 he married Miss Jennie M. Smith of Westminster. They have two children, a son and daughter.

Not the least of the many interesting characteristics that pertain with an especial emphasis to Walpole is the individuality of its men and women. Together they constitute a community of individuals who, placed in any neighborhood, town, or city, would, by the sheer force of their personal worth and character, their natural and acquired abilities and accomplishments, take their place as leaders and organizers in all things set in operation for the general good. The whole economic life of Walpole fosters a sturdy, self-reliant individuality, and a typical illustration of this influence is found in Charles Carpenter Davis, whose career of nearly forty years as a Walpole merchant is only one of the features of a strong and useful life in a representative community. Although an adopted son of Walpole, he has for so long a time been a resident of the town as to be thoroughly identified with its every interest as though to the manner born. Born in Woonsocket, Rhode Island, August 16, 1844, the son of Thomas and Mary (Carpenter) Davis, he grew to early manhood in Rhode Island, and entered Brown university, remaining until the third year of the university course, when he accepted an invitation of his uncle, Dr. Samuel J. Martin, to visit Walpole and join with him in the drug business. This was in 1866 and from that year Mr. Davis has been a resident of the town. In the course of time he learned the drug business in all its branches, and became sole owner of the business in which he entered as a partner. From time to time he added various branches to his commercial interests, including books, periodicals and general publications, and installed a job printing plant which he operated for several years. In the second year after his arrival in Walpole he taught the town High school for an entire year, to



Charles Carpenter Davis.

help out in an emergency call of the school board. His father was a life-long schoolteacher, and the son, on this occasion, showed that he could take up the parental calling with entire success. Mr. Davis built up from the smallest of beginnings his present extensive commercial interests, and acquired, unaided, his present Walpole realty holdings. He is the present president of the Walpole Horse Thief society, is an attendant at the Congregational church, and in politics is a Republican. In 1867 he married Miss Caroline L. Sherman of Valley Falls, R. I. A daughter and three sons were born of this union, constituting an extremely interesting family. Of the sons, William R. graduated from Lehigh university and is now chief bridge designer in the office of the state engineer at Albany, N. Y. The daugh-

ter, Mary C., is a graduate of the University of Minnesota, and wife of Prof. H. Wade Hibbard, of Cornell university. The second son, Thomas Carlton, is a graduate of Worcester Polytechnic Institute, and is a civil engineer. The third son, Arthur P., is also a graduate of Worcester Polytechnic Institute, and an electrical engineer.

To present anything like an adequate sketch of that favorite son of Walpole and honored citizen of New Hampshire, Judge Josiah Grahme Bellows, is beyond the scope of a single magazine article having for its especial aim the presentation of the general features of an entire community. A proper record of the events in the life of Judge Bellows would include the co-existent history of Walpole, much of that of Cheshire county and no insignificant portion



Josiah Grahme Bellows.

of that of New Hampshire. But of the man personally one gladly improves the opportunity to tell of the esteem which all Walpoleons have for him; how they love to recite instances of his tact, talent, and good will; and of the pleasure it affords them to see him in these days of his illness, still able to ride through the streets and to hear them give utterance to the hope that he may be spared to them for yet many a day. The regard which the people of Walpole have for Judge Bellows is little short of reverence. Whenever the town has an event of a public nature the voice of the town is to have him present if possible, and they accord to him the place of highest honor, if such there be, and he is physically able to accept an honor from their hands.

Judge Bellows was born in Walpole, July 24, 1841, and is in the

fourth generation from Col. Benjamin Bellows, founder of the town. As a boy he was far from possessing a rugged constitution, but by dint of prudent living he gained a physical strength that enabled him, by wisely directing his hand and head, to accomplish the apparently impossible. He completed a preparatory course in the Walpole High school and under a private tutor, and entered Harvard in 1859, but soon left to continue study in Williams college. His physical strength was not sufficient, however, to make prudent the continuation of his college course, and he returned to Walpole, where, in 1862, he became a student in the law office of Frederick Vose. A year later he entered the Harvard law school, and graduated in 1865. For awhile he continued his law studies in the office of George, Foster &

Sanborn, in Concord, and before the close of 1865 was admitted to the New Hampshire bar. He began practice in Walpole, but after a few months removed to Boston, where he continued until 1872, serving in the meantime as chief clerk in the Boston pension office, and passing six months in European travel. Returning to Walpole, he succeeded to the practice of the late Frederick

instrumental in establishing the savings bank of Walpole, and served until a recent date as its clerk and treasurer. He has also been identified with national and savings banks in Keene. He is a lifelong Republican, and in religion a Unitarian. In 1866 he married Annie E. Morrill of Concord, who died in 1867. Two children born of this union died in infancy. In 1877 he married, second,

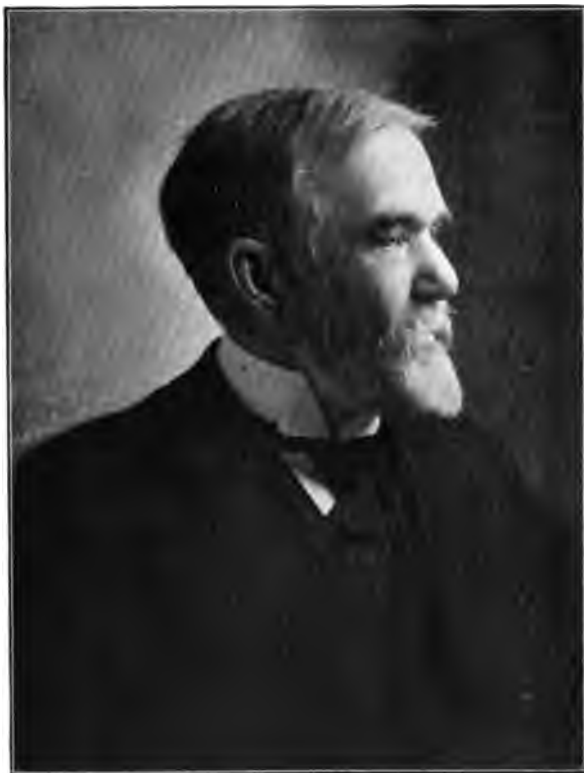


House of Col. Josiah Bellows, Residence of J. G. Bellows.

Vose, his first law preceptor, and Walpole has ever since been his home. In 1876 he became judge of probate for Cheshire county, and held the position until 1894, resigning to become a member of the state railroad commission. In 1893 he was appointed on the commission to establish the line between New Hampshire and Massachusetts, which had been in dispute since 1693. He was a central figure in the work of the commissions from both states, and as chairman of the New Hampshire commission prepared the report submitted to the legislature of 1895. He served as judge advocate-general on the staff of Governor Sawyer, and was chairman of the state Republican convention in 1890. He was largely

Katherine Hurd Walley Howland, of Walpole, a sister of Judge Henry E. Howland, now of New York. Mrs. Bellows is a member of the Society of the Mayflower Descendants, and of the Colonial Dames of New Hampshire. She is popular in a wide circle of acquaintances.

From early manhood, down to the present day, Edwin Kirk Seabury has been an active, influential and respected resident and citizen of Walpole. He is of thorough New England stock on both sides and the son of a Congregational minister who held important pastorates in Maine, Massachusetts and Vermont. He was born in Newcastle, Maine, April 2, 1842, the son of Edwin and Elizabeth (Mason) Seabury. His



Edwin Kirk Seabury.

maternal grandfather was the first collector of United States customs duties at Portland. When in his childhood, the family removed to Gloucester, Mass., and later, his father accepted a pastorate at Wenhams, in the same state. Westminster, Vermont, was the next home of the family, and still later, Royalston, Mass. Young Seabury, now nearing manhood years, stayed with his parents for only about a year in Royalston, when he entered upon his life career by accepting a clerkship in a Boston fruit store. Not having a superlative love for Boston, he soon left the city and found his way to Walpole, just across the Connecticut from Westminster, in which place he had passed some of his boyhood years. In Walpole he found employment in the general store of B. F. Aldrich,

eventually becoming an owner in the same store, and, later still, its sole owner for twenty-one years. Thoroughly suited by nature to the place, its people and his accepted line of business, he came in time to be one of the community's most representative citizens, and possessing the confidence of his fellow men, to the utmost extent, which confidence he has ever retained. In addition to a long career as a merchant, he was for twenty years the manager of the Boggy Meadow farm, of the late Wm. Powell Mason, and for six years had the management of the Pinnacle farm, of Hudson E. Bridge. He is now wholly retired from active business, except retaining the positions he has filled many years of notary public and justice of the peace. He served one term as a selectman, and represented the town in the leg-



Harrison Gray Barnes.

islature of 1899. He is a member of St. John's Episcopal church and one of its present vestrymen. In 1864 he married Miss Helen M. Hosmer. She died in 1896, leaving besides her husband, two sons and two daughters. In 1901 Mr. Seabury married Harriet H. Farnham, of Malden, Mass.

The Walpole necrology of 1903 includes the name of Harrison Gray Barnes, who for an even third of a century had been an esteemed and helpful citizen of the town, one whose counsel was sought by his fellow-townsmen, and when once given carried weight and influence. Mr. Barnes was a native of Jamaica, Vermont, born January 31, 1826. His parents were Charles and Sarah Dunbar (Parker) Barnes. The boyhood days of the son were passed in his native town. Soon after attaining

his majority, he enlisted in the navy, and some three years of his service were passed on board the renowned *Constitution*. At the conclusion of his term of enlistment he entered the employ of the Old Colony Railroad company, and, later, of the Warren Chemical company. By this interest he was eventually sent to New York in charge of its roofing department. His success in this venture led him to engage in the same business on his own account and this he continued until failing health, in 1860, compelled him to relinquish the active oversight of his business and he returned to his native Jamaica and there purchased a home. Recovering his health, he again entered the roofing business with a former associate, under the firm title of Barnes & New, and for seven years the business of the company was extensive

and successful, when ill health once more necessitated his retirement. After recovery from a severe and long-continued attack of brain fever, he made a visit to Walpole, and was so favorably impressed with all he saw that he decided to make it his home. He bought the estate which he called the Prospect Hill farm, and made it in time one of the best in New Hampshire. He perceived the opportunities of his farm and made the most of them. He engaged in many lines of agriculture and made a success of all. He was an intelligent stock-breeder and fruit grower, and by his planting of an orchard of 1,000 trees demonstrated that peaches can be grown in New Hampshire.

As a citizen of Walpole, Mr. Barnes zealously, yet unobtrusively, entered into all that was designed for the uplift of the town. Upon the organization of the savings bank of Walpole in 1875, he was chosen a trustee, and served for twenty years, and for seven years was a member of the investment committee. When the Walpole town hall was rebuilt in 1886, he was a member of the committee in charge of the work, and in this position his services were of the most valuable character. He was one of those men who give character, strength and prosperity to the community in which they live. In politics he was a Republican, and in religion was identified with the Church of Christ, or Christian denomination. In 1854 he married Miss Eliza L. Hall of Boston. The children born of this union were Jennie L., now the wife of George A. Riley, of Boston; Charles H., who lives on the homestead and is one of Walpole's leading citizens; Alida M., now the wife of Rev. O. G. Baker, Franklin, Vt.; and Edwin G., of Luden, North Dakota.

Mr. Barnes died December 16, 1903, and was survived by his wife and children.

Were the statistics governing the

case easily obtainable, they would undoubtedly show that the youngest merchant in all New Hampshire, and not alone in Walpole, is Charles Henry Slade, and that he has continued as such for the last three years. When first he embarked in business, he was but twenty, and it was not as the associate of his father or other indulgent relative that he began a mercantile career, but as the partner of a former schoolmate and boyhood associate. After a single year, and when he was just twenty-one, he became sole owner of the important business he still conducts, and his has been a marked and ever brilliant success. He is today a most striking example of the claim that this is the era of young men.

Mr. Slade was born in Keene, February 27, 1879, the son of Henry and Agnes (Turnbull) Slade. When in his infancy the family removed to Alstead, thence to Walpole, then to Acworth, and finally to Walpole a second time, its home for the last ten years. From the high school young Slade entered the store of Seabury & Drislane as a clerk, later serving in the same position in the store of F. A. Spaulding. It was while he was one of Mr. Spaulding's clerks that with Sterling A. Wheeler he engaged in the meat and provision business, operating at the start one of the largest markets in Cheshire county. After a year he bought his partner's interest and since that day has conducted it alone, and under his direction the business has shown a continuous growth. His commercial career thus far has been one uninterrupted demonstration that he is a born merchant, and that his future along these lines is big with the assurance of success. Mr. Slade's business plant includes thoroughly appointed slaughtering and rendering establishments, and in addition he handles the products of Western packing houses. Personally he is widely known and his whole personality displays those

characteristics that win admiration, popularity, confidence and respect.

That scholarship and intellectual attainment for which Walpole has for so long been noted is truthfully and forcefully represented in this present day and generation by Thomas Bellows Peck, a descendant in the fourth generation from the founder of the town, Col. Benjamin Bellows.

1770," the college debating society, to the Hasty Pudding club, and to the Phi Beta Kappa society. In 1861 he joined the Harvard drill club under President Eliot, then a college tutor, and was one of the college students who guarded the Cambridge arsenal by request of Gov. John A. Andrew. Ill health compelled him to leave college early in his senior year and con-



Charles Henry Slade.

A native of Walpole, born August 18, 1842, he was the son of Philip and Martha Eleanor (Bellows) Peck. As a boy he was given every possible opportunity for the acquisition of knowledge, to which his every taste inclined. He attended private and public schools and upon the completion of his preparatory studies entered Harvard in 1859, when only seventeen. His college career included admission to the "Institute of

continued illness prevented his return to the college. In 1864 he received the degree of A. B. as a member of the class of 1863. In 1862 he entered zealously into the work of the United States Sanitary commission and worked untiringly at the front and in the Washington hospitals. Full of sympathy, a distinct personal trait to this day, and earnestness for the cause of the Union, the service proved too severe and in the spring

of 1863 he returned to Walpole in hopes of securing a restoration to health. In 1865 he again served the commission in Washington and he there saw the closing chapters of the great war. Late in 1866 he went to Boston and entered the employment of the Tremont Watch company, later removing to Melrose, where he factory was located. In Melrose he

service in fostering the public library and has been its secretary since its removal to the Bridge Memorial Library building in 1891. In 1892 he entered upon the work of preparing a genealogy of the Bellows family from 1635 to 1898 and published the same in that year. It was a stupendous task, carried to completion with a consummate skill that



Thomas Bellows Peck.

aided in the organization of a Unitarian church and in the construction of a church edifice. He also served on the school and library committees. In 1871, he, in company with his cousin, Josiah G. Bellows, Waldo F. Hayward, and friend, Edward M. Holland, made a tour of Europe.

Since 1887 he has lived in his native Walpole, disinterestedly serving his town in various ways and to its great benefit. He has done a most valued

does its author credit and will ever remain a monument to his scholarship and devotion. The work, as completed and published, made an invaluable addition to American genealogical history.

Mr. Peck has ever displayed a lively interest in "Old Home Week," and on the occasion of the sesquicentennial of the town in 1903 was secretary of the local association. A Republican in politics and a Unitarian in



Henry Bellows Robeson.
Rear Admiral, Retired, U. S. N.

religion, he is ever ready to unselfishly serve his fellow man.

Walpole is happy in the privilege of numbering among its citizens and permanent residents Henry Bellows Robeson, rear admiral, on the retired list, of the United States navy. Just the measure of Walpole's appreciation of Rear Admiral Robeson mere words must fail to give, but its love

for him and Mrs. Robeson is warm, sincere and ever abiding. He himself is not a native of Walpole, but the town was the ancestral home and in his boyhood he passed a portion of his years at the Walpole home of his Grandmother Robeson and he attended the public schools and Walpole academy, then in charge of Rev. S. H. McColleston.

New Haven, Connecticut, was the birthplace of Rear Admiral Robeson and his natal day was August 5, 1842. His parents were Abel Bellows and Susan (Bellows) Robeson. In 1856, at the age of fourteen, he was appointed an acting midshipman in the United States navy from his Connecticut congressional district, and in 1860, the eve of the beginning of the Civil war, he graduated from the Naval academy at Annapolis and was commissioned a midshipman. His first cruise as a naval officer was on

first service in Hampton Roads and, later, off Charleston, South Carolina, and in April, 1863, she participated in the attack on the Charleston forts by the federal fleet under Dupont. For a time Lieutenant Robeson was detached to command the Stettin. In a cutter of the new Ironsides he co-operated with the land forces under the brave Gen. George Strong in an attack on the confederate works on Morris island. Lieutenant Robeson led the assault and was the first to land and place the colors on the



Glenside—Residence of Rear Admiral and Mrs. Henry B. Robeson.

the frigate *Niagara*, which sailed for China and Japan. The return from the Asiatic coast was early in 1861 and as the war had begun in earnest the *Niagara* was sent to assist in the blockade of southern ports. Midshipman Robeson assisted in the capture of the ship *General Parkhill* and he joined in the attack on Fort McRae in November, 1861. In August, 1861, he received the first of a long line of promotions, that of master. In 1862 he was made lieutenant. When the *Niagara* went out of commission he was ordered to the new Ironsides, the first vessel of her type in the navy, and he superintended her fitting out at the Philadelphia navy yard. The new Ironsides saw her

island. In June, 1864, he was ordered to the frigate *Colorado* and as acting executive officer fitted out the then superb frigate for the service designed for the reduction of Fort Fisher, off Wilmington, North Carolina. He took part in both bombardments. In the second and successful attack, Lieutenant Robeson, then just twenty-three years old but in his every fiber the typical officer of the American navy, led a force of one hundred and fifty men from the *Colorado* in a combined attack on the enemy's works by the sea and land forces. After the capture of Fort Fisher, the *Colorado* sailed for New York to be equipped for service as flagship of the European station. In 1866 he was

made a lieutenant-commander and served on the Delaware, flagship of the Asiatic squadron. In the winter of 1871 he was Admiral Rowan's flag lieutenant when the American squadron received the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia. In 1874 he was made a commander and in 1876 was given the command of the Vandalia of the European station. In December, 1877, Commander Robeson received on board the Vandalia General Grant and family and the Vandalia, with its distinguished guests aboard, visited the principal Mediterranean ports. During this tour Commander Robeson had opportunity to form an intimate acquaintance with Grant and the memory of the tour is one of undying pleasure to the rear admiral. From 1879 to 1883 Commander Robeson was on duty at the Naval academy as head of the ordnance and gunnery department and for the four succeeding years was at the head of the navigation office at the New York navy yard. In 1887 he received his commission as captain. For a year he was a member of the advisory board in charge of the construction of the new cruisers and in 1889 he took command of the Chicago of the "new navy," serving for two years, when he was made supervisor of New York harbor. In 1898 President McKinley named him as a commodore.

He was married in 1872 to Miss Katherine Nichols Bellows, daughter of Rev. John N. and Mary Nichols Bellows, who was born in Framingham, Mass., in 1846. Their home, "Glenside," is the abode of contentment, refinement and sincerity. Mrs. Robeson was a sister of the late Edward Bellows, pay inspector of the United States navy. Mrs. Robeson is a valued member of the Society of Colonial Dames of the State of New Hampshire.

To the members of its medical profession New England has long since been immeasurably indebted for much that has worked for its general

welfare and progress, considered wholly aside from what it owes the profession as such. It is the record of the fraternity from the earliest beginning of New England that the physician was resourceful, ardent and always unselfish in furthering the good of the community. Possessing an intellect that from the nature of his calling was ever alert, active and vigorous, it was but natural that his mind should come to consider various phases of human effort, and hence it is that the New England physician, past and present, has been a leader in the community and the originator and organizer, the inventor and discoverer in the numerous fields in which he may have chosen to play his part.

In Walter Colfax Matthews, M. D., Walpole has a physician who aptly illustrates the versatile nature of the profession. He is not only a success as a medical practitioner but is a potent factor in the general life of the town. It was he who organized the Walpole brass band and in musical circles throughout he is active and influential. He is the proverbial busy man and physician, who, no matter how much there is to do, can still attend to one thing more.

Dr. Matthews is a native of Vermont, having been born in Brattleboro, March 4, 1869, the day that Grant and Colfax became president and vice-president, respectively, of the nation.

His parents were H. P. and Emma V. (Minor) Matthews. Deciding early in life to become a physician he attended for one and a half years the private hospital of Dr. Frederick Russell in Winchendon, Mass., and later entered the famed College of Physicians and Surgeons in Baltimore, graduating therefrom in 1892. He became assistant physician in Dr. J. B. Mattison's private hospital in Brooklyn, New York, and upon the completion of his studies in that institution he located in Walpole. There he continued in practice for three and



Walter Colfax Matthews, M. D.

a half years when he removed to Bellows Falls, Vermont, where he remained for three and a half years, when Walpole again became his home and so continues to the present writing. Dr. Matthews continues, however, in a large and ever increasing Bellows Falls practice. He is a member of the Cheshire Medical society, the New Hampshire Medical society, the Vermont State Surgical society, the Connecticut River Valley Medical association and is chairman of the Walpole board of health.

Dr. Matthews has been exceptionally successful in surgical practice, having performed many noted major operations, his success in which was so marked as to attract the attention of the profession throughout the country.

In 1892 he married Miss Clara May

Holbrook of Bellows Falls, Vt. Mrs. Matthews is the happy owner of the three fashionably bred dogs shown on the closing page of this article.

The third physician to locate in Walpole was Abraham Holland, who practiced there for forty years and became one of the most distinguished members of the medical profession in New Hampshire. He was a man of marked and varied talent, of much public spirit and withal a person of extended influence in his section of the state. The Walpole family he founded became one of the most valued in town because of its all-around ability, strength of character and individuality. Among the descendants of Abraham Holland, M. D., in the present generation are T. Nelson Hastings and Hudson E. Bridge of St. Louis, Walpole's benefactor and



George B. Holland.

esteemed summer resident. Still another in direct descent is George Baldwin Holland, grandson of the founder of the family in Walpole. He was born in Walpole, March 17, 1838, the son of Ephraim and Nancy (Mead) Holland. He first saw the light of day in the house which is still his residence and which his father built in 1832, a solid, commodious, attractive home. He attended the schools of his native town and Chester (Vt.) academy. He became a clerk for Maj. J. Britton and later pursued a thorough course in a Boston commercial school. Upon the completion of his school life he entered the employ of the New England Glass company, Boston. At the death of his father it became necessary for him to return to Walpole to care for

his mother. During the Civil war he accepted the position of sutler with the Fourteenth New Hampshire regiment. In politics Mr. Holland is a life long Republican and in religion a Unitarian. In the first years of his manhood he became a Mason and with others in 1861 renewed the charter of Columbian lodge, No. 53, of Walpole. This lodge was established in 1827, but its charter had been surrendered to the Grand lodge during the anti-Masonic Morgan troubles. Mr. Holland held the various offices in the lodge and was its master for three years.

In 1879 he married Sarah Eliza Morrison of Dayton, Ohio. Three daughters have been born of this union. The two older daughters graduated at the Bellows Falls, Vt., high school. Nancy Morrison con-

tinued her studies at Abbott academy, Andover, Mass. Grace is at present pursuing a course in kindergarten study in Boston, and Dorothea is in the local schools.

Mrs. Holland is one who is active in Walpole's church and social life, as she has tact, discretion and a hospitable nature. The family home is not only dear to its immediate occupants but it has been the sheltering roof-tree of kindred who prize it almost as their own. The site of the home and its ample grounds is midway on Harmony hill, one of the oldest neighborhoods in Walpole, and so named because of the neighborly regard that has so long prevailed within its limits.

Franklin W. Hooper, M. A., was born in Walpole, February 11, 1851, the oldest son of William and Elvira Pulsifer Hooper. He received his elementary education in the Walpole public schools, his secondary education at Antioch college, Ohio, and finished at Harvard university, graduating from that institution in 1875. In 1875-6 he went on a scientific expedition to the Florida Keys in behalf of Prof. W. G. Farlow of Harvard university, and the Smith-

sonian institute. He was elected principal of the Keene high school in April, 1877, remaining in that position until June, 1880; was professor of chemistry and geology in Adelphi college, Brooklyn, N. Y., from 1880 to 1889, and in October, 1887, he was elected a member of the board of trustees of the Brooklyn institute and appointed chairman of its committee on scientific work. In 1889 he prepared a plan for the reorganization and enlargement of the institute and the incorporation of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, which incorporation succeeded that of the Brooklyn institute in 1890. From 1889 to the present time he has served the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences and its successor as director, and in this position has been largely instrumental in the establishment of the institute museum in Prospect park, Brooklyn, and the development of the systems of lectures, courses of instruction and other educational work done in the name of the institute. He served on the board of education from 1892 to 1899; as a member of the board of directors of the Brooklyn public library; as director and treasurer of



Residence of George B. Holland.

the Brooklyn New England society; a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; and a member of the Hamilton, Montauk and Union League clubs. He took an active interest in politics from 1880 to 1890, being a member of the Young Republican club from 1880 to 1884, and of the Brooklyn Citizens' League club from 1884 to 1886.

Hudson E. Bridge, manufacturer, was born on April 4, 1858, in St. Louis, the son of Hudson E. and Helen A. Bridge. His father was long one of the leading men of affairs in St. Louis and the son was born to the inheritance of a good name, physical and mental vigor and the responsibilities which devolve upon those favored by fortune. He passed



Franklin W. Hooper.

He married Martha S. Holden, daughter of Peter S. and Mehitable Holden, of Augusta, Ga., on May 23, 1876. Their children are Rebecca Lane, born March 22, 1877; William Sylvester, born June 22, 1880, died April 4, 1884; and Franklin Dana, born November 30, 1883. He received the honorary degree of A. M. from Harvard university in June, 1897, and was elected trustee of Antioch college in June, 1898.

his boyhood at his father's homestead in Glendale, Missouri, enjoyed the best educational advantages and while still young completed his academic studies at Washington university of St. Louis. In 1876 he entered the office of the Bridge-Beach Manufacturing company, the great manufacturing institution founded by his father, and at once became a factor in directing this enterprise, the elder Bridge having died a year earlier.



Hudson E. Bridge.

He has proven himself a worthy successor of a worthy father and is now president of the corporation which came into existence as the result of the genius and enterprise of Hudson E. Bridge, Sr. As head of one of the great iron industries of the country he is widely known to those identified with this interest, and his executive ability, sound judgment and correct business methods have won for him their unqualified esteem and admiration. To accumulate a fortune requires one kind of genius; to retain a fortune already acquired, to add to it its legitimate increment and to make such use of it that its possessors may derive therefrom the greatest enjoyment, and the public the greatest benefit, requires quite another kind of genius. Mr. Bridge belongs to that younger generation

of the business men of St. Louis called upon to shoulder responsibilities differing materially from those which rested upon their predecessors. In a broader field of enterprise they find themselves obliged to deal with affairs of greater magnitude and to solve more difficult and complicated financial and economic problems. Mr. Bridge is one of the men who have proven themselves masters of the situation and worthy successors of the men who laid the foundations of our present prosperity, wealth and civilization. He is a director of the Bellefontaine Cemetery association, of which his father was first president, but, with this exception, is not officially identified with any corporation other than the Bridge & Beach Manufacturing company, preferring to devote such time as he can spare



Pinnacle Farm—Residence of Hudson E. Bridge.

Photo. by Mrs. Hudson E. Bridge.

from this interest to various recreative outdoor sports. He has all of the native New Englander's love for an ancestral home and has a beautiful country residence at Walpole, which was the birthplace of both his father and mother. The old homestead in which his father lived having been removed, he purchased some years since the ground on which it stood, and has erected thereon a public library building, which has been fitly named "The Bridge Memorial Library." He has a large farm in connection with his New Hampshire home and he and his family spend several months of each year there. Although in no sense a politician, Mr. Bridge has long been an influential member of the Republican party. His club connections in St. Louis are with the St. Louis club and the Country club. February 4, 1885, he married Miss Helen Durkee, the daughter of Dwight Durkee of St. Louis, who was one of the earliest residents and first bankers of that city. A lady of rare social and domestic graces, Mrs. Bridge is well

known also as an artist of very superior attainments and one of the unique features of the palatial family residence in St. Louis is a perfectly equipped studio, in which she devotes much of her time to painting in water and oil and to the most artistic china painting. The children



An Old Colonial Home, Westminster Street, Walpole..

Now owned by Miss Fanny P. Mason of Boston.

born to Mr. and Mrs. Bridge have been Helen Bridge, Hudson E. Bridge, Lawrence Durkee Bridge, George Leighton Bridge, John Dwight Bridge, Katherine Bridge and Marion Bridge.

Conspicuous alike for beauty of design, treatment of detail and for situation is the fine old colonial residence on Westminster street, now the property of Miss Fanny P. Mason of Boston. The house stands on the crest of the hill gained by the highway leading from the railroad station to the center of Walpole village. It is in effect the stately and beautiful gateway to the village, in which abound truly magnificent homes of the true and original colonial type. The house in question commands a view of the Connecticut river valley that is miles in extent and upon which the eye never wearies in scanning. The estate is not the Walpole home of Miss Mason, for that is Boggy Meadow farm, with its some seven hundred acres of highly developed land, and located in the southerly part of the town. This Westminster street property she bought some three years since and in that time has restored its interior and exterior to their minutest lines, equipped it with modern conveniences and furnished practically every room with old colonial creations of rare merit and beauty. Every room has its open fireplace and the staircase halls are alike stately and full of attraction. The house is a little more than a century old and was

built by Francis Gardner, a one time Walpole lawyer, later of Keene and member of congress. He was the father of that Francis Gardner for so many years headmaster of the Boston Latin school. The second own-



"Now look pleasant, please."

Three beauties owned by Mrs. Clara May Matthews.

er was Stephen Rowe Bradley and he was followed in the ownership by Henry S. Tudor, Abiel Chandler, George R. Makepeace, B. P. Spaulding and George R. Tower of St. Louis. It is a matter for congratulation, not alone for Walpole but all New Hampshire, that this example of purest colonial architecture has become the possession of one who so happily appreciates its artistic worth and past associations as does Miss Mason.

LIFE.

By Laura Garland Carr.

Collected bits of common clay
 Endowed in some mysterious way
 With power to feel, think, work, and play,
 Be sad and happy for a day—
 Then—back to earth by slow decay.

THE "GOOD OLD TIMES" AT PLYMOUTH.

By Frederick Myron Colby.

The real history of New England begins with the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth. This event took place December 22, 1620. According to the old style it was December 11th. In 1752, eleven days were added to correct an error in the calendar, thus making the date the 22d. The chill winds of an almost arctic winter were sweeping down the desolate coast. They had intended to make a landing in the mild latitude of New York harbor, but rough weather drove the vessel to the Massachusetts shore. More than a month was spent in exploring the coast and fixing upon a site for a settlement. The last party of explorers comprising John Carver, the governor, William Bradford, Edward Winslow, Myles Standish and a dozen or more of the seamen, were absent one week with the shallop. Part of their voyage was made through a blinding storm of rain and hail, which at last became so wild that the boat's rudder and mast were broken, and they were driven in the darkness of the sudden night upon an unknown coast. It proved to be an island in Plymouth bay, and the half-frozen mariners kindled a fire on the shore and outwatched the night. The following day was Saturday, and though time was pressing and not an hour was to be lost, those men prepared to keep the Christian Sabbath in a becoming way. Monday morning they landed, as we have said, on the famous rock.

Four days afterwards, the Mayflower left its moorings at Provincetown for the new haven. Standing on the summit of Burial Hill, and looking eastward over Plymouth, over Clark's island, beyond Saquish,

we can see that small ship as she comes creeping in in the grey light of the short December day, more than two centuries and a half ago. She bears one hundred and one Pilgrims in her bosom, not counting the sailors, who had come to these shores to seek religious and political freedom. There is a second landing, and they all step ashore on "Forefathers' Rock," as it is still called.

They chose for their settlement the ground where corn had previously been planted by the aborigines, where "a very sweet brooke runnes under the hillside and many delicate springs of as good water as could be drunke." The "sweet brooke" still runs, and the "delicate spring" has never ceased to flow, and later pilgrims from every clime have drank of its waters. In the midst of a blinding tempest of sleet, rain and snow, the fathers of New England began to swing their axes and to build their log houses. They found that nineteen of these cabins would hold all their company. They had roofs thatched with reeds and grass, and the windows were of oiled paper. The rooms were so crowded that they were "as full of beds as they could lie, one by another." The little town was surrounded with a palisade, and a great shed was built for the public goods, and a small hospital for the sick. On the top of the hill a structure was erected which answered the double purpose of a meeting-house and a fort; on its flat roof were placed four cannons for defense against the Indians.

Then they brought on shore all their possessions; such as can be seen this day, preserved as relics, in Pilgrim hall at Plymouth, Governor

Bradford's armchair, and Elder Brewster's cane, quaint chests and spinning wheels, and Myles Standish's great iron dinner kettle, Winslow's massive oak table, muskets and swords, Delft pitchers, and wooden trenchers, and the cradle of Peregrine White, the baby Pilgrim, who was born on board of the Mayflower.

The darkest skies bent over those rude dwellings, and the bleakest winds whistled around them all that first dreary winter. Everything was unfriendly, the earth, the sky, the air, and beast, and man, the savage inhabitants of this inhospitable land. Food was scarce; they caught fish and lobsters, and eels, and shot deer and wild turkey, and once they tried to eat an eagle, which they thought tasted "very much like a sheep." Sickness came upon them and reduced them frightfully. In one month seventeen died, and before spring one half of their number filled unmarked graves in the new land. But the survivors took courage. Wood fires, the only comfort that was plenty, blazed bright in their rude houses, and around the warm hearthstones the prayer of thanksgiving was said, and the song of praise was sung. "God was as near to us as ever He had been in dear old England," wrote one of their number. "He had planted his vine in the wilderness, and the vine of His planting would grow—what more could we ask?" The story was all told in these simple, earnest words:

"Not winter's sullen face,
Not the fierce tawny race,
In arms arrayed;
Not hunger shook their faith,
Not sickness' baleful breath,
Not Carver's early death
Their souls dismayed."

It was well for the sick and enfeebled settlers that, during their worst weakness, the Indians were prevented by superstitious terror from coming near to discover their true condi-

tion. Three years before the landing of the Pilgrims, a French ship had been wrecked on the coast of Cape Cod. The crew all perished with the exception of three men, who were made captives by the savages. Two of them were subsequently ransomed, the other died in captivity. As he lay dying, he predicted a pestilence that would destroy many of them, and that a strange people would come and take away their land from them. He was scarcely dead when the small-pox broke out among them, which left only a miserable remnant of the once powerful tribe. Then came the Englishmen, whom they soon learned to regard as a superior race. The report of their matchlocks they imagined to be thunder, and the effect of the bullet they believed the work of lightning. They accordingly stood in wholesome fear of the colonists.

In February, Myles Standish was chosen captain and at once set about organizing into military order all the men fit for duty. The soldiers had each a coat of mail and a sword, and a matchlock musket; this latter had to be rested on the forked head of a staff when fired. The smaller cannon-bases,—carrying five- or six-ounce balls—were placed before the houses of the governor and captain. "Now we are ready for the rascals," said the doughty Standish.

Soon after this followed one of the most interesting events in the history of New England. This was the visit of the Indian, Samoset. It was a warm, pleasant March morning. The birds sang sweetly in the woods—a joyful sound, for it told the coming of spring. He came alone, walking boldly among the settlers, and saying in broken English, "Welcome, Englishmen! Welcome, Englishmen!" They entertained and kept him all night, and when he departed he promised to return with companions. They waited two days for him in vain, but at last there was a great stir in the settlement. The Indians had

appeared in force on a neighboring hill, sixty warriors headed by their king, Massasoit. There was hasty buckling on of armor and gathering up of swords and muskets. With trumpet and drums, the troops of Captain Standish were ordered into rank. The women and children hid themselves in the houses. But the alarm was unfounded. In accordance with the advice of the medicine men and the determination of the council, King Massasoit and his warriors had come to make a treaty of peace. So the warlike preparations were converted into a military display in honor of the distinguished visitor.

Captain Standish with six musketeers in their breastplates, and shouldering their heavy pieces, escorted the Indian king and twenty of his warriors, some of whom were clad in skins, and others naked, but all painted and oiled, the king being distinguished from the others by a heavy necklace of bone beads. They were marched into an empty house just completed, and Massasoit was seated on a green rug, reserved for state occasions. Some of the other Indians were placed on cushions.

With trumpet blowing and drum beating, and followed by a few musketeers, entered Governor Carver, wan and feeble—for a deadly sickness had already laid hold on him—but keeping a stately deportment. He seated himself by the Indian king upon the rug, kissing his hand to him by way of salute and being in return embraced and kissed. Captain Myles Standish ran his eye anxiously along his men, some of whom were so feeble that the heavy breastplate and musket severely taxed their strength to carry.

After drinking and eating together, a treaty of friendship and alliance was made which lasted while those who made it lived. A council fire was built, and around it speeches were made, and the red calumet of peace was smoked by white man and red

warrior. With ceremonies like these the meeting ended, and the Indians took their departure, glad enough to get out of the company of the fearful weapons that sent invisible death to any distance, and which they eyed with trembling fear during the whole conference.

A few days afterwards came the settlers' first experience of an American thunder storm—"strong and great claps, but short, but after an hour it rained very sadly till midnight." A few days later every man that could handle a spade was breaking ground to prepare for the first crop.

From the Indians they had obtained some corn, and under the guidance of an Indian, twenty acres were planted with this; six acres more were sown with barley and peas, the whole being manured with fish scooped up from the stream. The seed was sown with many prayers, for on the success of that crop depended the fate of the colony. The supply brought with them from England would soon have been exhausted but for the reduction of their number by the pestilence. The game which they expected to kill proved at first very shy, and they were but indifferent hunters. Owing to an unfortunate omission to bring small hooks their success in fishing was equally poor. A failure of the crop, in the possible event of inability to get supplies in time from England, would result in starvation.

But a kind Providence watched over them. The spring brought new hope and fresh courage. The sick and the lame recovered. Whatever thoughts of returning had been indulged in during the height of sickness were now banished. And when the sails of the Mayflower were hoisted once more from his battery on the hill-top, Myles Standish gave her a parting salute, as she sailed away with cheering letters for England, but with not a single passenger.

THE DOOMED OAK.

By George Waldo Browne.

Reft of life who ruled with kingly grace,
O'er hearts that break nor burn,
By the lightning's arrow riven stands
The monarch stark and stern.

Never warrior courted fate more calm,
Nor martyr met his doom ;
Lo ! an oaken shaft 's his monument,—
His own tried heart his tomb !

THE LIGHT OF PITY.

By George Bancroft Griffith.

The eye, however it may roll,
Is the true mirror of the soul ;
From it the face must e'er betray
What the sealed lips may never say.
Yes, greedy avarice will one
Show plain as light from yonder sun ;
The sycophant, with sneaking glance,
Ne'er looks straight forward, but askance ;
The anxious and the fearful eye
Has restless motion ; and the sly
Deceitful organ drops its lid
To keep its secrets veiled or hid !

How winsome is the straight, firm look
That will no evil calmly brook,
And the true gaze that must belong
By nature to the brave and strong !
The smiling, humble we admire ;
The grand that shows its spark of fire ;
The lover's, softly to combine
Feeling and longing,—how 't will shine !
But of all eyes my vision meets
In home, or church, or crowded streets,
My admiration I bestow
On that fair eye— where'er I go—
That pity lights for some one's woe !

THE HIDDEN HALF OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

By Ernest R. Groves.

Wild, wintry winds were playing with the falling snow. We in the attic took no heed of this. Our thoughts were not of the present. This dust-covered desk which Margaret and I had taken from its corner, where it was safe from curious eyes, was his! And these were his letters! Here also were some of his books, the ones most worn by constant use! Many of their pages still carried the marks of his great mind's travel over them. And spread on the floor were his treasures, precious each from its history, which one by one we had taken from the trunk. We knew not all the associations which had made them valuable to him; but their having been his gave them worth to us.

Taking a bundle of letters, again I untied it and read:

"I shall name the child Margaret, if you will, for it is a sweet name that long has been in our family, and I like the old ones best. When she comes to womanhood and becomes a wife, she will understand that Uncle Wendell gave her no middle name because four names are clumsy and because he wished her to continue to be Margaret Phillips."

As a young man may know the life of his hero whom he has worshiped long, but never seen, I had become familiar with the career of Phillips. This knowledge had given me the key to that attic's wealth; but it was there that I first met the man himself. The large painting of John Phillips, the first mayor of Boston, which hung from the wall of the room below, may have been what I saw. Perhaps it was the good face of him

who still bore that name with honor. But, as the shadows thickened that winter afternoon, I thought I saw the Prince himself and heard him speak. I felt the power of his untold, beautiful hidden-life—its pathos and its calm.

Who has not heard of the charm of those mighty words which could "bind like music"? That memorable day, when the young lawyer went to Faneuil Hall to listen, and came away a conqueror—of this the school boy learns. He learns also the fiery words which were spoken there. Then it was that Phillips

"Passed amid the strife of men
And stood at the throne of armed
power.

Pleading for a world of woe."

Who has not felt a thrill of delight in reading of that day of triumph, April twenty-one, 1861, when Boston, coming to itself, crowned its own and its best hated citizen became its most beloved?

Concerning the public life of this Shelley among our orators, no new word need be spoken. It is not a mere whim of fancy that links together the names of Phillips and Shelley. Both were master-musicians and won men by the melody of words. Even the Richmond Inquirer, before the war, declared: "Wendell Phillips is an infernal machine set to music." As with Phillips, the predominant impulse in Shelley from a very early age was a "passion for reforming mankind." Each could stand alone. Phillips and Shelley were idealists, impatient with the faulty world. The moral

root of both was open sincerity. Both during long years were much misunderstood. The inner life of neither was thrown out to the crowd. One died before his youth was ended; the other lived when his great work was already done.

It is of this hidden life, concerning which the world knows too little, that the friends of Phillips love to speak. It was a happy day for Wendell when he accepted an invitation to that coaching party at Greenfield. Who knows what lonely Charles Sumner missed by not going that day? One who does not realize the full meaning of that occasion for Phillips understands him but a little. His invalid wife did more for him than the world at large would believe. It was at his home that the hidden spring of his life was to be found; the outgoing floods were fed by a deep, secret well. From a wonderful calm this modern knight went forth to his battle.

When Robert Browning took his dying wife from her English home people wondered. Little did they know that he had promised her fifteen full years of life, and that she was to flavor his poetry with a love-grace for which we owe more than we think.

Phillips ever confessed that this wife, whom so few ever saw, was the strength of his life. She was his first thought while living, and the last when he died. In his letters her name is ever present. Indeed, his home-love crowds out from these the heavy cares and battle echoes one naturally expects to find there. It is hardly what you would suppose true

of this modern Amos. He was none such. Although he was as brave and earnest as that moral prophet, he also had the love-spirit of Hosea, and it was this that made his words so strong. At his heart was not ambition, nor anger, but love.

One criticism has been made against him which this fact explains. He has been blamed for not knowing that with the freeing of the slaves his work was done. Such a man in a world like ours can never finish his work. The strong, mountain-fed river cannot rest in the joy of turning its first mill-wheel. It hears the cry of the waiting need ahead, and flow it must. Thus it was with him. One victory was merely the starting-place for another.

"How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rest unburnish'd, not to shine in use!"

seemed his spirit.

One cannot interpret Phillips successfully who forgets that he was primarily a man of sympathy. And, in this sympathy, the frail woman at home ever held the center. If one's strength is to be measured by one's conquest, she was a remarkable woman. The memory of their quiet, happy afternoons, and occasional whole days together, his family rightly regards as a most precious heritage. Among the traditions handed on in that old, modest family, those relating to the hidden half of their greatest representative seem most characteristic and most inspiring.



THE SHOW.

By Mary H. Wheeler.

The show had commenced when they took me in,
The footlights were all aglow,
The orchestra played, and amid the din
I heard—and it thrilled me so!—

A strain of music so heavenly clear,
Hope-breathing, and oh, so sweet,
That it seemed as if angels were hovering near
And life was a rapture complete.

The drama went on, so slow, so slow!
While I was impatient to see
The scene next to follow—the story to know—
And to learn what the sequel might be.

The comedy pleased me, I laughed as I gazed,
“Burlesque is so charming,” I said;
But tragedy followed and I—I was dazed—
Could but look on the curtain with dread.

Now the play goes on faster, but gone is the zest;
The footlights are glaring below;
The orchestra blares. I am longing for rest,
A weary-eyed child at the show.

WINTER.

By Sumner F. Clafin.

Nature in all her fastnesses lies dreaming,
Among the hills the deep, green woods stand dumb,
The crystal ice has covered lake and river,
Plant life seems dead—its wakening yet to come.

But here and there some hardy woodland creature
Still breaks a trail athwart the deepening snows,
Along the brooks which gurgle in their casements,
From pool to pool where the sly trout repose.

Anon, the wild wind springs from far north mountains,
Where sits enthroned the monarch of them all,
And sweeps the ridges where late beech leaves rustle,
Driving fierce storms when whirling snow clouds fall.

Gone are the fences, ghostly stand the walls,
Loaded, the roof-trees groan with ice and snow,
The patient cattle in their stuffy stalls
Endure the winter, willing it should go.

But heaped up larders mitigate our sentence,
The fresh pork sizzles with a savory smell,
Wild deer and coon meat, turkey with the fixings,
Make life worth living—when we're living well.

Moonlight and sleighride 'neath the cold stars glittering,
Warm robes, a maiden and an amorous swain,
Music of sleighbells, all the world is pleasant
When Winter holds us in his rough domain.

THE LOST RING.

By Sarah M. Bailey.

There was to be a husking at Farmer Bodwell's Thanksgiving evening.

Hulda and her lover, Jeremiah Whitehouse, had driven about the hilly New Hampshire town inviting their host of friends. By their happy faces it was suspected that there was to be a wedding, also, though no word was said to this effect. Five years before, it was known that the two young people were engaged to be married.

Hulda wore a plain gold ring—the envy of all her friends. An engagement ring seems to awaken dreams of the old, old story, ever new. Jeremiah was a carpenter by trade. When work was dull he built a cottage house on a piece of land adjoining Farmer Bodwell's orchard. Here he set out fruit trees and climbing posies, that the place might have a homelike look when the time came for him to bring home his bride.

The village young folks grew impatient at the long courtship; but that spring Jeremiah had planted the garden at "Cozy Nook," and Hulda had invited her young friends to her quilting parties, and they felt sure that the wedding could not be far off.

Never was a home in better readiness for its occupants. It was daintily furnished throughout; but the "spare chamber" must be described. The high four-post bedstead, with its

chintz cover upon its arched frame, was just as "mother" had it when she was married. The brass "warming pan" stood close by, ready for use in the cold winter nights. Beside the open fireplace and shining brass and-irons was the "settle," upon which Grandpa and Grandma did their courting nearly one hundred years ago. Everything in the room, from the claw-legged table, holding the brass candlestick and the pewter porringer, to the flaxwheel in the corner, had once been the property of dear Grandma Bodwell, and were real treasures of antiquity.

How proud Hulda was of the loaves of wedding cake, made by her own hands. How Jeremiah blushed when he engaged the young minister to perform the ceremony—and put his hand upon the pocket over his heart to be sure the ring and certificate were safe. That evening the lover whispered many tender words in her ear, holding her hand meanwhile. "I don't like to see your ring, you have worn these five years, so loose upon your finger; take care you don't lose it; but you will soon have on the new one to take its place."

"I shall never part with this one," said Hulda, "for it is very dear to me."

It was the evening before Thanksgiving; the sun had sunk to rest be-

hind Kearsarge mountain. Hulda leaned back in the old-fashioned rocking-chair, quite tired with her busy day's work, but very happy.

"No wonder," said her mother, just look at the rows of mince, pumpkin, apple, and cranberry pies upon the pantry shelves—to say nothing of the tarts and cakes. The brick oven has done a good day's work. It must be heated again in the morning to bake the turkey and plum pudding for dinner, and the beans and brown bread for the husking. You are quite sure you picked the beans over carefully?"

"Oh, yes, and washed them thoroughly," was Hulda's reply.

During the evening, Jeremiah came in and sat down beside the dear girl who was to become his bride the next day. Taking her hand in his, he gave a start, and cried, "Why, Hulda! Where is your ring?" Her lips were ashy pale when she discovered it was gone. She sprang to her feet to search for it. Everybody joined in the search, but all in vain—it was nowhere to be found—and as she sank back into the chair, she moaned, "Lost, lost, 'tis an ill omen, and I cannot be married without it." It was in vain to try to persuade her otherwise. The husking could go on, as was intended, but the wedding must be postponed until the engagement ring could be found.

The search was resumed the following day, but proved fruitless. The wedding garments, made by loving hands, were hung away, out of sight, and the two most interested in the husking party received their friends with assumed cheerfulness.

The jolly party made the husks fly from the golden corn, and the air rang with laughter. The long line of cows looked with wonder at the lanterns that dimly lighted the barn—the festoons of evergreen and hem-

lock boughs and the claiming of the kiss when the "red ears" were found. "Many hands make light work," and by ten o'clock the corn bin was full, and busy hands began clearing and sweeping the barn floor for the dance. There were whispered words about the sad looks of the young couple—and a few had missed the shining band of gold from Hulda's hand.

In the long kitchen tables were spread with everything to tempt the appetite of the hungry huskers. As Hulda poured the hot baked beans from the pots and cut the huge loaves of brown-bread, she thought how merrily she prepared these good things, and what a surprise they had planned for their friends in the marriage ceremony.

"Pour out the coffee, Mother," cried Farmer Bodwell. "You, Hulda, set the beans upon the table. They are coming in from the barn—as hungry as bears, I'll be bound."

Two big platters were on the table heaped high with beans—a third was brought from the brick oven. Jeremiah poured them out, while Hulda held the platter, when a scream of delight brought the family to her side; there, among the richly colored beans, lay the precious ring, slipped from her finger while preparing them for baking.

There was a hurried consultation. "Get on your wedding fixings while Mother and I wait upon the table. It's lucky the minister is here."

Such a happy surprise! Such a pretty marriage ceremony! Such a dance in the barn!

Everybody knew the history of the lost ring. Every guest escorted the bride and groom across the orchard to the "Cozy Nook" home, when the party broke up, albeit the hour was very late.



HANS AND ROSEL.

Translated from C. A. Koehler's "Maerchenstrauss aus dem Weissen Gebirge."

By Ellen McRoberts Mason.

Gaily the two mountain tourists, Ernst and Karl, strode along. Now they sang a merry song or whistled a lively tune, then fell into earnest talk; all the while noting with loud exclamations of delight the thousand beauties which the glorious landscape unfolded before their gaze.

They had come from the lovely valley of the Ammonoosuc river and as they walked along at the foot of the mountains known as the Presidential range they emerged upon an exquisite mountain-meadow, enclosed with green-wooded heights and in whose midst a placid lake gleamed in the sunshine. They tramped delightedly across the soft greensward and as they reached the end of the meadow the road seemed to be suddenly cut off. Steep foothills rose to the fore of a mighty mountain range and no way out was to be seen.

"Come," said Karl, "let us climb this first peak. From the top we should certainly be able to look over into the world that lies yonder and find out a path by which we can keep on with our journey."

Ernst agreed to this and they walked briskly to the foot of the mountain. After a hard climb through a thick forest they reached at last the rock ledge crowning the summit and both shouted with delight as their enraptured gaze followed the splendid panorama that lay at their feet.

Below them in the giddy depths stretched a wondrously beautiful, long and rather narrow valley, which was bordered on the right and left by steep, sky-reaching mountain ranges,

that had thick woods climbing their mighty walls. From one of the giant mountains that stood to the left there plunged two waterfalls with roaring and brawling, and in marvelous crosswise leaps and bounds. Frothing as with excitement, they threw the white foam into the air, where in the rays of the sun it was loosed in a thin mist veil. Below in the valley the waters of the two falls joined in a wild, off-rushing brook that, fed by a hundred springs and brooklets, soon broadened into a majestic, seaward-rolling river.

Wild and yet extraordinarily attractive to the tourists seemed the valley, set between the high mountain chains like an emerald band on which the river was a silver line. No sound but the thunder of the waterfalls came from the depths, no trace of a human being was visible. The two pedestrians were almost overcome by that feeling of awe that masters one when he—alone—from a lofty mountain summit looks out over an encircling, magnificent, almost infinite mountain landscape, in which all details are blended together and the work of man in its utter insignificance disappears.

Then Ernst noticed in a cleared place in the forest, where the valley widened somewhat, giving space for a small grass-plat, a little white house that looked strange enough in this solitude, and, from the summit, seemed like a child's toy. It excited the curiosity of the two pedestrians and they determined to direct their course toward it; all the more because they hoped to find a lodging

for the night there, and already the twilight was settling down upon the scene.

They hurried quickly down the mountain, following a path they had discovered from the top, and which led them, through a stupendous granite-formed gate, and past a remarkable mountain formation that looked strikingly like an elephant's head, into the valley.

Wild, almost impenetrable forest, through which the river rushed in mad impetuosity, and in which gigantic trees, hundreds of years old, arched over entrancing shadowed ways, surrounded them. After a walk of several hours over a mossy path, they reached the goal, a simple white-painted house, which—as they learned to their joy—served as an inn for tourists.

In the door stood a man comfortably smoking his pipe. They walked up to him and asked if they could find shelter for the night there. The landlord—for it was he—answered in the affirmative, and with a gesture of the hand, without stirring in the least from the spot, motioned them the way to the guest room. Almost fantastic he looked to them. A rather shabby coat, a many-colored waistcoat gaily unbuttoned, from which a gray shirt and loosely-tied neckerchief recklessly protruded, a pair of clumsy boots into which his trousers legs were tucked, a crumpled hat that rested dreamily over one ear, completed the costume of the man whom one might have taken for Rip Van Winkle, just awaked from his sleep. Nothing seemed to disturb his equanimity. Calmness and freedom from care were stamped on his features, and his blue eyes were always bent musing on the distance, as if they would lose themselves in the wondrous secrets that lived in the depths of the impenetrable woods, and played their drama on the high mountains.

The travelers made themselves comfortable in the general guest-

room, and sat down by the hearth, upon which a cheery fire was blazing; for here, amidst the mountains, it is—at evening—even in midsummer, so cool that one can not do without that warming element. A few other belated foot-passengers were there, but they were sore wearied, and soon retired to rest. Besides these, there was a professor with his family present, with whom our travelers—after the frugal supper—engaged in lively conversation.

Ernst became absorbed in a stimulating talk with the professor's pretty daughter. He related to her his travels and experiences, and among other matters described the impression that the beautiful valley in which they now found themselves had made upon him when he first gazed on it from Mt. Willard.

"Surely," he asserted, "a region like this, so plainly made for the theatre of wonderful occurrences, must be rich in legends and tradition—if one only possessed the divining rod that would open the way to the treasures."

The landlord, who likewise had sought the comforting warmth of the fire, and who, lost in far-away dreams, had paid attention to nothing that was going on around him, at this remark seemed to become suddenly attentive and sympathetic, and observed that he could relate many wonderful things that had happened in that dale, surrounded by rustling woods; and, in special, on that spot where now his inn stood. The guests besieged him to tell the story for their benefit, and after much coaxing, he allowed himself to emerge, for a little, from his phlegmatic repose, and told the following tale.

Many, many years ago, while yet no human foot had trod this region, and only the beasts of the forest roamed free over the wide district, a young settler, who had not had luck out in the world, came into this valley to make a home here, and earn

a modest living by the work of his hands. His pleasant, youthful little wife, Rosel—who loved him with devotion—followed him. Treasure and riches neither of them possessed; but they were young and strong, and their health-beaming faces reflected happiness, contentment, and hope.

"Here," said Hans, as they reached a flowery grass-plot watered by the river, "will we settle down and seek to found our fortune." Soon the simple log-hut was built; a small, well-tended garden surrounded it, and with its bright flower beds was a cheerful sight. A bit of field furnished what was needed for their daily support. Their ways were frugal and self-denying, but the married pair felt no poverty. Their simple wants were easily satisfied, and in their mutual love they felt themselves too happy to harbor a wish for more of the world's riches. So peace and joy dwelt continually in the narrow hut.

"Ach," said Hans, as he came home one evening from his day's work, and Rosel greeted him with a tender kiss of welcome, "how fortunate we are! We have all that is needful for our livelihood, no one disturbs us in our love, nobody envies us, no greedy neighbor vexes us—Ach, if it could only always be so! Dost thou not wish so also, Rosel?"

"Certainly," she replied, "that is surely also my ardentest wish, that it may always stay so!"

"The wish shall be granted you!" on the moment declared a voice behind them, and as they fearfully looked around they saw a mite of a mannikin most singular to look upon. A misshapen head was set on a little, crooked, hump-backed body; long hair fluttered around his head, and a long snow-white beard, that reached to his feet, made his aspect seem all the more grotesque. The cunning but good-natured gleaming eyes were fixed strangely on the couple, but the mannikin went on: "Do not be afraid. I am the mountain-spirit that reigns

over this whole region, and towards men I am well-disposed. Gladly would I work good to them, but the more I study their doings and enterprises, the less do they seem worthy of my favor. I have never yet found one who was really contented with his lot and did not—even when he enjoyed the most comfortable situation—let his wishes wander off after new phantoms of felicity and fortune.

For the insatiable, I have no gift that would be sufficient to satisfy their desires. But you I have carefully watched from the moment you came into my domain until now. It seems to me, that in you, the feelings of true contentment exist, and that you deserve to share in my special protection. I will bless you with my favor. Good fortune will attend you so long as you keep your simple spirit, and let no vain longings after the so-called good fortunes and joys of the world—for power and riches—turn your hearts and heads. But my curse—and ruin—will crush you, should you ever utter the wish to exchange your true good fortune for an imagined one."

With these words the mannikin disappeared; and Hans and Rosel looked wonderingly at each other and asked themselves if what had but now seemed to happen, really had happened, and what the genius of the mountain had definitely meant.

But, in fact, what the mannikin had promised came to pass. From that hour blessings seemed to rule over everything that the young couple undertook. The earth showed herself more fruitful, doubled and threefold she lavished her gifts; their herds thrived and multiplied; far and wide rich fields and plains spread out around the house, and the sun shone upon a true paradise, where only happiness and calm peace reigned. Serene and always content, Hansel and Rosel—to whom five splendid children had bloomed, passed their lives for many a year in their beloved home, far from the outside world

with its deceitful splendors. Never had the wish been excited in them to exchange their fortunes for another lot, however dazzling.

One day, a company of richly dressed ladies and gentlemen from a great city came into the lonesome valley. They had lost their way, and were delighted to find shelter for the night in the house of our couple.

Willing and friendly, Hans and Rosel made attentive hosts and their guests soon felt at home, and after they had refreshed themselves with meat and drink, fell into lively conversation. They talked of the brilliant gaiety of the metropolis, of the almost daily social pleasures there, and praised the glittering palaces, the art temples, and the splendid parks.

The ladies chattered of their toilettes, and gossiped of the great charm there lay in drawing—by means of ornaments and rich dress—the admiring glances of others to one's self. Rosel, who was not able to turn her eyes away from the sparkling jewels that the ladies wore so proudly, listened eagerly, and for the first time there sprang up in her a feeling of envy—for the first time the thought overpowered her, that the happiness of living in the city, in the midst of riches and pomps, and going to continual balls and routs, could be outweighed by nothing else.

Still with these thoughts, she dragged herself listlessly about after the party had taken leave of the lonely farmstead. Indeed, she tried to crowd down the growing wish for a different sort of life, saying to herself, "Why should I long for outward show and splendor? Have I not my honest Hans, my dear children, and all that we need for food, and to wear—and what greater blessings can there be?"

But the tempter had taken only too fast possession of her. He painted the pleasures of the world in the most splendid colors, and then pointed out—in contrast thereto—how monotonously and uneventfully

her existence in that desolate valley passed away. In vain she fought against the whisperings of an excited imagination. Ever more alluring seemed to her the picture of life in the city. Moody and monosyllabic, she went about, and the happy expression was gone from her face. To Hans' anxious queries as to what the matter was, she responded only by head-shakings.

At last she could hold out no longer; she told her man all that had been going on in her mind since she had learned from the strangers how beautiful it was out in the world where mankind dwelt together, and she urged him to move to the city with her and the children.

All Hans' remonstrances were fruitless. She went on, "I am no longer happy here in this wilderness, and cherish only the one wish—to leave this place as soon as possible!"

But scarcely had these momentous words escaped her lips, when tumult seemed to seize all nature. Pale lightnings flashed through the dismal, heavy clouds that on the instant covered the heavens as though with a black pall and fell in floods upon the steaming earth. Sinister, malevolent darkness fell upon the lovely landscape, a wind tempest rose and howled through the agonized, writhing treetops. A groaning and sighing, a dreadful rumbling and moaning resounded from all sides, numbing the blood in the veins.

The unfortunate family gazed with terror on this fearful drama of nature—when—mirabile visu—a huge block of granite loosed itself from the mountain, below which the home-
stead stood sheltered, and bent its course straight towards the house. Full of fright and forebodings, the inmates snatched whatever their hands in their haste could seize, and fled from the ruin doomed spot.

But there was no deliverance for them. Of giant stature rose the form of the genius of the mountain, above the mountain top, jeering

laughter sounded through the uproar of the elements, and a reverberating voice cried: "Perish, you who sacrifice your happiness to mere phantoms!"

At this moment the boulder changed its direction and rushed—in ever hastening plunges and with a noise like thunder—into the valley, and in a trice had overtaken and destroyed the fugitives. Deep under sand, earth, and masses of stone, the unfortunates lay buried, and no human eye has ever seen their shattered bones.

Marvelous to tell, the house was left unharmed. In course of time it fell to pieces however, and today there are only the ruins left. The lands of the farmstead that once was like a paradise—where blooming gardens alternated with abounding fields and rich pastures—were desolated in a few years. A new wood growth sprang up where formerly blossom and fruit throve, and the whole landscape acquired a melancholy, gloomy aspect. Even the towering mountains on either side of the valley seem to be forced nearer towards one another, so as to heighten still more the gloomy impression of the tragic, solemn scene.

For many a long year the gradually decaying house stood desolate, abandoned in the lonely wilderness. Only with fear and trembling did men approach the place of horror—where the genius of the mountain so cruelly

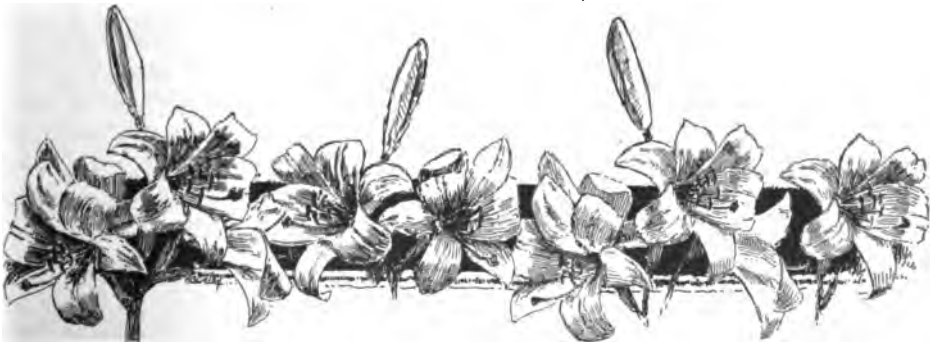
destroyed men because of their longings after imaginary happiness—for even now it comes to pass that the traveler hears the scoffing laugh of the mountain demon through the rush of the boughs of the patriarchal forest. Or, out of their depths piteous cries of anguish, that seem to come from the buried family, strike his ears, and his soul is smitten with dread and he hastens, downcast and oppressed, away from the unhappy spot.

In modern days many travelers, drawn by curiosity, come every year through the mountain pass to visit the scene where the frightful tragedy took place. "And this," said the landlord, "induced me to build my inn just on the spot where Hans' and Rosel's log hut stood."

So concluded the story-teller; he then lighted his pipe and beside the warm fire was soon lost once more in dreamy musings.

But the travelers talked long about the strange story they had just now listened to. There was a lively discussion over the question, What actually constitutes true happiness? and how it is that men can never for a long time endure a uniform condition of prosperity, but are always longing for the untried, which forever glimmers like an ignis fatuus in their uneasy thoughts.

And then the professor promised to write out and publish the marvelous tale they had been told.



SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

By Isabel Ambler Gilman.

I stood at morn by the sea of Life
And the unknown waters scanned
In vain endeavor to find some trace
Of the mystic, future land.
Oh, the morning sun was dazzling bright,
My heart all quivering with delight,
And the fleecy clouds appeared to me
As emblems of possibility.

I stand 'mong the evening shadows now,—
Have sailed o'er Life's stormy sea
And followed the beckoning hand of fate
To the shore of Eternity.
The evening sun has a richer glow
But my heart is tired, its beat is slow,
And the clouds around the setting sun
Tell of the struggles I've lost and won.

MY PLAYMATE.

Mrs. W. V. Tompkins.

Last night Death passed me in the crowd.
I felt his presence chill my breath.
I dared not turn lest I should meet
The face of Death!

I fear him not when I can see
And feel his presence, yet I know
Some day his eyes must fall on me,
He seeks me so.

Ah, 'tis a ghastly game we play,
Old Death and I—yet care I not,
'Twould be to him a weary game,
If he forgot.

Can Death forget? I do not know.
He grows so stupid in his play.
It may be that he careless grows,
With closing day.

Last night he passed me in the crowd.
I felt his presence chill my breath.
I dared not turn lest I should meet
The face of Death.

NECROLOGY

AARON L. MELLOWS.

Aaron L. Mellows, born in New Durham, January 1, 1821, died at Newmarket, February 19, 1904.

He was the son of Samuel and Patience (Leighton) Mellows, and was educated in the common schools and at Strafford, Pittsfield, and Pembroke academies. At the age of eighteen years he commenced teaching, and made that his main vocation for fifteen years.

He resided for some years at Alton, where he served as selectman and superintending school committee. Taking up the study of the law, he pursued the same at Pittsfield, Portsmouth, and Newmarket, and upon being admitted to the bar in 1862 settled in practice in Newmarket, where he ever after continued.

He was an active Democrat in politics, and took a strong interest in public affairs, serving as town clerk, selectman, school committee, representative, and delegate to the constitutional convention of 1889.

He had long been a member of the Masonic fraternity, and was the oldest past master of Rising Star lodge of Newmarket.

Mr. Mellows was married in 1847 to Lucretia F. Adams, who died in 1850. August 27, 1865, he married Harriet A. James of Deerfield, and by this marriage has one son, Carl P. Mellows of Manchester. His widow survives him.

FREDERIC J. FOSS.

Frederic J. Foss, who died at his residence in Malden, Mass., February 26, was a native of the town of Strafford, born October 25, 1827.

He was educated at Barrington academy, and went to Boston in early life, where he engaged in business. He was appointed general agent and manager of the Berkshire Life Insurance company in Boston, in 1853, and continued in such position through life,—a period of over half a century,—being the oldest insurance agent in New England.

He was active and prominent in Masonry, and a public-spirited citizen of Malden, wherein he had his residence for many years.

COL. THOMAS COGSWELL.

Col. Thomas Cogswell, one of the best known citizens of New Hampshire, died at his residence on the old Cogswell homestead, in the town of Gilmanton, February 15, 1904.

Colonel Cogswell was born on the farm where he died, February 8, 1841, being the son of Hon. Thomas Cogswell, long a leading citizen of Belknap county, and a grand nephew of Col. Thomas Cogswell and Gen. Joseph Badger, original settlers of Gilmanton, whose two adjacent estates were united in the ownership of Hon. Thomas Cogswell to constitute the present Cogswell farm.

Colonel Cogswell was educated at Gilmanton academy and Dartmouth college, being a member of the class of 1862. He enlisted in the Fifteenth New Hampshire regiment, and served during the regimental term of service as first lieutenant and captain of Company A. Returning home, after recuperating his health, he studied law with Stevens & Vaughan of Laconia and at the Harvard Law school, and was admitted to the bar at Laconia in September, 1866, commencing practice at Gilmanton Iron Works. In 1868, upon the death of his father, he succeeded to the proprietorship of the homestead farm, where he resided through life, managing the farm and continuing his law practice.

In politics Colonel Cogswell was an active Democrat. He took a strong interest in public affairs, serving as school committee, selectman, and representative. He was member of the staff of Gov. James A. Weston in 1871, and a member of the state senate in 1878. In 1886 he was the Democratic candidate for governor of New Hampshire, and was defeated by a slender vote. In April, 1893, he was appointed a member of the state board of railroad commissioners, serving until July of the following year, when he was appointed United States pension agent at Concord, holding this position until the appointment of the present incumbent by President McKinley.

Colonel Cogswell was a prominent Grand Army man, a member of the Masonic fraternity, and a Patron of Husbandry, and was extremely popular with his associates in all these organizations, as he was among his townsmen and the people of the state at large.

He was twice married, and leaves a widow, two sons, and a daughter.

DR. TRUE M. GOULD.

Dr. True M. Gould, who died in Raymond, February 15, last, had been a successful practising physician in that town for almost fifty years. He was a native of the town of Newton, born July 4, 1831. He graduated from the Dartmouth Medical college in 1854, and settled in Raymond the following year, where he continued through life. As a surgeon he was specially skilful. He was active in public affairs, serving eighteen years as postmaster, and in various other responsible positions. Politically he was a Republican, and in religious associations a Congregationalist. He was also active in Masonry and Odd Fellowship.

CHARLES E. JACKSON.

Charles Edwin Jackson, born in Cornish, July 19, 1827, died in that town, February 10, 1904.

He was a son of the late Hon. Eleazer and Lois (Corbin) Jackson. He was educated in the public schools and at Kimball Union academy, and succeeded his father in the proprietorship and management of the ancestral farm. He was a successful agriculturist, and was largely instrumental in the establishment and maintenance of the Cornish creamery. Politically he was an earnest and active Democrat, and his personal popularity was such that although Cornish has always been a strongly Republican town, he served nine years on the board of selectmen and represented the town in the legislature of 1887. He was an active member of Cheshire lodge, A. F. & A. M., of Cornish Flat.

October 8, 1855, he married Miss Judith C. Bryant of Cornish, who survives him, with two married daughters.

URIEL L. COMINGS.

Uriel L. Comings, born in Cornish, February 26, 1829, died at Windsor, Vt., 1904.

Mr. Comings was doorkeeper of the New Hampshire house of representatives during four sessions from 1860, was in the railway mail service fifteen years from 1867, and served two terms as postmaster at Windsor, Vt. He is survived by a widow and two daughters.

JOHN LANGDON COX.

John Langdon Cox, a native of the town of Holderness, born June 7, 1835, died at Richmond, Kan., December 7, 1903.

He had been several years engaged in the upholstery business in Manchester, but went West in 1870, engaging first in farming at Cedar Vale, Kansas. He was treasurer of Chautauqua county in 1888. Subsequently he removed to the western part of the state, where he carried on a cattle ranch, and also served two terms in the legislature.

WARD PARKER.

Ward Parker, born in Windham, September 20, 1819, died in Merrimack, February 16, 1904.

Mr. Parker engaged in brick manufacturing in Bedford in early life, but in 1850 bought a farm in Merrimack and engaged in stock raising, being a prominent exhibitor at fairs throughout New England. He was a pioneer in the Grange movement and the first master of Thornton grange. He was a Republican in politics, and served many years on the board of selectmen. He was also a representative in the legislature, and a delegate in the constitutional convention of 1876.

ORANGE S. BROWN.

Orange S. Brown, agent of the Salmon Falls Manufacturing company of Rolinsford, died in that town January 30, 1904.

He was a native of Rhode Island, born in Tiverton, February 27, 1837. When he was a young man he commenced work in cotton manufacturing at Whitinsville, Mass., going thence to Great Falls, where he was for several years superintendent of the mills of the Great Falls Manufacturing company. In July, 1875, he became agent of the Salmon Falls company, continuing through life.

He was a public-spirited citizen, and a member of St. Paul commandery, K. T., of Dover.

COL. WALTER S. SCRUTON.

Walter S. Scruton, born in Rochester, January 26, 1865, died in that city, February 4, 1904.

He was educated at the public schools and at Dartmouth college, graduating from the latter in 1887. After graduation he went to Hillsborough Bridge as principal of the high school, in which position he continued two years, resigning to engage in the drug business in that village, removing a few years later to Rochester, where he continued the same business.

He represented Hillsborough in the legislature of 1897, and was also a member of the staff of Governor John B. Smith.

18-9-11



NEW HAMPSHIRE STATTE NORMAL SCHOOL, PLYMOUTH.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXXVI.

APRIL, 1904.

No. 4.



Photo. Wade & White.

Mt. Prospect.

PLYMOUTH, THE GATEWAY OF THE MOUNTAINS.

By Henry H. Metcalf.

New Hampshire has long been known as "The Switzerland of America." For generations past the lover of the beautiful in nature, the health-hunter, and the pleasure-seeker, in other sections of the country and in the crowded cities of the land, have turned their attention hither during the summer months or vacation period of the year in constantly increasing numbers till, in the later years, there has been hardly a town within the limits of the state that has not been the temporary abiding place of individuals and families from abroad, who have sought and found therein recuperation for their exhausted energies, health, vigor, and inspiration for the work of life in their respective fields of every-day effort.

But, while there is no considerable section of the state which is not favored with its own peculiar natural

charms, it is in what is generally known as the lake and mountain region, lying mainly north of the Capital City, that nature's charms are most profusely presented.

It is the purpose of the writer, in the limited space accorded this article with its accompanying illustrations, to call the reader's attention to one of our New Hampshire towns, which, if not without a peer, certainly has no superior in the state when its location and natural charms are considered in connection with its social, educational, industrial, and general business advantages, whether it be with reference to a summer abode for health, recreation or pleasure, or a permanent abiding place for the man still in active life or him who seeks retirement therefrom. Such is the town of Plymouth, in the county of Grafton, which has divided with Haverhill

for more than a century past the honors of the county seat, and has been the home of a thrifty, industrious, intelligent, and patriotic people, into whose midst there have come, during the last half of this period especially, hundreds and thousands of visitors in the summer time, some for a brief stay and others for a protracted sojourn, who have recognized and appreciated the attractions of the place, beautiful in its surroundings, and its outlook commanding broad stretches of interval, picturesque hillsides, and grand old mountains, and who have found also the advantages which go with cultured, intelligent, and prosperous citizenship.

No purpose is entertained of presenting here even an outline of the settlement, growth, and development of this typical New England town; but those who desire to follow the same in accurate detail, from the grant by Gov. Benning Wentworth in 1763 to the present day, through the various stages of progress from the scattered log cabins and the primitive furnishings, implements, and methods of the early settlers to the comfortable, elegant, and finely furnished homes, wide, shaded streets, well appointed stores and offices, fine public buildings, and fruitful surrounding farms which now are noted, will soon have the opportunity of so doing, since a carefully compiled history of the town, the work upon which was commenced by the late Rev. Moses T. Runnells and has been completed by the Hon. Ezra S. Stearns, late secretary of state, both of whose names are a guaranty of accuracy and care, has been completed for the press and will soon be issued. Nor is it improper to say in this connection that not only the people of Plymouth but all those interested in New Hampshire local history, either in or out of the state, are to be congratulated that the record of a town, whose history is replete with so much that appeals to family, local, and pub-

lic pride, whose citizenship has furnished so many examples of devotion to patriotism and humanity, has been prepared by those so eminently qualified for the work.

Situated something more than fifty miles above Concord and fifteen or twenty northwest from Lake Winnepiseogee, at the point where the historic Baker's river joins the Pemigewasset, Plymouth occupies the very gateway to the great mountain region of the state; the one valley, romantically beautiful, leading up to grand old Moosilauke; the other, over meadows broader and more charming if possible, up through the narrow defiles and under the frowning cliffs of the famous "Notch" into the heart of the Franconias. In the earlier days of "mountain travel," and even long before, the town was a great stage center and the seat of an extensive trade; but it was the construction of the Boston, Concord & Montreal railroad, reaching this place in 1850, that brought new life and increased importance, and gave the town the commanding position among the summer resorts of the state which it held for a long series of years and retains in a large measure up to the present time, though the extension of the line to the Connecticut valley, and up the Ammonoosuc to Littleton, and later to Fabyan's at the foot of the Presidential range, as well as Lancaster and Jefferson, and the subsequent construction of the Pemigewasset valley line to North Woodstock, have opened up to ready access other attractive regions which have become the resort of thousands of people through the summer season and will be visited by ever increasing thousands in the years to come.

Nearly simultaneous with the completion of the railroad to Plymouth came the construction of the capacious and widely famous hostelry known as the Pemigewasset house, an enterprise projected and carried out by the railroad company. And

right here it may properly be said that no agency ever accomplished more for the development of the resources and the promotion of the prosperity of the state than the old Boston, Concord & Montreal railroad corporation, especially during the long period when its affairs were under the management of John E. Lyon of Boston, president, and Joseph A. Dodge, superintendent, with its office headquarters in Plymouth, where Mr. Dodge long had his home and was a familiar figure in the business circles of the town.

A large and imposing structure,

ing place. Electric lights, a fine water works system, concrete sidewalks, and other modern advantages enhance the comfort of the people and the business facilities of the place, with well appointed stores and shops in every line of trade, are surpassed in none and equaled in few New England villages of its size. There are several substantial brick blocks occupied by stores and offices, the largest of which also contains a fine opera house, in which most public entertainments are given.

In the two hundred or more dwellings embraced in the village, among



Pemigewasset House.

with accommodations for several hundred guests, the Pemigewasset house forms a commanding centerpiece for the village, which is located mainly on the hillside to the west of the railroad and is generously laid out, with wide streets, now finely shaded, the main street, on the central section of which the business portion of the village is located, running nearly parallel with the railroad and the river. Splendid scenic views are had from almost every point in the village, embodying river and interval, field and forest, hillside and mountain top, making it, as has been said, not only attractive as a summer resort but also as a permanent abid-

which are many elegant homes, reside the larger portion of the two thousand inhabitants of the town (1,972 by the census of 1900), though in the sixteen thousand acres of the town's area are included many fine farms, whereon agriculture is pursued with success. In its church privileges and educational advantages, Plymouth stands well to the front. Indeed, so far as the latter are concerned, it is surpassed by no town in the state, the fine town system of schools including a high school for which a spacious brick building is just being completed at a cost of \$40,000, being supplemented by the state normal school, here located (which, by the



Congregational Church.

way, has charge of the graded schools of the village, conducting them as model schools), while the famous Holderness Episcopal School for Boys lies just across the river, in ready access.

As in most New England towns, the first church established in Plymouth was the Congregational, its services, as elsewhere, being supported by the town. The Plymouth Congregational church was organized in fact by some of the early settlers, April 16, 1764, before leaving their former homes in the town of Hollis, and the first pastor, the Rev. Nathan Ward, secured. He accompanied them to their settlement in the wilderness, preaching his first sermon for them in the cabin of Col. David Webster, on the present site of the Pemigewasset house, May 19 of that year, but was not installed until July 10 of the year following, 1765. In 1767, the first church, of logs, was erected at the foot of Ward's Hill, though not fully completed for some three years. This was the first church built in the state to the north or west of Boscawen, and it is noted that at this time the population of the

town had reached 227, the town then including a large territory now embraced in other towns since constituted. A new frame church on Ward's Hill, of larger proportions, was commenced in 1787, demanded by the increased population, then exceeding 500, but it was a number of



Rev. F. G. Clark.

years before it was completed and paid for. In 1836 the present house of worship on Main street was erected, though the church on the hill was occupied for town purposes for some thirty years afterward. A chapel, or vestry, was built in 1851. In 1868 extensive repairs were made to the church. In 1893-'94 it was remodeled and improved and a new chapel constructed, at a total expense of about \$11,000.

Between the pastorates of Rev. Nathan Ward, who served for more than thirty years, and that of Rev. Frank G. Clark, which has just been terminated by resignation on account of ill health, the church enjoyed the services of a dozen different pastors, some of them among the noted clergymen of the denomination. There is a present church member-

ship of 135, with a Sunday-school of about 250 members and an average attendance of about 175.

Mr. Clark's pastorate covered a period of fourteen years, during which he has done earnest and faithful work for the church and the community. Mr. Clark is a native of the town of Lyndeborough, born February 2, 1838. He fitted for college at Appleton academy, Mont Vernon, and graduated from Amherst in 1862. After graduation he engaged in teaching, and was for five years principal of Fracestown academy. Taking up the study for the ministry,



Methodist Church.

he completed a special course at Andover seminary in 1869. He was ordained at Fracestown; served as city missionary at Manchester from 1869 till 1873; was settled at Rindge five years and nine at Gloucester, Mass., coming to Plymouth, April 1, 1890. He has been prominent in church work outside his local duties,

serving for many years as an officer and member of the executive committee of the Home Missionary society, and is the present president of the Central N. H. Congregational club. He married, August 11, 1864, Miss Charlotte McCoy of Peterborough. They have traveled extensively in this country and Europe, and now take up their residence in Wellesley, Mass.

As early as 1807 Methodism began to get a hold in this region, the first preaching being by Rev. Elijah Hedding, who was placed over a circuit including Plymouth, Holderness, Bridgewater, Rumney, Thornton, and Groton. A meeting-house was built at West Plymouth in 1823, but no church was organized until 1830. The first preaching in the village was in a hall in 1831. Two years later a small wooden church structure was built on the present site of Mason's block, which was subsequently twice enlarged, the last time in 1857, when Rev. E. R. Wilkins, present chaplain of the New Hampshire state prison, was the pastor. In 1872 the present spacious and well appointed house of



Rev. Robert T. Wolcott.

worship was erected at a cost of \$20,000, including site and furnishings. About forty different pastors have been stationed over the Methodist church in Plymouth, the present



Universalist Church.
Photo. Wade & White.

incumbent being Rev. Robert T. Wolcott, who has just entered upon his third year of devoted service here. The present church membership is 209, and the Sunday-school numbers 160.

Rev. Robert T. Wolcott is a native of Cherry Valley (Leicester), Mass., a son of Loron and Mary A. B. Woodworth, born March 18, 1858. He was educated in the Leicester public schools and Phillips Exeter academy, graduating from the latter in 1883. He pursued a special course at Wesleyan university in 1883-'84, and graduated from the theological department of Boston university in 1887. He was ordained deacon in 1888 and elder in 1890. He has been connected with the New Hampshire conference during his ministry and has served the churches at Contoocook, Sunapee, Bristol, Lancaster, Woodsville, Suncook, and Plymouth.

August 17, 1887, he married Alice M. Walton of Exeter. They have one son, Robert H., born May 31, 1888. Mr. Wolcott is an Odd Fellow and a Royal Arch Mason.

The Universalist church in Plymouth is a comparatively recent institution, although it has experienced varying fortunes during its existence. The first movement in the direction of organized Universalism here was in the summer of 1879, when a prominent clergyman of the denomination, Rev. T. E. St. John, who was spending his vacation in the place, conducted services and effected a parish organization, worship being held in the court house. The first settled pastor was Rev. Q. H. Shinn, who came in 1881 and earnestly set about the work of building up a society and securing the erection of a church edifice, a tasty little brick structure, which was completed and dedicated in 1884, and a church organization



Rev. B. C. Ruggles.

effected at the same time. Mr. Shinn soon after resigned and was followed for about a year by Rev. F. W. Betts, now of Syracuse, N. Y. There was then an interregnum of

two years, when Rev. Thomas Stratton came, remaining five years, and was followed for a short time by Rev. N. E. Spicer. The parish was then without a pastor for several years and in dormant condition till the summer of 1902, when the present pastor, Rev. Bernard C. Ruggles, then a theological student, came here during vacation and revived services. Such was his success that he was called last summer to the pastorate and by zealous effort and the hearty co-operation of a few faithful workers has brought the society into flourishing condition, with an average church attendance of about one hundred and a promising Sunday-school.

Mr. Ruggles is a native of Fremont, Neb., born May 24, 1879, but grew up in California, having removed in childhood to Santa Paula in that state. It was largely through the influence of Rev. E. L. Conger, D. D., formerly pastor of the Universalist church at Concord, now of Pasadena, Cal., that his mind was directed toward the ministry. He was educated at St. Lawrence university, Canton, N. Y., graduating from the theological department last June. In October last he was united in marriage with Miss Katherine Wilder of Peterborough. He is a member of the Phi Sigma Kappa society. His heart is in his work and his enthusiasm unlimited.

A Baptist church, across the river in Holderness, has accommodated Plymouth people of that faith with the opportunity for public worship for many years, though at present without regular services. Those of the Protestant Episcopal faith, of whom there are quite a number, are also convenience by the services at the Holy Cross chapel, in connection with the Holderness School for Boys.

As has been stated, the educational advantages enjoyed in this town are exceptionally good. The public schools are all embraced in the town district and under the control of a school board of three members, John

Keniston, Dr. Haven Palmer, and Hon. Alvin Burleigh constituting the present membership. There are six schools in outlying districts besides the graded schools of the village, which latter are conducted as training schools in connection with the state normal school. The high school, which is now conducted independently and is soon to occupy its spacious new building, ranks in the list of the approved preparatory schools of the



Holy Cross Chapel.

state. From the last annual report of the school board, it appears that four hundred pupils attended the public schools last year; that there was but one of school age not attending; and none in town, between 14 and 21, unable to read and write.

The New Hampshire state normal school, whose location here has given the town its special prominence in the educational world, was established by act of the legislature of 1870, and began its first term in March, 1871. The present buildings were erected in 1890-'91, and include a large and elegant school building and a spacious and finely appointed boarding hall, both conveniently and commandingly located. The furnishings, apparatus, and appliances are first class, and the present teaching force meets the highest requirement for thorough work, so that the institution ranks today among the best of the kind in the

country. Since the school was established, though not receiving the support to which it has been entitled, it has sent out between 700 and 800 graduates, who have together exercised a strong influence in elevating our educational standard.

The present principal of the school, James E. Klock, is recognized as one of the most thoroughly equipped, practical, and progressive educators

tion, and coming from there to Plymouth to take charge of the Normal school in 1900. He has taken an active interest in the general educational work of the state since his location here, and is now president of the N. H. State Teachers' association. Dartmouth college conferred upon him the honorary degree of A. M. last June. He married Margaret Louise Roberts of Dodgeville, Wis.,



Principal James E. Klock.

in his line in the country. Mr. Klock was born in Java, N. Y., March 27, 1855. He went West with his parents in early childhood, residing first in Iowa and subsequently in Kansas. He graduated at the Kansas state normal school at Emporia; became superintendent of schools for Lyon county in that state; was, later, principal of the high school at Emporia, and afterward superintendent of the city schools, going to Leavenworth in 1890 as superintendent of schools for that city, which position he held till 1896, when he went to Helena, Montana, to occupy a similar posi-

tion in June, 1880. They have had seven children, six of whom, four daughters and two sons, are now living, all at home.

Plymouth, having so long been a "shire town" and seat of the courts, has been an important legal center. Lawyers of ability have been heard at the bar and many have had their homes in town. It is a matter of history that Daniel Webster made his first formal argument here in 1805, and the old court house in which it was made having been superseded and put to various vulgar uses, was rehabilitated some years ago through



HON. JOSEPH BURROWS.

the efforts of the Young Ladies' Library association and removed to a fine site on Court street, in the rear of the present fine new brick court house, erected in 1890, where it has since been used for library purposes. Of the many noted criminal cases tried in this town, the latest, and the most prominent in recent years, was that of the State v. Frank C. Almy, for the murder of Christie Warden at Hanover, resulting in the respondent's conviction.



County Court House.

Among the more prominent lawyers located in Plymouth have been John Porter, the first in practice, who settled in 1784; Phineas Walker; Samuel C. Webster, who was speaker of the house of representatives in 1830; Nathaniel P. Rogers, the noted anti-slavery orator and writer, and a man of brilliant attainments; William C. Thompson; William Leveritt; Joseph Burrows; and Henry W. Blair. Ralph Metcalf, Napoleon B. Bryant, and Ellery A. Hibbard were also settled here for short periods.

No Plymouth lawyer ever attained

a higher reputation for sound legal learning, skill, and judgment, and conscientious devotion to the demands of his profession than the Hon. Joseph Burrows, who was settled here for a period of twenty-five years. Mr. Burrows was a native of the state of Maine, born in Lebanon, August 26, 1813. His early life was spent on a farm and his school privileges were limited, but he secured a thorough preparatory education by private study, receiving instruction from Rev. James Weston, a brother of Chief Justice Weston of the Maine supreme court, and pursued the study of law with Josiah Dearborn, Esq., of Effingham, in this state, completing the same at the Harvard law school. He was admitted to the bar in 1834, and commenced practice in the town of Holderness, removing thence in 1858 to Plymouth, where he continued until his death, April 3, 1883. His professional life covered a period of nearly fifty years, and the court dockets and the N. H. reports show it to have been one of industry and application. His name was associated with many important legal trials, and through his legal learning, ability, and zeal he contributed in large measure in making the history of an honorable profession during this long period. He was endowed with a sound legal mind and practical sense, and was a valuable counselor in office practice, as well as in the management of jury trials. His preparation of causes was unusually painstaking and thorough, and his zeal and confidence in the cause of a client of the most positive kind. His arguments to the jury were candid, forcible, convincing, and effective; yet more than in any other direction he is reputed to have excelled in equity procedure. Mr. Burrows, being of a kind, generous, and charitable disposition, was ever ready to extend a helping hand to the younger members of the bar, as well as to the struggling student, and there are many now in the profession who owe



Hon. Alvin Burleigh.

much of their success to his encouraging words and financial help.

In politics Mr. Burrows was one of the most stalwart defenders of the Democratic party, and he was called upon to fill many positions of trust and responsibility. He represented the town of Plymouth five terms in the General Court; was a member of the constitutional convention of 1876; and represented the fifth district two terms in the executive council. He was for some years up to the time of his death a trustee of the N. H. Asylum for the Insane. He was a member of the N. H. Historical society, and received the honorary degree of A. M. from Dartmouth college in 1874. His name was honorably mentioned in connection with the governorship and the supreme bench.

Mr. Burrows married Elizabeth Dearborn of Effingham in 1839. Six

children were born to them—Joseph M., Harrison G., Clara Melvin, Daniel W., Catherine St. Clair Clark, and Francis Pitt. All but the two latter are now living, Joseph M. and Daniel W. being in business in Chicago, and Harrison G. in Fall River, Mass., while Clara Melvin has been occupied in travel for some years past. Mr. Burrows' widow survived him but a short time, and the remains of both now repose in the Episcopal cemetery, their resting place marked by a monument erected by the surviving children.

The leading law firm in Plymouth at the present time, doing most of the business in this section of the country, is that of Burleigh & Adams. Both members, Hon. Alvin Burleigh and Gen. George H. Adams, are lawyers of ability and men of prominence in public life. Mr. Burleigh is a na-



Gen. George H. Adams.

tive of Plymouth, born December 19, 1842. He served in the Fifteenth N. H. regiment in the war for the Union; graduated from Dartmouth in 1871; was admitted to the bar in 1874; and has since been in successful practice in Plymouth. He has been active in public affairs, and was speaker of the N. H. house of representatives in 1887. General Adams was born in Campton, May 15, 1851. He graduated at Dartmouth in 1873; was admitted to the bar in 1876; and represented Campton in the state constitutional convention the same year. Locating in practice at Plymouth, he represented the town in the legislature of 1883; was appointed deputy collector of internal revenue in 1890; judge advocate general on the staff of Gov. John B. Smith in 1891; and was senator from the fourth district in 1894. He is now strongly supported for another election the coming fall. Messrs. Burleigh and

Adams are prominent in the social and business life of the community, in educational and fraternal affairs, and are leading supporters of the M. E. church.

Probably the ablest lawyer born in Plymouth is the Hon. Alfred Russell of Detroit. He is a son of the late William Wallace and Susan Carleton (Webster) Russell, born March 18, 1830. He came of patriotic stock on both sides, his paternal great-grandfather having been an officer in the Colonial army, who lost his life at the siege of Fort William Henry, and his maternal great-grandfather (Col. David Webster) commanded the Fourteenth N. H. regiment in the battle of Saratoga. He was educated at Holmes academy, Plymouth (a famous institution in its day), Gilmanton and Kimball Union academies, and at Dartmouth college, graduating from the latter second in the class of 1850. Making choice of

the legal profession, he commenced study in the office of William C. Thompson, in his native town, a son of Thomas W. Thompson, the preceptor of Daniel Webster, continuing at the Harvard law school, from which he graduated in 1852. In October of that year he was admitted to the bar, and in November removed to Detroit, where he has since

another he declined an offer of membership in the Inter state Commerce commission. In 1880, and again in 1889, he was strongly supported for appointment to the bench of the U. S. supreme court. When but twenty-eight years of age he was admitted to the bar of the latter court, and has been heard in numerous important cases before that tribunal, many of



Hon. Alfred Russell.

resided. In the year following he formed a partnership with Judge Charles I. Walker and his brother, which continued until 1861, when, at the age of thirty-one, he was appointed United States district attorney for Michigan, continuing under Johnson and Grant, which is the only office he ever held, although under one administration,—that of Mr. Hayes,—he was offered and declined the German mission, and under

which are often cited. In politics he has always been an earnest Republican. Young though he was, he was an associate with Austin Blair, Zachariah Chandler, Jacob M. Howard, and others, in organizing the Republican party, "under the oaks at Jackson," in 1854; was president of the Michigan Republican club in the Fremont and subsequent campaigns; and has often been heard effectively on the stump. In religion he is a

devoted member of St. Paul's Episcopal church. He has been an earnest student in literature as well as law. He is a member of the Michigan Historical society, of the Sons of the American Revolution, president of the Michigan Political Science association, and prominently identified with numerous other organizations. He has given many notable occasional addresses, including the commencement address at Dartmouth in 1878, and the annual address before the American Bar association in 1891.



Dr. Haven Palmer.

October 28, 1857, he was married to Mrs. Ellen P. England (born Wells) of St. Albans, Vt., an authoress of repute as well as a leader in society and in charitable work, who died March 8, 1902. They had three daughters, all of whom are gifted with marked talent.

From its early history, in the days of Dr. John Rogers until the present time, Plymouth has not been without experienced and skilful physicians. The most prominent representative of the medical profession now in active life here is Dr. Haven

Palmer, a native of Jefferson, son of Lewis J. and Susan H. (Summers) Palmer, born September 19, 1843. He was educated at Lancaster academy and Bowdoin Medical college, graduating from the latter in 1871. He practised for a time in Wentworth and, later, in Haverhill, but settled in Meredith in 1874, where he was nine years in successful practice, removing in 1883 to Plymouth, where he has since remained, gaining a wide reputation as a successful practitioner. His interest has extended outside his profession and in educational work he has been especially active. He was a member of the school board five years, and superintendent of schools in Meredith, and is now serving a third term as a member of the board in Plymouth. For several years past he has been a member of the board of examining surgeons for his district. He is a member of Olive Branch lodge, A. F. & A. M., of Plymouth, and a communicant of the Episcopal church, attending at the Chapel of the Holy Cross, Holderness. He married July 1, 1853, Miss Lucy J. Ellis of Lancaster. They have three children, Bessie F., who pursued a normal art course at Pratt institute, Brooklyn, and is now teaching art in Hartford, Conn.; Harold H., a graduate of the Plymouth high school, class of 1903; and Doris, a grammar school student.

For quite a period of years preceding and subsequent to the War of the Rebellion, the manufacture of gloves was the leading industry in Plymouth. Indeed the famous "Plymouth Buck Gloves" had an established reputation in all parts of the country and beyond its borders. After a time, however, from various causes, there came a decline, and for some years past very little has been done in this line. The last firm to be extensively engaged in glove-making here was that of Draper & Maynard (Jason F. Draper and John F. Maynard), but this firm, now merged in the Draper & Maynard company, in which Mr.

*Photo. Wade & White.*

Residence of J. F. Draper.

Maynard is now president, Mr. Draper, manager, and H. S. Huckins, treasurer, gradually worked out of the business and for the past few years the company has been developing and building up a business in the

*Photo. Wade & White.*
O. M.—14

Manufactory of the Draper & Maynard Co.



Photo. Wade & White.

Residence of John F. Maynard.

manufacture of sporting goods in various lines till they now have one of the leading industries in northern New Hampshire and which is steadily on the increase. They produce baseball and football uniforms and most of the various appliances and furnishings required in all the popular outdoor and indoor sports, in which the young people of America and the world at large now so generally indulge. The capital of the company is \$100,000, and in its extensive factory on Main street, toward the north end of the village, about 125 hands of both sexes are constantly employed. Their total annual business now amounts to from \$250,000 to \$300,000 and is an important factor in the prosperity of the town. Although intensely devoted to their business, Messrs. Draper and Maynard are public-spirited citizens, thoroughly alive to the best interests of the community.

The second leading industry of this town is the extensive lumber business

of W. G. & I. H. Chase, whose steam mill is located near the railroad, a short distance below the station, and in and around which they have some seventy men employed. These brothers, Warren G. and Irving H. are natives of Campton and sons of the late Hanson S. Chase, who was himself a lumber operator. They have been prominent, public-spirited citizens of Plymouth for a quarter of a century, supporters of all good works, and are actively identified with the Universalist society. For some years they were engaged in mercantile business but have been lumbering since 1882, operating first for a number of years in Campton, but mainly in Plymouth since 1897. They have also a mill at North Thetford, Vt. and one in Wentworth. Their total annual product is about 6,000,000 feet, of which 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 is cut out at the Plymouth mill, to which it is brought in the log by rail. Aside from the lumber business they also deal extensively in wood and bark.



Granite Lodge.

Summer Residence of Charles H. Cummings, Spindle Point, Lake Winnepiseogee.

One does not have to seek the seashore to find fine estates, with extensive water frontage, for the shores of many of our inland lakes afford beautiful locations without number. The attention of the traveler, when passing The Weirs, along the shores of Lake Winnepiseogee, is always attracted, in looking across its waters to the opposite shore, to a stone tower, which is 50 feet high and 12 feet in diameter at the base. The tower was built in 1892 by Charles H. Cummings, a native of Plymouth, who is the owner of Spindle Point farm, an estate of three hundred and fifty acres.

Mr. Cummings, like the characteristic New England boy, after receiving the advantages afforded by the village schools, started out to win his way in the world. Railroading was his ambition and with the Fitchburg railroad he obtained, in a subordinate position, his first practical experience. Next he was in the service of the Boston & Maine railroad, and subsequently in that of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railroad at

Chicago, Ill. Transferring his allegiance to the New Jersey Central, he remained with that road until he entered the service of the Lehigh Valley railroad as passenger conductor, finally becoming general eastern agent with headquarters in New York City, from which position he retired in 1887.

Later he was for twelve years engaged in the coal business as an active partner of the firm of J. A. Bradford & Co., of Boston, Mass. Mr. Cummings was also prominent as one of the successful owners and builders of the Port Chester street electric railroad in Connecticut. Since 1889 he has not been engaged in active business.

Mr. Cummings has in past years been an extensive traveler, having included in his journeying not only comprehensive tours of the United States, including Alaska as well as Mexico, but he has also made several visits to Europe and traveled widely therein, while his last foreign trip covered Japan, India, and China.

*Photo. Wade & White.*

Residence of E. J. Foster.

Another important manufacturing interest, here located, is the extensive peg and bobbin manufactory of J. R. Foster, as the firm name goes, though operated by E. J. and G. R. Foster, sons of the former, who established the business here in 1898 coming from Shelburne Falls, N. Y., where J. R. Foster, a veteran peg manufacturer of wide experience, now resides. This establishment, which is located just above the vii-

*Photo. Wade & White.*

The J. R. Foster Peg and Bobbin Mill.

lage at the junction of the Baker river with the Pemigewasset, is one of the few mills in the country now manufacturing the old wooden split peg, the market for which is found almost entirely in Europe and mainly in Germany. The daily output is about 300 bushels. Of bobbins (which branch of the business has recently been added), about 15,000 daily is the product. About fifty hands altogether are employed by the firm.

Moor Russell was a leading man of his day and active in public as well as business life, holding various offices of honor and trust, among which was that of state senator, to which he was six times elected. It was in 1822 also that he, with his sons, David and William W., built the first half of the brick block on Main street in which the business is now conducted and here these sons continued and enlarged the business, which came to



Webster, Russell & Co. Block.

The oldest, most extensive, and widely known mercantile enterprise in Plymouth is that conducted in the old familiar name of Webster, Russell & Co., but of which Maj. Frank W. Russell is now and has been for some time past the sole proprietor. This enterprise had its inception as long ago as 1798, when the Hon. Moor Russell, who had come to Plymouth from that part of old Londonderry now known as Litchfield, eight years previously, started a small store on what is now known as Highland street, nearly opposite the present Russell mansion, which, by the way, he himself erected in 1822.

be the most important in the line of general merchandise in the state, north of Concord.

In 1830 David Webster retired from the firm and William W. continued the business alone. Subsequently he had Henry Hutchinson as a partner for a time, and, later, James McQuesten. Still later his brother, Charles J. Russell, and Samuel Webster came in and the firm was Russells & Webster. In 1846 William W. Russell, Jr., son of William W., was taken into the partnership and the style became Russell, Webster & Co. In 1857 David J. Russell went south and all sold out to William W.



Residence of Maj. F. W. Russell.

Russell, Jr., who carried on the business a few years, when the firm of Russell, Webster & Bill was formed. Still other changes occurred, and in 1872, in which year William W. Rus-

sell died, James R. Bill sold his interest to William G. Hull, and the firm was Webster, Hull & Co. till 1875, when the present owner bought the entire interest and has since successfully continued the business.

Maj. Frank Webster Russell is the youngest of seven children (five sons and two daughters) of the late William W. Russell and Susan Carleton Webster, his mother being a daughter of Humphrey and Phoebe (Pettingill) Webster, born in the town of Salisbury. He was born June 22, 1847. received his preliminary education in Miss Gilmore's private school in Concord, Phillips Andover academy, the Boston Latin school, the Detroit high school, and the Collegiate and Commercial institute at New Haven, Conn.; entered West Point Military academy, and graduated in 1868. Following graduation he served four years in the regular army as second lieutenant in the Sixth cavalry regiment, stationed in the south and west. Resigning in June, 1872, he returned home. He served for a time as bookkeeper in the general store of which he is now proprietor.



Maj F. W. Russell.

purchasing the interest of the other members of the firm in 1875, and continuing the business alone to the present time.

Major Russell served in the New Hampshire National Guard as captain and aide-de-camp from May, 1884 till December, 1885, and as major and assistant inspector general until May, 1889, when he resigned; was captain of Co. G, and promoted to major in the First N. H. Volunteers in the U. S. service during the Spanish War in 1898, and was commissioned major in the Second infantry in the National Guard, March 7, 1899, serving five years, until the expiration of his term when he declined a reappointment, which was strongly urged.

He married October 1, 1873, Louisa Webster Hall of Plymouth. They have had eight children, five of whom are living. The eldest son, William W., is a clerk in the office of the state treasurer of Vermont; George M., a graduate of West Point, is now a second lieutenant in the 14th U. S. cavalry in the Philippines; Susan C. is a Vassar college senior; Walter H. is in the present senior and Louis W. in the sophomore class at Dartmouth.

Major Russell is prominent in Masonry, a member of Olive Branch lodge, Pemigewasset chapter, and Omega council of Plymouth, Pilgrim



Residence of Mrs. F. H. Rollins.

commandery of Laconia, the Scottish Rite bodies of Concord and Nashua, and Bethlehem chapter, O. E. S., of Plymouth. He is also an active and liberal supporter of the Congregational church.

An active factor in the business life of Plymouth for the last quarter of a century, and a widely esteemed citizen, passed away in the death of Frank Herbert Rollins, on January 16, last. Mr. Rollins was a native of Holderness (now Ashland), son of John S. Rollins, a prominent citizen, born August 11, 1853. He was educated in the public schools, at the state normal school, graduating from the same in 1872, and from Tilton seminary two years later. He went immediately to Philadelphia, where he engaged in business with his brother, Charles E., now manager of "The Argus," a leading insurance publication at Chicago. He was later engaged for several years in the wholesale grocery business in Chicago, but returned to Plymouth in 1879, and engaged in the manufacture of gloves, developing an extensive business. His health failing, he left the business in 1888 in the hands of a partner and went again to Chicago, where he served two years as special agent and adjuster for the People's Insurance company, his territory embracing six states. Returning home



The Rollins Building.



Frank H. Rollins.

he closed out his glove manufacturing business and engaged extensively in jobbing. In 1893 he erected the fine brick block on Main street, known as the "Rollins building," for stores and offices, and engaged, himself, in the furniture business. During his entire business life he was actively interested in fire insurance, representing eight leading companies and doing an extensive business. He was also active in public affairs, serving as chairman of the board of selectmen, as member of the board of water commissioners, and in other

capacities, including that of chairman of the committee to issue and place the bonds for the construction of the new high school building. Mr. Rollins was a prominent and loyal Free Mason, had passed the chairs in Olive Branch lodge, No. 16, and was a member of Pemigewasset Chapter, Omega Council of Plymouth, and St. Gerard Commandery of Littleton, N. H. October 7, 1886, he married Mary E. Ross of Bath, who survives him, with two sons, Ross Herbert and Frank Balch.

Mr. Plummer Fox, a citizen of this

town for more than forty years should be given a leading position among Plymouth's representative men. He has been interested in mercantile enterprises which were begun more than half a century ago by B. B. Dearborn. In 1861 the firm name became Mason & Fox, next



Residence of Plummer Fox.
Photo. Wade & White.



Plummer Fox.

changed to Fox & Dearborn. In 1882 Mr. Fox became sole manager, and for many years, by strict attention and application, conducted a successful business, which grew to large proportions, confined by no means to Plymouth but extending

throughout this section of the state. In 1895 the store first occupied by him was burned and the year following he built a three-story brick block on the same site, which is occupied by stores and offices. He sold out his business to George Corliss in



Photo. Wade & White.

Fox Block.



Town Hall.

Photo. Wade & White.

1898. Mr. Fox is a native of Woodstock, but came to Plymouth in 1858. For several years he served as chairman of the board of selectmen and is one of the largest real estate owners in town. He is now treasurer of the Plymouth & Campton Telephone company. During all his residence in town he has taken an active interest in local affairs and generously aids in support of all worthy objects. He was married in 1867 to Charlotte, daughter of the late Benjamin B. Dearborn. They have two children, George A. of Albany, N. Y., and Bessie of Plymouth.

The Plymouth post-office is a presidential office of the third class. It

is pleasantly and conveniently located in the largest business block on Main street, well appointed, and admirably managed. The postmaster is Walter W. Mason, a son of the late John Mason, long an active and well known citizen of the town, conspicuous in public affairs and business enterprises. He was born July 25, 1867, and educated in the public schools and the Holderness School for Boys, and has been engaged in business as an undertaker for the last fourteen years. He is popular



Walter W. Mason.



Old Daniel Webster Court House.

socially, active and prominent in Masonry, being a Knight Templar and member of the Mystic Shrine, also an Odd Fellow and Knight of Pythias. He is an earnest Republican and zealous party worker, represented the town in the legislature of 1897, and has been postmaster since April, 1899. He is unmarried.

The Pemigewasset house has been a popular summer resort for more than fifty years. Its location, aside from the beauties of the immediate scenery, makes it a favorite "half-way house" for those traveling to, or returning from, the mountains. Its



Josiah R. Elliott.

appointments, cuisine, and general management, from the days of Denison R. Burnham to the present time, have been admirable, but never better appreciated than under the present regime, with Josiah R. Elliott as manager. Mr. Elliott is a hotel man, born and bred, being a son of Jacob Elliott of Lisbon, landlord of the old Lisbon hotel, born August 25, 1853. At the age of thirteen he went to the Profile house, where he was engaged six years, and in 1872 went with his brother, Seth R., to the Flume house, assuming its management and continuing the same until about 1895, when he assumed the management of the Deer Park house at North Woodstock, leaving his brother at the Flume. For the last five years he has had charge of the Pemigewasset, retaining also the

management of the Deer Park, where are his headquarters in the summer season. There is no more popular landlord in the mountain region than Mr. Elliott, his hospitality and geniality being proverbial.

Livermore Falls.
Photo. Wade & White.



Opera House Block.

He married in 1889 Miss Lola Fish of Ohio, by whom he has three children, two girls and a boy.

Carlos M. Morse, a native of Newbury, Vt., who managed the Pemigewasset for nearly thirty years altogether with a measure of success unsurpassed in the hotel history of the state, and winning a reputation as wide as the country itself, now retired from active life, resides in the finest mansion in town, overlooking the village and commanding a magnifi-

guaranty fund has been increased to \$60,000, and there is a surplus of \$20,000. R. E. Smyth was treasurer till 1903, when he resigned and was succeeded by John E. Smith.

Five years ago a cottage hospital was established in Plymouth and has been successfully maintained, proving a great blessing in many cases of illness. Katherine Holme Balch was largely instrumental in its establishment and it is named the Emily Balch Cottage hospital, in memory of



Residence of C. M. Morse.

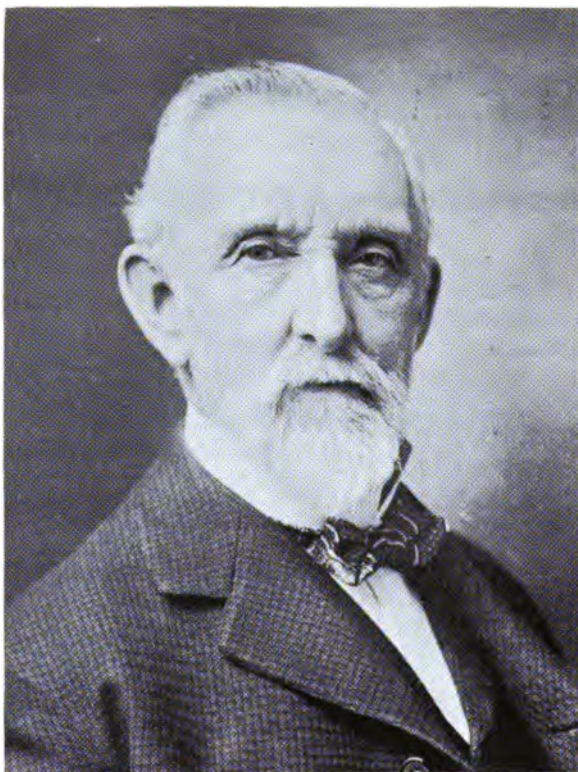
cent view, in the enjoyment of well-earned leisure.

The financial institutions of Plymouth consist of the Pemigewasset National bank and the Plymouth Guaranty Savings bank. The first was chartered in 1881 with a capital of \$75,000, of which the late Hon. Nathan H. Weeks was the first president, serving until his death, when the present incumbent, Gen. George H. Adams, was chosen. R. E. Smyth has been cashier since 1888. The deposits average \$225,000 and the net surplus and profits now equal the capital. The savings bank was chartered in 1889, with a guaranty fund of \$25,000. It has had a most prosperous career, the deposits now amounting to \$520,000, while the

her mother. Hon. Alvin Burleigh is president of the association. The expenses are met by contributions, public entertainments, etc.

The Plymouth Record, an excellent local newspaper, is here published, with spacious accommodations in the Rollins building. It was established in 1887 by T. J. Walker. Edward A. Chase has been the sole proprietor for the last two years, having been previously for several years a joint owner in the firm of Chase & Wright. A finely equipped job office is connected with the establishment. H. Bart Heath has been foreman since the paper was established.

This town is the center of the Plymouth & Campton district telephone service, which covers efficiently an



Walter M. Rogers.

extended territory in this section of the state.

The secret orders are well represented here, the Free Masons with lodge, chapter, and council, Olive Branch lodge, No. 16, being one of the oldest in the state, having recently celebrated its centennial; the Odd Fellows with lodge and encampment; while the G. A. R. and Knights of Pythias also have their organization. Plymouth grange, P. of H., is one of the most flourishing subordinate granges in the state. The Pemigewasset Woman's club, organized in 1897, has now about eighty members and is doing excellent work. The present president is Mrs. Jennie J. Webster; first vice-president, Mrs. Ruth McC. Chase; second vice-president, Mrs. Blanche M. Wentworth; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Louisa H. Russell; recording secretary, Miss

Lucy S. Brackett; treasurer, Mrs. S. Katherine Adams.

Among the sons of Plymouth who have gone out into the world of activity beyond her limits, no one cherishes a stronger love for the old town and the state at large than Walter M. Rogers, who for the last forty years has been in the employ of the Bradley Fertilizer company of Boston, in whose interest he has annually traveled through the state, visiting every town and hamlet, gaining new strength for his work and inspiration for his leisure moments with each recurring visit. Mr. Rogers was born January 1, 1830, a son of John and Nancy (Russell) Rogers, his father, a well known merchant of Plymouth and Campton, being a son of Dr. John Rogers, the first physician of the town, and his mother a daughter of the Hon. Moor Russell, the first

merchant and leading citizen. Inheriting sterling traits of character from both ancestral lines, as well as a dash of poetic fervor from the maternal side, Mr. Rogers has developed business ability of a high order, as well as the capacity to appreciate and assimilate everything in life and nature with which he comes in contact which makes for the truest manhood and the strongest patriotism. His conceptions, like those of his brilliant

uncle, the late Nathaniel Peabody Rogers, to whom reference has elsewhere been made, have been frequently embodied in verse and have commanded the admiration of many readers. A sister of Mr. Rogers, Charlotte H., it may be noted here, was the wife of the present distinguished president of Dartmouth college, Rev. William Jewett Tucker, D. D.

PLYMOUTH, N. H.

THE SWITZERLAND OF AMERICA.

By Walter M. Rogers.

Plymouth! My childhood's cherished home
 By Pemigewasset's side,
 My thoughts to thee still fondly roam
 With never failing pride.
 What though the ruthless hand of Time,
 And man's more ruthless still,
 Have swept the glories of your prime
 From homestead, vale and hill.
 Yet memory wanders, with delight,
 Amid your woods and streams,
 Where lurks the ever beckoning sprite
 Of youth's departed dreams.
 Though saddening thoughts will cluster round
 Where once our homestead stood,
 Like standing on a funeral mound
 In retrospective mood.
 While vanished joys and early loves
 Like haunting mourners stand,
 And long-stilled voices from their coves
 Reflect the shadowy band.
 Still beauty lingers 'mid decay,
 With fading glories blent.
 As round the broken vase of clay
 Will cling the roses' scent.
 I gaze enraptured on your hills
 Which compass you around
 Like sentinels, whose silence thrills,
 To guard enchanted ground.
 While northward grandeur bold and clear
 Confronts the searching eye,
 Where Pelion upon Ossa rear
 Those cloud-capped hills on high.

DANTE AND BEATRICE.

Down through the valley's peaceful glades
 The Pemigewasset flows,
 A mirror of the lights and shades
 That in its depths repose.
 Its source amid the granite walls
 Springs pure and fresh and free,
 And hastening to its destined falls,
 Commingling, seeks the sea.
 Like niche reserved for household gods
 In memory's sacred cell,
 I'll shrine thee, Plymouth, till thy sode
 Shall cover me as well.
 And thou, fair river, onward glide,
 Thou to thy course art true;
 May I, with all my human pride,
 A lesson learn from you.

DANTE AND BEATRICE.

(A MODERN VERSION.)

By Frederick Myron Colby.

The poet met her as a child
 In Florence in the long ago,—
 Dante, a boy both shy and wild,
 And Beatrice with her cheeks aglow.
 She was a spotless little maid,
 And wore, they say, a dress blood-red,—
 It was the time when roses fade,
 And bright the sun shone overhead.
 They met and loved, and never wed,
 Though years passed by and they grew old.
 For ages now they have been dead,
 Yet still their story oft is told.
 Ever that pictured scene shines fair,—
 Old Florence on that bright May-day;
 Young Dante with his flowing hair,
 And Beatrice in her garments gay.
 Ah, Kittie, when I met you first
 You were a dainty little maid.
 Do you remember old Greenhurst,
 And where I kissed you as we played?
 The dress you wore I think was red,
 Your hair was tangled, and your eyes
 Were brighter than the stars o'erhead,—
 The stars that shine in winter skies.
 I wrote some verses to you then,
 I wonder if you have them yet?
 The words leaped hotly from my pen,
 I'm sure I never shall forget.
 'Twas years ago, but bright and fair
 That vision lives, and though unweaned,
 My heart to-day 'mid cankered care
 Thrills warmly for that girl in red.

DOCTOR LANGDON (1723-1797),

OF BOSTON, PORTSMOUTH, HARVARD COLLEGE, AND HAMPTON FALLS.

A BIOGRAPHICAL TRIBUTE.

By F. B. Sanborn.

The name of Langdon has long been a household word in New Hampshire and wherever the story of the little state is known; but few can tell, even now, the history and relationships of the eminent men who have borne the name. A Langdon family appeared at Strawberry Bank before its name was changed to Portsmouth by the Massachusetts Puritans in 1653; and it is even said that Capt. Tobias Langdon was born there. If so, his father probably came in from Massachusetts, as many of the early settlers of New Hampshire did; for I conclude that Tobias, the founder of the distinguished line of Portsmouth Langdons, was related to the early Langdons of Boston, who are found there in rather humble circumstances before 1650. No immediate connection has yet been traced; but the fact that Samuel Langdon, son of a Boston master-carpenter and great-grandson of the earliest Boston Langdon, went to Portsmouth and taught the grammar school before 1742 while the sons of Capt. Tobias Langdon were still living, and continued living there for 33 years, much of the time the minister of the Captain's descendants, John and Woodbury Langdon, makes me suppose that he was attracted thither by the presence of cousins of some wealth and station. The genealogist of the Devonshire Langdons who settled in New England may be left to search out the relationship, if such exists; for the present, I assume it. For a whole generation it would have

been a distinction to the Revolutionary Langdons of Portsmouth to be reckoned cousins of the doctor of divinity who preached to them from the tall pulpit of the North church every Sunday and officiated at their baptisms, weddings and funerals.

Samuel Langdon was born at the North End in Boston, January 12th, 1723, not quite a dozen years after Governor Hutchinson was born in the same quarter, but in a larger house. The wealthy Hutchinson entered Harvard six months after young Langdon was born and first distinguished himself there by what was then styled "hogueing" but now "ponying"—taking a leaf out of his Testament in Greek to insert in his Latin testament, from which he was supposed to turn a verse or two into Greek. When Sam Langdon entered in 1736, at the age of 13, he was so good a scholar that he did not need this artifice to recite his verses, his early promise having attracted notice and sent him to college by the liberality of friends. He graduated in 1740, studied divinity for a time (aided by the endowment given by the English Baptist, Thomas Hollis) at the college itself, and then went to Portsmouth to teach Latin and mathematics in a school. There he won friends and in 1744 was approbated to preach, as he did occasionally, before he went with Sir William Pepperrell and Colonel Messerve to the siege of Louisbourg in 1745 as chaplain of the New Hampshire regiment. In 1746 he began to assist Rev. Jabez



Harvard College, 1726-1745.

From an old print.

Fitch in the ministry at the North church and was settled there as minister, February 4, 1747. He had already been chaplain of the Provincial Assembly and from 1752 he and Dr. Samuel Haven, pastor of the South church in Portsmouth, were alternately chaplains of the legislature. The French and Indian war coming on, Dr. Langdon took a great interest in its incidents and there is a valuable letter addressed to him by Capt. Nathaniel Folsom of Exeter, afterwards a Revolutionary general, which is so curious in some of its detail that I will quote it. It is found in manuscript in the collection of the Massachusetts Historical society—perhaps left there by Dr. Belknap, to whom Dr. Langdon may have given it after using it in his sermon before Governor Wentworth in 1759 on the capture of Quebec.

“Exeter, March 27th, 1756.

“Reverend Sir:

“As you desired me to give you a short narrative of the skirmish lately had near Lake George, I have now to inform you that, on the 8th of September, 1755, Colonel Blanchard

ordered me to detach a small scout upon discoveries, which I immediately did under the command of my lieutenant, Jeremiah Gilman. Who marched up between Hudson's river and the wagon road that leads to Lake George about two miles and a half, where they discovered one Adams lying by the wagon road, dead and scalped, and several wagons almost burnt up. Upon which discovery they returned and made report.

“Colonel Blanchard immediately rallied his forces and sent me out with the command of 50 men; with orders to bring in the dead man (Adams) and to make what discoveries I could; whereupon we marched to the spot and found Adams and found also eleven wagons almost consumed. I immediately sent a party of twenty men under the command of Lieutenant Abbott to scout two miles up towards the lake, whilst I, with the remainder, scouted about the place where the enemy had made such destruction. And finding bread and meat and many other things scattered about where our enemy had encamped the night before, and the wagon road

being full of moguson tracks, we supposed there was a great number of French and Indians near us.

"Upon which we thought it most advisable to return as soon as we could and make report; but while we were tying up the dead man to carry him into the fort we heard the discharge of a great gun at the lake and soon after the continual report of others. I called together our officers to advise whether we should go to the assistance of our friends at the lake whom we supposed to be engaged in battle; upon which officers and soldiers unanimously manifested their willingness to go. At that instant I was told that there were more men coming, who were presently with us. They were a company of the York regiment, who, when detached at Fort Edward, were commanded by Captain McGennes.

"I told him our army was attacked at the lake, that we had determined to go to their assistance and asked him to go with us. Upon which he answered that his orders were to come to that spot, make what discoveries he could, return and make report. I told him that was my orders, but that this being an extraordinary case I was not afraid of being blamed by our superior officers for helping our friends in distress. Whereupon he turned and ordered his company to march back again. I then told our officers that as our number was so small—but, as it were, a handful—I thought it most advisable to return to the fort and add to our number and then proceed to the lake. We marched, soon overtook the Yorkers and ran by them a little distance, where we met near fifty of our men running towards us. I asked, 'What tidings?' They said they thought we had been engaged and that Colonel Blanchard had sent them to our assistance.

"Whereupon we immediately concluded to go to the lake; but not having orders therefor, as before hinted, I despatched Lieutenant

Rivers with some few men with orders to go to the fort and to acquaint Colonel Blanchard with what we had discovered and of our design to go to the lake. Meanwhile Captain McGennes marched forward. We followed for about two miles but as I thought they marched too slow and kept out no advance guard (by means of which we might be enclosed in the ambushment of the Canadians) I proposed to our New Hampshire men to go by them. But one of our officers told me he thought it not best to go before the Yorkers, for that he was more afraid of them than of the enemy. Upon which I sent Captain McGennes' lieutenant forward to tell him to march faster or else to stop and let us go by them. But, he making no return, I sent one of our men forward to tell him the same errand and also to set out advance guards for fear of ambushments. He returned me an answer that all I required of him he would do. We marched on until we came within half a mile of the place where we began the battle; when Captain McGennes and company started nine Indians, who run up the wagon road from us, upon which Captain McGennes and company stopt. I, seeing them halt (being on a plain), ordered our men to move forward and pass by them. As soon as I came up with McGennes, I asked the reason of his stopping, which he told me was the starting of the Indians. I then moved forward and we ran about 80 rods and discovered a Frenchman running from us on the left. Some of us chased him about a gunshot, fired at him, but, fearing ambushments, we turned into the wagon road again and traveled a few rods, when we discovered a number of French and Indians about two or three gunshots from us, who run from us.

"Then we made a loud huzza and followed them up a rising ground and then met a large body of French and Indians, on whom we discharged our

guns briskly till we had exchanged shots about four or five times. When I was called upon to bring up the Yorkers, who I thought had been up with us before but finding them two or three gunshots back, I ordered them up to our assistance. And though but a small number of them came up, we still continued the engagement and soon caught a French lieutenant and an Indian, who informed us that we had engaged upward of 800. Knowing the smallness of our numbers (being in all but 143 men), we fixed ourselves to fight in the best manner we could do; and seeing our enemies continually recruited by fresh hands, not only in their front but on both wings, it gave every one of us (that could fight) occasion to exercise and exert ourselves. After being closely engaged for about 3-4 of an hour, they killed two of our men and wounded several more on our left wing, where they had gained a great advantage of us.

"Which, with our being very much tired and fatigued, occasioned us to retreat a little way back; but finding by our retreat we were likely to give the enemy a great advantage, we rallied again in order to recover the ground we had lost, and thinking that if we quitted the ground we should lose our greatest advantage, about 15 or 20 of us ran up the hill at all hazard. Which we had no sooner done but the enemy fired upon us vigorously; and then, seeing us coming upon them (we being charged and they discharged), they run and gave us the ground. Whereupon we all shouted with one voice and were not a little encouraged. In this skirmish Ensign Jonathan Folsom was shot through the shoulder and several others wounded. At every second of their discharge during the engagement we made huzzas as loud as we could but not to be compared with the yells of our enemies, which seemed to be the yellings of devils rather than of men.

"A little before sunsetting I was

told that a party of the Yorkers were going to leave us, which surprised me. I looked and saw them in the wagon road with packs on their backs. I went to them and asked where they were going. They said to Fort Edward. I told them they would sacrifice their own lives and ours too. They answered they would not stay there to be killed by the damned Indians after dark but would go off by daylight. Captain Moore and Lieutenant Abbott and myself tried to persuade them to tarry; but to no purpose till I told them that the minute they attempted to march from us I would order our New Hampshire men to discharge upon them. Soon after which they throwed off their packs and we went to our posts again. Upon my return to my tree, where I had fought before, I found a neat's tongue (as I thought) and a French loaf, which, happening in so good a season, I gave myself time to eat of; and seeing my lieutenant at a little distance, much tired and beat out, I told him if he would venture to come to me, I would give him something to comfort him. He came to me and told me I was eating a horse's tongue. I told him it was so good that he had never eat anything better in his life. I presently saw some Yorkers handing about a keg of brandy, which I took part of and distributed amongst the men. Which revived us all to that degree that I imagined we fought better than ever we did before.

"Between sunset and the shutting in of daylight we called to our enemies; told them we had a thousand come to our assistance; that we should now have them immediately in our hands; and thereupon made a great shouting and beat our drums. Upon which they drew off upon the left wing but stood it on the front and right wing till daylight was in and then retreated and run off. Then we began to get things ready to march to the lake, when Providence

sent us three wagon horses upon which we carried in six wounded men; made a bier and carried one on, led some and carried some on our backs. We found six of our men killed or mortally wounded so that they died in a few days and 14 others wounded and shot through their clothes, hats, etc. With much difficulty we persuaded the Yorkers to go with us to the lake. In about an hour after the battle was over we marched and sent two men forward to discover who were inhabitants at the lake. Who met us and told us all was well. Whereupon we marched into the camp and told the army what we had done. As soon as they understood by us that we had drove the enemy off and made a clear passage for the English between forts, the whole army shouted for joy, like the shouting of a great host. We carried our wounded to Dr. Putnam's tent, where by him they were tenderly dressed. Meantime I took a pilot to pilot me to General Johnson's tent; but, being much tired and fatigued, I was obliged to turn in to Colonel Guttredge's tent for refreshment, where they told me the general was wounded; and, it being past midnight, they desired me to tarry till the morning, which I did, and then I waited on the general and told him where we came from, the occasion of our coming, what we had done, and that we were destitute of comfortable things, having left our coats, blankets, etc., at Fort Edward, and asked leave to return again to Fort Edward. The general kindly told me that such as the camp afforded we should have but no liberty to return till the next Wednesday. But on Tuesday morning the Mohocks having heard overnight that we had left a great quantity of packs, plunder, etc., upon the spot where we fought, started very early to go and get it. Which we imagining when we saw them run off, it made our English blood boil, seeing we could not have liberty to go ourselves.

However, we were obliged to be easy with a promise of having our packs (which we never got to this day). In about three hours the Mohocks returned with as much plunder as they could carry on their backs.

"On Wednesday we marched to Fort Edward with orders for Colonel Planchard to march his regiment on Thursday to Lake George. We got to the fort a little after sunset with the joyful news of Lake George being in possession of King George; and were received as joyfully as though we had risen from the dead. On Thursday we marched with the rest of our regiment from Fort Edward to Lake George, where we arrived a little after sunset and joined the army. In the fight which began about 4 of the clock afternoon and ended with the daylight, it was generally thought we killed and mortally wounded upward of 100 Frenchmen and Indians.

"Thus, sir, I have given you a narrative, as my memory furnishes me, of most of the facts (worthy your notice) in the aforesaid engagement. In perusing of which, if you receive any satisfaction it will completely recompense me for the trouble and pains taken therein by

"Your most hble serv't,

"Nathaniel Folsom.

"To the Rev'd Mr. Langdon,

"In Portsmouth."

No doubt Mr. Langdon took much satisfaction in this account of the spirit and prowess of New Hampshire men, as we all must. He made it the subject of a note in his Thanksgiving sermon upon the conquest of Canada in 1759. Bancroft has misreported the affair.

It is singular that this important account of the final fight with Baron Dieskau's attacking army—the most detailed one ever written, so far as known—though in manuscript existence nearly a century and a half, has never been used by any of the historians who have described that event—

ful 8th of September. Dr. Belknap, in his History of New Hampshire, though he gives the general facts correctly (from "Folsom's information," as his foot-note says), had apparently never seen this naive account, with all the detail of Herodotus portraying a Greek skirmish. Sir William Johnson, the chief commander of the Colonial army, gave both the hour of the fight and the number engaged incorrectly, and other historians have erred more widely. The commander of the successful scouting party that fought so gallant a battle, the third engagement on that day, was not William McGennis, captain of a Schenectady company under Johnson, as most of the historians say, but Nathaniel Folsom of Exeter, captain of an Exeter company in Col. Joseph Blanchard's New Hampshire regiment, who was afterwards a Revolutionary general and a member of the first continental congress. He was a native of Exeter, born in 1727 and dying at his native town in 1790. He raised the company which he commanded, his own son was the clerk or orderly, and three other Folsoms were in it, one of them his ensign. Three Gilmans and two Sanborns were also members of it.

To explain the situation on that day of battles, it may be premised that Gen. Phineas Lyman, in command of the New England forces under Sir William Johnson and in chief command after the wounding of Johnson in the second engagement, had cut a wagon road with some of his men from Fort Edward, where Colonel Blanchard with the New Hampshire troops were in garrison, to the post on Lake George, thirteen miles distant, where General Johnson established his camp, without fortifications and without any adequate knowledge, through his scouts, of where the French and Canadians were. He even sent out his men under the unfortunate Colonel Williams into an ambush of Indians, similar to that in which Braddock's army

were surprised the year before. Williams was slain, the colonists fell back and the fight was renewed at the camp itself, which Johnson had rudely fortified in the hour before Dieskau made his attack. Both sides fought well and both generals were wounded—Johnson but once and slightly, but Dieskau repeatedly and almost to death. In course of the early afternoon the French were repulsed and fell back but were not pursued by Johnson, whose caution was as great at night as his rashness had been in the morning. What he had feared on the 7th of September, from the report of his Mohawk scouts, was an attack in force upon Colonel Blanchard at Fort Edward, and he had sent two expresses to Blanchard, the evening of the 7th, to bid him retire to his fort and expect an attack. I now quote from the erroneous account in Mr. Robert O. Bascom's recent book, entitled "Fort Edward." What was afterwards known by that name was then called "Fort Lyman" in honor of the general who had built it:

"Sunday evening, September 7, 1755, some Indian scouts informed General Johnson that the enemy had marched from South Bay towards Fort Lyman. There was only 250 of the New Hampshire troops there, with five New York companies. A wagoner named Adams volunteered to ride to Fort Lyman with the news and to carry General Johnson's orders to Colonel Blanchard to retire within the fort. An hour after, two Indians and two soldiers set out on the same errand; by midnight they returned and said they saw the French about four miles from Fort Lyman. They heard the report of a gun and a man cry out and thought it was Adams."

So far, all is substantially correct. But now, relying perhaps on General Johnson's report, the error begins. Bascom further says: "About 8 o'clock on the evening of the 8th, 120 men from New Hampshire and 90

from New York set out from Fort Lyman to reinforce General Johnson. This party was under the command of Captain McGuinness. A severe engagement ensued, the French being finally driven from the field. McGuinness, being an Indian officer, lost his life."

The letter of Captain Folsom shows that the movement of his forces occupied nearly the whole day; that he, and not McGinnis, was in command, and that the fight was all over by 8 in the evening. Mr. Bascom had never seen or heard of this letter.

A more exact account, though mistaken at some points, is that which was printed in Boston, September 29, three weeks after the fight and based on information sent by Dr. Thomas Williams, a surgeon in the army. It reads thus in the part relating to this affair:

"The general on the 7th despatched two expresses that evening to Colonel Blanchard. Mr. Adams, the first express, was killed by the enemy in going to the fort, and General Johnson's letter, sent by him to Colonel Blanchard, was found in the French aide-de-camp's pocket the next day. * * * * The third engagement was occasioned thus: Colonel Blanchard detached to the assistance of his friends between two and three hundred men (mostly from our state and some New Yorkers) under the command of Captain McGinnis. Between four and five o'clock they reached the place where Colonel Williams had been attacked in the morning and there they found about 1500 of the enemy, chiefly Indians, who had fled from the former battle and were come hither to refresh themselves, scalp our dead, take their packs and get off. Our men fell upon them with the greatest fury; made prisoners of some, killed a great many and entirely routed them; driving them off the ground and recovering more of their packs than they could carry with them to the

camp. This engagement was begun near the place where the French had encamped the night before and where they had left their baggage. Accordingly, being thus driven off, our people the next day brought in four or five wagon loads of ammunition, provisions, blankets, etc. Their flight was so hasty and so much in a fright that as they fled they dropt their blankets, bread and even some of the scalps of our men. We lost but few men in this fight. General Johnson says two were killed, eleven wounded and five missing. Among the wounded is Captain McGinnis, who behaved with prudence and valor. He is since dead of his wounds. The account we have received is that we slew near 100 of them."

With this account before him, the reader can better understand Captain Folsom's story, with its curious details of a fight in the forest, where each man took to his tree and had time, between shootings, to lunch on horse's tongue and a sip of brandy, with which the "Yorkers" seem to have been better supplied than the Hampshire men. Let it be remembered that this little force of Folsom's had no knowledge of the defeat of the morning or the victory of the afternoon. They only knew that their friends were in battle and needed help, and they were determined to go to their aid. It was such a fight as the poet describes:

A battle whose full aim and scope
They little cared to know;
Content, like men-at-arms, to cope
Each with his fronting foe.

Probably the death of McGinnis from his wounds prevented him from reporting his share in the fight, which seems to have been more satisfactory than that of his men from Schenectady, a detachment of whom needed the threat of Folsom to fire upon them in order to keep them in the contest after dark. The anger of the New

Hampshire soldiers at not being permitted to get a share of the French plunder till the second day after their victory is significant. What General Johnson wanted in detaining them was probably to allow him to gather in the ammunition and supplies for the use of the whole army; his Mohawks were allowed to plunder a little in recompense for having lost their chief, "King Hendrick," in the first encounter.

When Dr. Langdon, to whom this letter was sent six months after the fight, was president of Harvard twenty years later, he records in the books of the college that the "Indian Cap and Moggisons of Hendrick," who was killed in the battle at Lake George, had just been received as a gift to the college, where, possibly, they are still preserved.

In 1756, Mr. Langdon, not yet a doctor of divinity, but skilled in geography and mathematics as well as in theology, joined with Colonel Blanchard, an officer of the French war and a land surveyor, in preparing a map on a large scale of what was then all New Hampshire—the present territory of the two states of Vermont and New Hampshire. The manuscript of this map is in the Congressional library at Washington. It was excellently engraved at London and published there in 1761, with a dedication to Charles Townshend, who was so well pleased with the compliment that he obtained from the University of Aberdeen—perhaps by favor of Lord Bute—the degree of *Sacrae Theologiae Doctor*, corresponding to our D. D. This may be the only instance in which geometry has been held to prove theology; though we have long been assured on high authority that "God geometrizes."

It was not long before this theological doctorship was called into action against the Scotch Glassites or Sandemanians. Robert Sandeman, son-in-law of Rev. John Glass, the originator of the sect, came to New Eng-

land, established a church of his followers in Boston, another in Portsmouth, and himself settled over a congregation in Danbury, Ct. So troublesome did this heresy appear to the Portsmouth pastor that, leaving map-making and star-gazing for a time, he began a work which, from 1764 to 1769, ran to more than 300 pages, in answer to Sandeman's once famous, but now forgotten, "Letters on Theron and Aspasio." Midway of this work, which came out in three parts like Cervantes' "Don Quixote," Dr. Langdon addressed this letter to Dr. Ezra Stiles, afterwards his successor in Portsmouth, explaining who his Portsmouth heretics were:

THE PORTSMOUTH SANDEMANIANS, ETC.

(Sept. 17, 1766.)

"Mr. Sandeman's church here has lately had some small increase; I am informed that sixteen communicants now make up their church. They all discover a very malevolent spirit and high enthusiasm, very much like that of the hottest of the New Lights, however frigid Sandeman's notions may seem to his readers. His meeting-house is not much frequented by any but those of his own party and about 30 persons are his constant hearers, including the church. His hearers, I said, but as he himself is now in Connecticut his desk is supplied with two preaching elders; one of which, whose name is Mitchelson, came from Scotland. The other is from among themselves, viz., Colbourn Barrel, who has lately become bankrupt.

"His brother, Nathaniel Barrel, of His Majesty's council in this province, who, within a few weeks past has been made a deacon of Sandeman's church, is also very lately shut up [failed in business], and indeed the whole society seems to be in a fair way to break up, by neglect of their temporal interest and the expensive methods of their management. We let them alone very much; and I am



Hancock House, Boston, Mass., 1774.

From an old print.

persuaded, if they are not drove firm together by some kind of persecution, they will soon grow lax and disjointed by jealousies and quarrels among themselves; for perfect ease and freedom are opposite to the very basis of their scheme."

In 1777, when Dr. Stiles went to take charge of Dr. Langdon's North church, he having resigned to become president of Harvard college in October (9th), 1774, there were five worshipping assemblies in Portsmouth—three Congregational churches with 680 families, an Episcopal church of 70 families but without a rector since the Revolution began, and the dwindling Sandemanians with but five families—one in 150 of the whole town. Such small game would seem to be hardly worthy of Dr. Langdon's weapons; but perhaps he had diminished their numbers by his volume. This is now very dry reading; but it puts the Calvinists gently out of court, and it gave rise to the story that Dr. Langdon was that dreadful creature a Socinian. Dr. Stiles, himself, years after Dr. Langdon had written him this brief account of the Sandemanians, whose doctrines seem

to have been a fantastic premonition of the Hopkinsian system of thirty years later, had the curiosity to question Dr. Langdon in 1777 as to his own theological position and drew from him statements which Dr. Stiles thus set down in his diary, under date of July 31, 1777:

"The president has some peculiar ideas in theology. . He is no Socinian. The original state of this world was such that both the vegetable and animal world were subject to mutation, revolution, death; particularly that all animals would after a term die, and man among the rest. This was the natural state. But God promised Adam in paradise an exemption from death if he obeyed; but if he disobeyed he should die—that is, be left to the course of nature. This death Adam understood to be a cessation of being; it was not a futurity and perpetuity of misery and suffering. It really would have been annihilation, but for the purposes of grace. And so his posterity had no concern in his sin, upon the first covenant or command. Least of all was it a part of Adam's penalty that he should derive guilt and a corrupt

nature to his offspring. And so he was not, in this sense, originally a federal head.

"But upon God's purposing to continue Adam in existence for the purpose of grace, he then became the natural head of his posterity; and, as the sentence of death was not reversed, he became a federal head, to the purpose of bringing his posterity into a world under a natural state of animal mortality; instead of that exemption from this natural mortality promised to Adam; and though not promised to his seed, yet would probably have been granted to them also. Hence Adam is and becomes a federal head (if not before, yet) after the fall to all his posterity; so that thereby they are subject to the death of the body; and so 'in Adam all die.' Born into a state of sin, temptation and mortality, they all sin; and the world lieth in wickedness and they deserve future as well as present punishment.

"God was disposed from the benignity of his nature to show mercy, but it was necessary for the dignity of his government that he should show a testimony of his abhorrence of sin. This was done in the sufferings of the Mediator, through whom God is reconciling the world. The soul that suffered in the body of Christ was not a human soul, nor was it essential deity, but the Logos—the first-born of every creature, a distinct intelligence from that of Jehovah, but intimately united with deity, so that God is in him. Christ's sufferings are vicarious and beyond those of the martyrs; and so as to be a testimony of God's displeasure against sin; but not equal to the suffering due to sin; the dignity of the person rendering a less suffering an adequate and sufficient testimony against sin.

"I did not well see his ideas of Christ's atonement and satisfaction. But I did perceive that in his mind satisfaction arose from and consisted in that created nature of Jesus Christ

being upheld by Omnipotence and so enabled in a few hours to undergo a load of intense woe, equal to the misery which lay upon the elect; yet he seemed to conceive a suffering laid upon him, above all the pains of natural death (i. e., of bodily death, even by the torture of crucifixion); something to testify the divine displeasure against sin.

"The Doctor was (like Dr. Watts), I suppose, originally initiated in Calvinism and became, in the first of his ministry, of the connection of Mr. Whitefield and continues so to this day. An extensive acquaintance and a disposition to converse upon and discuss every subject obliged him to meet the objections both of Deists, Arians, Arminians, Socinians. Their artillery carried metal rather too heavy for his understanding. However, he always appears to have stood the attack; yet in many places was giving ground.

"Like a generous and noble mind he entered with spirit into the field of free inquiry; he cleared much ground and settled many points profoundly, justly, masterly and like an enlightened divine; and as to much, also, he is plunged in unfinished researches. Dr. Langdon's plunges have a pretty extensive influence into his whole theology. Guyse and Doddridge he loves and esteems; but Taylor, whom he renounces, I think, has got the ascendancy and greatest hold of his reasoning powers. And yet his notions on original sin are neither Locke's nor Taylor's but Dr. —'s [Edwards?], whose treatise on that subject is unpublished."

Through the mist of an obsolete terminology we may recognize here a rational attempt to free himself from the heavy fetters of Calvinism, in which the New England mind lay so sadly imprisoned for two centuries.

Dr. Langdon was an object of suspicion while president of Harvard by the Calvinists of Connecticut, and by some in Massachusetts, as we learn from a letter by his friend, Rev.

Andrew Eliot of Boston, in July, 1778, who, quoting his son, Andrew Eliot, then preaching at Fairfield, Ct., said:

"In a letter from my son by the last post, he says, 'I have received a letter from Mr. Bartlett wherein he tells me that Mr. Jonathan Bird of Hartford, a candidate for the ministry, was his informer relative to the prevalence of Deism at Harvard college.' 'He told me,' says Mr. Bartlett, 'that one half, or about half of said college, were supposed to be Deists. He did not name them nor tell me who was his informer. I should rejoice if this should prove a mistake.' Who Mr. Bird is I know not. If he be a son to Mr. Bird of New Haven, I should think he was embittered by his father, who was expelled from Cambridge."

This, of course, was a slander, yet apparently doctrinal differences had something to do with Dr. Langdon's resignation of the Harvard presidency in August, 1780, although this does not appear by his letter of resignation—a manly and Christian document, which never seems to have been printed in full until the Massachusetts Historical society published it in April, 1904. Its immediate occasion will be mentioned later; but here is the letter itself:

"To the Corporation of Harvard College:

"Gentlemen: Upon your invitation, when the flames of war were just breaking out, in the most difficult and critical situation of affairs, both of the state and of the college, notwithstanding every discouraging prospect, I took my leave of a church with which I was connected by every obligation and endearment and ventured into the midst of tumult and dangers; that I might contribute whatever was in my power for the support of liberty and literature. Sensible of the weight of duty which would come upon me, I wished for greater abilities both of body and mind to go thro' the various and important services then in my view.

"Soon after my acceptance and removal to Cambridge I found myself surrounded by the din of arms, called to complicated labors almost beyond my strength, and obliged to remove my family and effects from town to town before I could have a safe and quiet residence in Cambridge.* After which numerous difficulties occurred from year to year in the affairs of this literary society, which required increased application beyond all the ordinary duties of the president's office. By divine help I have been supported to the present time, tho' subject to many mental and bodily infirmities; and my chief satisfaction is the hope that my zealous endeavors to serve the noble cause of my country and liberty and the important interests of religion and literature have not been wholly without good effects.

"But old age is advancing on a constitution which in former years was much weakened by threatening nervous disorders; and the course of severe labor which I have gone through since I entered on the duties of my office, has hastened on the common decays of nature. My memory greatly fails; that spirit and vigor necessary for the happy management of an university are sensibly abated; my taste for youthful studies is decreasing; a life so public grows less agreeable and the show and ceremony of the world begin to be a burden. I therefore rather wish for a more retired situation.

"These considerations have led me to a determination to resign that office with which, by your favor, I have been honored. And I now beg to declare my resignation of the president's chair in Harvard college, trusting that the God of all wisdom may soon direct you to the choice of some worthy gentleman who will fill

* Referring to the removal of the president first to Watertown, then to Concord, after the battle of Bunker Hill, when the college was broken up temporarily and afterwards reassembled in the Concord meeting-house.



Harvard College, 1774-1780.

From an old print.

the vacancy and with greater dignity and success, go through the various duties of the office.

"Permit me, nevertheless, to request the favor that my family may continue in the house appropriated to the president's use until my own at Portsmouth can be prepared for their reception; and that, considering the heavy expense of my removing, after serving the college in times of peculiar difficulty without receiving more than one third of the emoluments of the office, which in better times were enjoyed (if compared with current expenses), you would afford me all that kind assistance which may be in your power.

"For all the honor you have done me and the constant candor and goodness with which you have treated me, I entertain the warmest sentiments of gratitude. It is my fervent prayer that the Father of Lights would grant every blessing to the literary society which has been committed to my care, and that it may be celebrated through the world for retaining the truth of the Gospel, for the purest morals and the most perfect cultivation of every branch of science.

"With the highest friendship and esteem, I am, gentlemen, your most obliged and humble servant,

"SAMUEL LANGDON.

"Harvard College, August 30, 1780."

In 1766, Dr. Langdon, together with Dr. Haven of Portsmouth, Rev. Mr. Stevens of Kittery, and Rev. Mr. McClintock of Greenland, had examined and approved young Jeremy Belknap as a candidate for the ministry; and Dr. Langdon was the "scribe" of the church council which directed the proceedings for the ordination of Mr. Belknap at Dover in February, 1767. Thus was New Hampshire provided with her best historian, in whose labors Dr. Langdon co-operated. His second son, Paul Langdon, graduated at Harvard in 1770, and the Doctor himself had favored the admission of students from New Hampshire to that college during his Portsmouth residence; even after the opening of Dartmouth college. Under these circumstances when, in 1774, by the sudden retirement of President Locke, the chair at Harvard became vacant and the difficult position was made more difficult by the political controversies of the

period, Dr. Langdon's clerical and political friends in Boston turned towards him as a suitable man for the presidency, which several of them had declined. Dr. Andrew Eliot was the member of the college corporation who labored to remove Dr. Langdon's scruples at leaving his church and congregation and putting himself in the path of the British Lion and of General Gage, who had succeeded Hutchinson as governor of Massachusetts, with a Tory band of mandamus councilors. Some of these were naturally averse to the appointment of so pronounced a patriot as Dr. Langdon and it was feared they would raise difficulties. Dr. Eliot visited his friend at Portsmouth soon after he and his associates secretly chose Langdon, in July, 1774; and not long after his visit Dr. Langdon wrote to Dr. Eliot thus:

"Portsmouth, August 10, 1774.
"Rev'd and Dear Sir:

"The church and congregation the day you left us voted to leave the important affair of my call to the determination of my own best judgment. I know not what to do; may God give me counsel. Perhaps providence may soon present some circumstances which may fix my mind. Pray favor me with your friendly advice and assistance.

"Your brother in the Gospel,
"SAM'L LANGDON."

On the same sheet which contains this note is the draft of a reply by Dr. Eliot, who said:

"Yours of the 10th inst. I received. I am glad there is like to be no difficulty with your people. I sincerely hope there will be no difficulty anywhere else. Dr. Appleton informs you have tho'ts of giving your answer soon. When the overseers adjourned to Oct., it was supposed that you would be likely to give your answer before that time. It hath been usual to read the Pres't's answer

at that board, who have then voted to desire him to remove. It is my opinion that, provided you * * * (illegible) and I hope you will. It will be on all accounts best to defer a few weeks. In this opinion Dr. Appleton, Dr. Pemberton, Dr. Winthrop agree with me. Dr. Cooper would have written his sentiments if you had not been absent. You will soon hear from him."

It would appear from another letter of Dr. Eliot's that one of the governor's council had threatened some opposition; at any rate, the affair dragged on, and on the 30th of August, 1774—just six years before he wrote his letter of resignation—Dr. Langdon wrote again to his friend, saying:

"I understand by a letter from Dr. Haven's son to his father that you are under apprehensions of a difficulty on account of the governor and new council's concern in the installment, if I should speedily answer the call of the college in the affirmative. I see no prospect of the removal of that difficulty in any short time; a twelvemonth will hardly be sufficient to settle things if all should at length turn in our favor at home. If, therefore, the formalities of installment are necessary, so long a delay of my answer would be in many respects inconvenient; for my people already grow impatient for the final decision and are ready to recall the liberty already given me. My aim is to serve the college if I am able. I am willing for my own part to forego anything which may be considered merely as a point of honor, and risque a maintenance on the credit of the college and province. If there shall be embarrassments which cannot be surmounted in any reasonable time I shall think it my duty to refuse the honor offered me. All I desire is to know what I ought to do. I have written to Dr. Winthrop for his opinion. Pray favor me with yours as soon as possible.

The momentous affair must very soon be determined.

"Your affectionate friend and brother, etc.,

"SAM'L LANGDON."

The corporation wrote him at once that he must not decline, and early in October he became president. His doing so was a favor to the college, then in serious straits for a good president, rather than a favor to the pastor of an attached congregation. His remark about "risking a maintenance on the credit of the college and the province" recalls the fact that Harvard was then partly dependent on the provincial legislature for its pecuniary support. As the Revolutionary paper money decreased in value, the salary of Dr. Langdon fell to less than half what had been stipulated at first, and the deficiency was not wholly made up to him by the legislature after his resignation.

In 1775 the college removed for a time to Old Concord. This town, when Dr. Langdon took up his residence there in the summer of 1775, was full of memories of the fight at the North bridge and still more so when he preached his election sermon at Watertown in May. Speaking of that affair, he then said:

"They have not only endeavored to terrify us with fleets and armies sent to our capital, and distressed and put an end to our trade—particularly that important branch of it, the fishery—but at length attempted, by a sudden march of a body of troops in the night, to seize and destroy one of our magazines, formed by the people merely for their own security. By this, as might well be expected, a skirmish was brought on; and it is evident that the fire first began on the side of the king's troops. At least five or six of our inhabitants were murderously killed by the Regulars at Lexington before any man attempted to return the fire, and when they were actually complying with the command to disperse. Two more of our

brethren were likewise killed at Concord bridge by a fire from the king's soldiers before the engagement began on our side. But the matter may be rested entirely on this—that he that arms himself to commit a robbery and demands the traveler's purse by the terror of instant death is the first aggressor, though the other should take the advantage of discharging his pistol first and killing the robber. The alarm was sudden, but in a very short time spread far and wide; the nearest neighbors in haste ran together to assist their brethren and save their country. Not more than three or four hundred met in season and bravely attacked and repulsed the enemies of liberty, who retreated with great precipitation. * * Our king, as if impelled by some strange fatality, is resolved to reason with us only by the roar of his cannon and the pointed arguments of muskets and bayonets. Because we refuse submission to the despotic power of a ministerial parliament, our own sovereign, to whom we have always been ready to swear true allegiance—whose authority we never meant to cast off—has given us up to the rage of his ministers; to be seized at sea by the rapacious commanders of every little sloop of war and piratical cutter; and to be plundered and massacred by land by mercenary troops, who know no distinction between an enemy and a brother, between right and wrong, but only, like brutal pursuers, to hunt and seize the prey pointed out by their masters."

Another point insisted on by Dr. Langdon was perhaps more fully exemplified in this province of New Hampshire than in any of the colonies—the quiet and almost unanimous submission to the newly created popular authorities. In the passage following, it will be seen that Dr. Langdon anticipated by nearly a year the very argument more tersely put forward by Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence:

"By the law of nature any body of people, destitute of order and government, may form themselves into a civil society according to their best prudence, and so provide for their common safety and advantage. When one form is found by the majority not to answer the grand purpose in any tolerable degree, they may by common consent put an end to it and set up another; only this ought not to be attempted without urgent necessity. It must be ascribed to some supernatural influence on the minds of the main body of the people through this extensive continent, that they have so universally adopted the method of congresses, chosen by the unbiased suffrages of the people in their several towns, counties and provinces. So general an agreement through so many provinces of so large a country is unexampled in any history. Universal authority ceases; but how little of this has appeared in the midst of the late obstructions of civil government! Nothing more than has been absolutely necessary to carry into execution the spirited resolutions of a people too sensible to deliver themselves up to oppression and slavery. Order among the people has been remarkably preserved; few crimes have been committed punishable by the judge; even former contentions between one neighbor and another have ceased."

It is plain that Hancock and Adams made no mistake in selecting Dr. Langdon as a true patriot, ready to go as far as themselves in asserting the liberties of freeborn English subjects. How was he in the other requirements for a college president? Dr. Stiles, in 1779 (his first year at Yale), made these observations on the Harvard presidents whom he had known:

"Mr. Holyoke was the polite gentleman, of a noble commanding presence, and moderated at commencements with great dignity. He was perfectly acquainted with academic matters; of a good degree of lit-

erature, both in languages and sciences, particularly in mathematical-mechanic philosophy; yet was not of great erudition. Qualified, however, exceedingly well for the presidency, especially as he had a good spirit of government; which was partly natural to him, partly acquired from President Leverett, who ruled and governed with great dignity. Dr. Locke was scarcely equal to Mr. Holyoke in classical knowledge but much superior to him in the sciences and in penetration, judgment and strength of mind. He was excellent and amiable in government, though he did not equal the dignity of his predecessor. And yet he was a greater literary character. Just entered into the career of glory, his sun went into an eclipse. Dr. Langdon's literary character was similar to President Holyoke's."

It will be inferred from the omission of "a spirit of government" in Dr. Langdon's portrait that he was lacking in discipline, and such may have been the fact. Yet the records of the college, which I have examined, do not show half the frequency of insurrections and tumults among the students that appeared under Dr. Holyoke, and less by far than under President Quincy himself, who cites John Eliot as saying that Langdon "wanted judgment and a 'spirit of government.'" In a letter to Dr. Stiles, when he had been nearly five years at Harvard, Dr. Langdon said:

"I have met with continual difficulties since I have been in my present station, by the war and the fluctuating medium; yet I do not repine, as I think divine providence pointed out my path of duty."

Here is no hint of disorder, or the perils of false brethren, of which even St. Paul complained and which were the real cause of his resignation.

The Belknap Papers, Volume III, contain a statement concerning President Langdon's resignation, by John Eliot, a settled minister in his father's Boston church and an overseer of the

college. It is full of error and prejudice and this is its substance, the date being Sept. 11, 1780, two days before the corporation accepted the resignation:

"I shall be very particular in informing you of every circumstance (to Dr. Belknap at Dover), for I know you to be a very particular man and that you are accurate in collecting things in order to form an opinion and as accurate in your judgment when all circumstances are before you. The president has long been growing unpopular, more especially among the students of the college. So disgusting hath he been in his whole deportment that they would have held him in detestation if this sensation had not been absorbed in mere thorough contempt. Yet, after all which can be said, all his foibles did not amount to a vice when completely converged into one point of view; much less unworthy doth he appear when these are separated from each other and blended with his good qualities. As to the total disqualification for the office he sustained, I always had the same opinion which I hold now, that he was no ways proper to appear in the station; and that no man who wished well to him or to the interest of Harvard college would, with the same opinion as mine own, not rather have seen him elsewhere. *Sed sic visum est superis*—at least to the corporation, who were the immediate electors.

"His resignation was as surprising to me as it was to any person the furthest distant from the college. It happened, it seems, in this manner. The scholars unanimously framed a petition, which was to be presented to the corporation, begging them to remove the president. What the articles were can be known but imperfectly, as they came to a determination to conceal the contents. Among other things, tho', I hear that his unbecoming way of addressing the Deity was one. There was a

committee chosen to acquaint the president with the petition, who addressed him in these words: 'As a man of genius and knowledge we respect you; as a man of piety and virtue we venerate you; as a president we despise you.'

This is not a probable account. President Quincy seems to have had no difficulty in ascertaining the charges made by the three upper classes with the connivance of Librarian Winthrop. They were: "Impiety, heterodoxy, unfitness for the office of preacher of the Christian religion and still more for that of president."

Mr. Quincy says: "There was not a shadow of foundation for any one of these charges except the last, of which the spirit in which this insolence was received may be considered an evidence." It might be an indication but hardly evidence. No other evidence appears except what Mr. Quincy terms "a combination of students, to whom he had become obnoxious, and whose dissatisfaction was countenanced, if not excited, by men connected with the government of the institution." He adds that Dr. Langdon was ignorant of his unpopularity; which, in a man so sensitive, is evidence that it was no more than one of those temporary gusts of feeling, from which President Quincy himself suffered while in office.

Eliot went on: "Dr. Langdon now added another to his many imprudences. He declared to the scholars that he was sensible of his incapacity for the office, imputing it to the weak state of his nerves, and gave them a promise that he would resign. He prepared his resignation to be presented to the board of overseers at their meeting last Thursday.

"The forthputting, officious gentleman, Dr. Gordon [the historian of our Revolution, then preaching at Roxbury and an overseer], now suffered his zeal to boil over and persuaded the president (*ut credo*) that he might still remain in office and that he

would be his advocate at the board of overseers. At the meeting Mr. Bowdoin read the resignation. It was well drawn up. Nothing was said of the uneasiness with the students. One would suppose the whole originated with himself. He said the place was disagreeable to him; that he found himself so debilitated by nervous disorders that he could not go through with his course of duty. 'My memory fails,' said he, 'my taste for academical studies decreases; my fondness for shew and public notice is lost; and I wish heartily to retire.' He then described very pathetically the disadvantageous circumstances of his coming to Cambridge and the many losses and troubles he had met with during his continuance there; requesting that he might live in the provincial mansion house, etc."

He really only asked that his family might remain there till his house in Portsmouth was ready and there is nothing to show that he lived there a day after September 13. Early in October, the General Court being in session, he presented a schedule of his legal salary for five years, ten months and thirty days at £200 in specie per annum and amounting to £1,182 13s. 6d., of which he had received the equivalent of only £685 7s. 11d. This left a balance due him of £497 5s. 7d., which the senate and house voted him at once, and a warrant for that sum was drawn up on October 3, twenty days after his resignation took effect, and put in Dr. Langdon's hands. This original warrant may be seen in the secretary of state's archives at the state house. It gives him the sum named, about \$1,656, "for and in consideration of his faithful discharge of the duties of the office of president and to enable him to remove his family and effects." Mr. Quincy says the overseers "acknowledged the reasonableness of his requests and the inadequacy of his salary and emoluments for his support and engaged to

use their influence with the legislature to obtain a grant in compensation for the deficiencies." No record of this appears on the files of the General Court, where Dr. Langdon's petitions and the votes of the two houses are recorded.

John Eliot went on in his sympathetic account thus:

"Dr. Langdon is really an object of pity. Even the scholars who have been so active in his dismissal think so. They attested to his good character in a unanimous vote presented to the overseers, wherein they mentioned him as a man of learning and most excellent character, rendered him many thanks for his past services and expressed the most earnest desire that the remainder of his days may be comfortable and happy. This vote is also accompanied with a subscription for something by way of present. I believe that many thousand dollars will be subscribed for him, if Gordon don't spoil the whole by his impertinences and nonsensical reveries. He blazed away at the meeting; insisted upon it that this whole proceeding arose from the mere malice of one of the governors of the college (Mr. Winthrop the librarian), who had the impudence to tell Mr. and Mrs. Langdon to their heads that he had long sought an opportunity to revenge an affront offered to him by the president some years since and now that he was gratified."

This is the only alleged instance in Dr. Langdon's life when he "offered an affront" to anybody. He was a man of true politeness and, as his conduct always showed, of admirable Christian forgiveness. In the true spirit of a gentleman he now took the whole burden of his withdrawal upon himself but was little likely to accept a present from the insurgents who had insulted him. This subscription of "many thousand dollars" is nowhere heard of except in this letter, so full of guesses and predictions. Dr. Langdon's statement to the Gen-

eral Court shows that, in May preceding, \$5,000 in paper only meant in silver \$150 and would hardly pay for his support for two months as prices then were. Moreover, the students were themselves so poor that they asked to be excused from commencement exercises because they could not afford the cost; so that we may suppose that this subscription existed mainly in the imagination of Eliot, who goes on:

"Dr. Gordon moved the matter should be inquired into, the students should be severely censured and the whole scene of iniquity should be unfolded. 'Fiat justitia, ruat coelum,' he repeated, and seemed in a pet, as if the rest of us were a party joined together to destroy the president. We felt as much as he could be sensible of but judged very differently from him about the whole affair. We see the necessity of his leaving Cambridge, which the doctor himself could not deny; notwithstanding him, aim to do something. We thought it best he should depart as privately as possible that the circumstances might not be too much the subject of speculation, but that things might appear as if all things came and were determined by himself. We knew that a little matter would cause the subscription paper to flag and that any measures to censure the students would provoke them to withdraw their generosity."

This "generosity" of the insubordinate students, who had been the instruments of some of the faculty to insult the sensitive president is no more heard of. In place of it we find a singular kind of "generosity" exhibited by the state of Massachusetts, of which Dr. Langdon at his retirement was a creditor to the amount of about \$1,656 in silver. To meet this obligation, which the state at once acknowledged, a resolve was passed within two weeks of his withdrawing from Cambridge, appropriating the full sum in paper money of the "new emission" of continental

currency, supposed to be equal to silver. The warrant on the state treasurer, Henry Gardner, for this sum was never drawn and now lies among the papers in the case (archives of the secretary of state) in the Boston state house. Why this was not paid will appear from a petition of Dr. Langdon, also preserved in those archives, written from his quiet parish of Hampton Falls in June, 1784, when he had been settled there as minister for more than three years:

REPUDIATION MILDLY REBUKED.

Petition of Dr. Langdon for Payment.

"The petition of Samuel Landon, Doctor of Divinity, humbly sheweth:

"That your petitioner accepted a call from the honorable Corporation and Overseers of Harvard college to the office of President of that university and was introduced into that office on the 14th day of October, 1774; that in the full prospect of the horrors of war, added to the ordinary difficulties and labors of that important station, he nevertheless was encouraged to engage both in the service of the college and the liberties of his country by a persuasion that he might securely rely on the public honor for the same support which had for many years been granted to the presidents of that literary society:

"That when he found both his body and mind so much overborne with extreme burdens and fatigue that it was best to resign his office, it appeared that his expenses had very much exceeded the annual grants; and that he could not pay the sums which he had borrowed to defray his necessary expenses:

"That your petitioner in 1780 presented to the General Court, then sitting, a true state of the arrearages of his salary, amounting to £497 5s. 7d., lawful silver money; upon which the General Court granted the sum of £497 10s., for which he received a warrant to be paid in bills of the new

emission, which the court then estimated, upon the authority of congress, as equal to silver. That your petitioner repeatedly presented the said warrant to the treasurer as long as there seemed any ground of hope that the aforesaid bills might obtain a currency at their original value; but never could procure payment, the treasury not being supplied:

"That ever since it became evident that the said emission was greatly depreciated, your petitioner has been endeavoring to obtain his just arrearages by applying to the General Court for a new warrant on the treasury; that the resolve passed in the last court, on the 23d of March, granting only £320 specie, in lieu of £497 10s. specie (which is justly due according to the rules of honor and equity, as may easily appear by a review of the state of the account annexed to this petition), would suggest to your petitioner very painful ideas if he did not persuade himself that the said resolve was founded on some misapprehension of the real state of the case:

"That your petitioner is not able to discover any reason why the full sum should not be granted in specie, together with the interest of what has been so long due; especially as he himself is paying interest for money which the defect of the annual grants constrained him to borrow.

"Your petitioner therefore earnestly looks up to this august court, in which he views the collected wisdom and justice of a most respectable commonwealth, and prays that your honors would rectify the mistake on which the resolve of last March in this case is evidently founded and grant him the balance due for his services while in office, with the interest, not as if his claim had been only in bills at a depreciated value but as it really was and is due in specie; that, after the peculiar labors and difficulties he endured in his public station and hearty exertions in the cause of his country, he may not be

cut off from that support which has been readily granted to presidents of that society not exposed to the same hardships and dangers.

"And your petitioner shall ever pray, etc.

"SAM'L LANGDON."

What had happened in the interval between the date of this mild censure of repudiation in Boston and the date of the original resolve giving Dr. Langdon the full sum due (Oct. 3, 1780), was this: He had been unable to obtain the money for nearly two years, when, upon his petition, the General Court of Massachusetts (Sept. 3, 1782) had referred the matter to an honest committee, which reported in the senate, July 3, 1783, that the full sum of £497 10s. should be paid to the ex-president in silver. A resolve to this effect passed the senate at once and went down to the house, signed by Samuel Adams, his old friend, who had been instrumental in getting him into the presidency and was then president of the senate. The house (July 11, 1783) stingily non-concurred. The next spring (March 22, 1784) the senate again passed a resolve which the house also voted and which exists in the archives printed and bearing the signatures of Adams as before, of John Hancock as governor and of Tristram Dalton of Newburyport as speaker of the house. But this shabby document, instead of granting the full sum, cuts Dr. Langdon's claim down to £320 in specie but "on condition of his returning the warrant of 1780 to the treasury." Two months and more after this vote (June 8) he sent in the above petition. It was referred to another honest committee who reported late in October, 1784, that Dr. Langdon's salary for his whole term as president was justly £1,182 13s. 6d.; that he had received the value of only £763 1s. 5d. and had never drawn the money under the shabby vote of 1783. The senate again passed a resolve granting him

the balance due in specie; again it went down to the house, Nov. 8, 1784, signed by the faithful Adams; and again the stingy house non-concurred. Thereupon Dr. Langdon again declined to draw the repudiating warrant for £320 and sent this letter to S. A. Otis, then speaker of the house:

"Sr.

"I have lately discovered an error inadvertently committed by me in that state of my account which accompanied my petition to the honored court for the year 1782. I have given credit for £2,000 received February 1 and again for £5,000 received on May 11 (1780). Whereas the former grant was £2,000 and the latter £3,000, the whole sum for that year being but £5,000; so that there is an error of £2,000 against myself, which may easily appear by the record of the said grants. But yet the sums carried off against the aforesaid grants, as reduced to silver, in my account stand right as the grants really were made; so that the only error lies in writing £5,000 instead of £3,000. I pray, therefore, that you would convey this information to the court if you think proper; together with this additional plea in support of my petition, viz., that £200 a year having been found necessary for many years past to defray the charges of the support of the presidents of the college, it cannot be supposed that less than half that sum was sufficient when every article of provision and clothing was nearly double to the present price. And every man must think it very injurious to perform the duties of a public and important office in the midst of the most extraordinary disadvantages and difficulties and be obliged to furnish the greatest part of the costs of his own support.

"Submitting the foregoing to your discretion, I am,

"Sr., Your very obedient serv't,
"SAM'L LANGDON."

The corporation and envious faculty seem to have carried out the Eliot idea of secrecy; for they never published Dr. Langdon's letter, and almost no mention of the matter remains on the files of college correspondence. Mr. Quincy found a letter of Mr. Storer, the successor of Hancock as treasurer (Oct. 20, 1781), in which that member of the corporation asserted as his opinion that if Dr. Langdon had asked their advice the corporation would have requested him "to have deferred your intention to some future time," and Mr. Quincy adds:

"It is probable that Dr. Langdon became subsequently aware that the students had been made the instruments of others, possibly of men connected with the government of the institution and that the feeling of self-distrust, which led to his resignation, had been succeeded by feelings of a very different character."

However this may be, it is plain that John Eliot, when he had leisure to reflect on the exuberance of his youth and the conduct of himself and his circle at Harvard college, took a very different view of his mother's cousin and his own college president in after years. In 1809 he published an *American Biographical Dictionary* in which Dr. Langdon had a page. In this sketch, speaking of his election to the presidency of Harvard in 1774, Dr. Eliot said:

"His character as a very zealous Whig was of more advantage to him at this time than his reputation in the republic of letters. Mr. John Hancock was in the corporation and it was suggested to him that prejudice was spreading against several in the government of the society (college), who were on the side of the Tories, and that the interest and honor of the college was likely to suffer. When President Langdon took the chair it gave great delight to the sons of liberty."

(To be continued.)

HIS ABANDONED FARM.

By H. G. Leslie, M. D.

My friend Phineas Philander Jones is an enthusiast, a connoisseur, a collector of new and peculiar ideas. He is erratic but honest. A scheme or project must possess truth and merit. Given these qualities, the more strange and striking it is, the greater is his enjoyment of investigation. He is like an epicure to whom is presented some new article of food or new combination. He toys with it, analyzes it, and from each varied study derives fresh satisfaction. His are no half-hearted methods. Reading, study, and thought are constant companions in his research. He might in the language of modern slang be termed a crank, but to those of us who are his intimate associates he is simply faddish and we respect his honesty, although we may smile at his enthusiasm.

Men of this type are from time to time the disciples of every religious ism that has a brief existence in a community, and are attached to every faction of party that holds a place in the public eye. There is perhaps a certain reason for this, for no religious sect, however fanatical, no offshoot of party, however radical, but has connected with it some element of truth, and it is with this specious morsel that the hook of popularity is baited. Phineas had gone through religious organizations and party platforms as a child passes from grade to grade in school. For a brief period they were all in all to him and then cast into the wastebasket of forgetfulness.

At a time when most of his pet theories were becoming somewhat stale, legislative action, magazine articles and newspaper clippings united in calling attention to the subject of the abandoned farms of New England. Here was a fresh field of thought on which he fastened with avidity. There is

tangible evidence, even in the vicinity in which he resides, that the agricultural fields of New England are decreasing and that the hill homes of our fathers are being deserted and growing up to forest. Western competition and unfertilized fields have united in making the returns of the farmer small. Phineas seized upon these salient facts and gave them careful and elaborate study. He weighed in the scales of cause and effect the various interests and business elements that might produce such results. He corresponded with the agricultural department at Washington and begged for all the newer and more modern developments of the problem.

From the time when Cincinnatus tilled the soil of the Albanian hills, no one could have developed more agricultural enthusiasm. Those of us who met at his rooms for our weekly game of whist were forced to listen to his prolix disquisitions on the subject until we grew weary, and in sheer desperation said, "Why don't you buy a farm and see how it is yourself." This was unkind, for we knew that, however desirable such a solution might be, his bank account would not admit of the experiment.

Phineas settled the matter, however, in his own way. A few miles from the village in which we resided was a place which to all intents might fairly represent an abandoned farm. To be sure, it was the property of a maiden lady of uncertain years, the sole representative of a race who had toiled and ground out an existence on its acres. Jones' power of imagination enabled him to consider this property as though he were its rightful owner and possessor. He took us on periodic rides by the place and pointed out its possibilities and prospective changes with the same zeal and interest as though he held a

recorded deed of the same. In fact, we sometimes wondered if he had not some sort of an hallucination which really led him to believe that he was the possessor of the coveted acres.

One day as we were passing he stopped and commenced driving stakes around the old well curb in the front yard. "There," said he, "my idea is to take that stone wall yonder and build an octagonal curbing that will possess some artistic merit from these rocks covered with the lichen of years. I have never yet," continued he, "quite understood why the original settlers of this region did not realize the advantage of using the material so close at hand in the construction of their dwellings. Certainly nothing could be more durable and artistic than the rubble stones scattered so lavishly about."

Just then the real owner of the property put in an appearance. What conversation occurred we were unable to hear, but evidently it was not satisfactory to my friend Jones, for he came away with rather a crest-fallen appearance and drove in silence for some distance. After a little he remarked, "There are people in this world in whom the artistic sense is still in embryo." From the next rise of ground we looked back and the stakes that Phineas had driven with so much care were being added to the wood-pile that was a prominent feature in the front yard.

Not long after this incident business interests called him to the far southwest, where he remained for some months and where he had the opportunity of observing agricultural pursuits as conducted under a system of irrigation.

This opened up to him a new field of study and one that interested him in no small degree. He returned from this visit with a whole bunch of new theories and ideas which he was desirous of putting in practice.

On this farm to which Phineas had established a theoretical claim a little stream had its course between the

fields and pasture land, and finally crossed the road near the house, making quite a poetic adjunct to the scene.

This stream, Phineas argued, could be dammed and the water diverted to the low-lying plains, carrying with it fertility and profit. While this remained a theory and ground of argument, we accepted it as plausible, but in an unfortunate hour he determined to test its practicability and secured the services of a local engineer to establish the levels. Regardless of the fact that a fine crop of clover covered the ground, he proceeded to stake out the lines of prospective ditches. The objections of the owner to all of this were more vigorous than gentle. And when her claim of rights was reinforced by a brindle bulldog with an unpleasing cast of countenance, Jones fled the scene of his trespass with no lagging step. The somewhat lurid and probably exaggerated report of the episode by the engineer made life a weary burden to my friend for some months after this fiasco. So reticent was he for a long time after this incident that we came to the conclusion that he had given up his annoying plans for the improvement of this estate.

In this, however, we were mistaken. Time showed that he had simply changed his base of attack and promulgated his theories through the medium of a free-posted delivery, out of respect to the dog. His persistence, perseverance, and evident harmlessness, like virtue, seemed to have its own reward, for a few weeks after we found him painting several large squares of boards which he was permitted to place along the front of the house for a study in complimentary colors. I believe his first proposition was to do this painting on the house itself, but an amicable compromise was effected. Even the question of broad verandas must have been discussed, for a light outline of pine strips marked the character of the proposed change.

One day the local paper chronicled the fact that Mr. Phineas Philander Jones had fallen and received serious injuries, which necessitated his removal to the Meadowbrook hospital. We found on inquiry that our friend had secured the privilege of placing a temporary structure covered with brown sheathing paper on the roof of the house representing the broad overhanging cornices of a Swiss cottage. While placing this in position the old decayed farmhouse ladder had broken and the result was quite a serious accident to the experimenter in reconstruction.

When we called on him we found him located with much apparent comfort in the wards of that institution. Above his head, on the back of a neat iron bedstead, was this record, "Phineas Philander Jones, compound fracture of femur," and beside the bedstead a vase filled with Sweet Williams and Bouncing Bess, which we recognized as old friends in a certain country farmhouse yard. As we looked at them, Philander smiled in a pleased, contented way, and we knew instantly that he was the prospective owner of an abandoned farm.

THE REDEMPTION OF PETER.

By Bennett B. Perkins.

The children did not understand why their mother had forbidden their leaving the yard, but because she had, the boy, with his four years of perversity, promptly decided to do so at the first opportunity. He and the little sister had some difficulty in opening the gate, which their mother had seemingly securely fastened, but ultimately it yielded to patient effort and as happy as escaping jail-breakers they fled down the road towards Elsonbury.

A bunch of gaudy bloom drew them into the fields. A fruitless chase of a butterfly led them still farther away from home and when finally, hot and tired, they paused for rest they were at the edge of the Tottenham woods.

"Red" Bill and Pete, lying concealed within the shelter of the underbrush, were mightily pleased at this hegira of the children. It had been Bill who had concocted the plot to steal one of them. Pete had demurred a little. True he was a coward, yet his face had not wholly lost its "prison pallor" and his feet were still sore from two years' work upon the treadmill at Hargate prison;

but Bill had proven the master as he had many times before and so Pete's remonstrances were still-born.

Their watch of the great house upon the hill had been tedious, but now it seemed that their nefarious plan was to be successful. Bill growled a few directions to Pete and the thing was done. The boy and girl, wandering hand-in-hand, turned the corner of a clump of box and ran directly into the arms outstretched to seize them. The heavy hands of the abductors stifled the screams of the frightened children, whose light weight made little difference in the speed with which they were hurried through the wood.

How to cross the open moor beyond these woods stretching around to Elsonbury had been a trying puzzle for Bill. Once safely across and he knew there was shelter among the rocky tors of the hills. Had night been nearer they would have remained concealed in the woods until then but darkness was yet many hours away and Bill realized that the children would soon be missed and search begun; besides Pete—coward that he was—was beginning to

grumble at the roughness he was compelled to use to keep the little boy quiet. His sister, in the clutches of Red Bill, was too terrified to do aught but sob, but the boy kept up a constant struggle to escape from the "gypsies" in spite of Pete's half-hearted shakes and cuffs. Bill wanted him to change and let him have the boy, but the idea seemed, somehow, to terrify Pete, who caught up the youngster and struck off across the moor.

Again luck seemed to favor them and they reached the hills without seeing any one and began to seek a hiding place. Once secured, it was Bill's intention to secrete the children and send a demand for a ransom.

"Then, Pete, me covey, we'll go to the Cape and live like luds," he would chuckle.

The plan was good and the realization seemed as simple as the theory, but a careful backward observation that revealed a dozen or more men scattered over the moor, with bodies bent as if searching the furze and ever moving nearer, proved that pursuit had begun. Bill had anticipated, of course, a general alarm when the children were missed but why should it be persecuted so soon and so exactly over the course they had taken? He was unaware of the existence of the old country-woman who, while gathering water-cress in Long Pole brook, "had seen two men with children go by, towards the moor."

And so the pursuit began.

Bill and Pete, with the children, had a long start and could baffle the others by keeping out of their sight, but they were uneasy and somewhat frightened—Pete especially. Every time a grouse rose whirring from cover he shuddered. The sound so much resembled the noise of the treadmill over there in Hargate jail.

The children, small as they were, grew heavy from constant carrying. Besides they cried much for their "mamma" and "papa" and "grandpa John." The little girl cried the most

partly because Bill couldn't keep his hand over her mouth all the time and because Pete had got upon speaking terms with the boy through his knowledge of several stories of "prixies," which he mixed in a most wonderful manner and by singing "Little, brown jug" in a cracked voice until Bill checked him most summarily.

The question of food had become of great importance. Their supply had been limited at the beginning and now, on the second day, had dwindled to nearly nothing. The children were always hungry, it seemed, and they cried constantly for water which was as scarce as food. They had whisky but Bill and Pete were both surprised to find that the children would not touch it. Pursued as they were, they did not dare to stop to obtain food or even to rest for any length of time, but hurried as fast as possible towards the higher hills of Thornton Willy.

Bill had been unusually ugly all day. His feet had developed stone-blisters and he had detected Pete in the act of surreptitiously feeding the children. His language had become such that even Pete had felt depressed.

About the middle of the afternoon they reached a deserted stone quarry where, seeking a shady corner, Bill removed his shoes and swore he would go no farther until he felt better. Pete found a good place for the children and they soon fell asleep; then he lit his pipe and sat down and covertly watched Bill.

That worthy evidently was much depressed and was thinking deeply. For an hour or more he sat moodily silent, staring at the rocks, then he called Pete. He had concocted a plan, which he proceeded to unfold with much emphasis and little circumlocution.

They were being closely followed and in time would be caught. He did n't intend to spend the rest of his life upon that d-----d treadmill in

Hargate. It meant "life" at their age if they were caught; so something must be done. His plan was to kill one of the children and leave the body where the pursuers would find it, with a note saying that if they were followed any farther, then the other child would also be sacrificed. At first he had decided to kill the little girl because the boy could travel better, but believing that when the question of ransom came up a mother's love would incline more towards the girl he had concluded to put the boy to death; or rather he, Pete, should do it while he wrote the note. He could take the boy out of sight of the girl and a knife would do the business without any noise.

Pete was horror-struck. He was not over and above conscientious but he had always avoided murder. He was not a "city crook" like Bill and disliked long chances. Many thoughts crowded his stupid head that never had been there before and in the end he did something that he never had had courage to do before; he refused Bill point blank. He even, to his own surprise, went so far as to expostulate with him about any killing.

Bill looked at him for a moment in amazement, then yelled:

"Yer damned coward! Git out! Yer never was any blooming good. Gimme the knife an' go hide yerself."

With a glance at the sleeping children, Pete, quite cowed, went. As he turned the corner of the quarry and got beyond Bill's baneful glare a feeble determination came to him to return and prevent the murder even by force, but his courage failed him. His fear of Bill was too strong; and he slowly climbed the hill.

He had grown fond of that boy. Half forgotten recollections of his sister's children for whom he had made boats and who had climbed upon his knees, before the constable knew him, came back to him. Suppose that it was her boy that was to be killed? His foot kicked against

an abandoned steel drill and he picked it up. It would be a formidable weapon and he would go back and stop Bill. Yes, he would kill him if need be! He started down the hill, but again in his mind's eye he saw the stalwart form and brutal leering face of his comrade and remembered certain events in which Bill had figured in a manner worthy of a fiend, and he stopped. He knew that he was a coward and he cursed himself for it. Probably the deed was done by this time, anyway. Red Bill didn't waste time when his mind was made up.

He went on up the hill till he came to the edge of the quarry. He dreaded to look down, but did so. At first he could see no one, but by lying prostrate and peering over the edge the whole scene unfolded to him. Bill was seated directly beneath him, leaning against the rock. He saw the children still asleep as he had left them. The deed had not been done as yet and he wondered why. He could think of no other reason than that they were locked in each other's arms and Bill did n't want to kill the boy that way. But Bill was waiting, waiting remorselessly. Pete, looking down upon him, shuddered. He would go away and hide where he could see no more. He felt that he could stand it no longer, but just as he began to arise he saw the children awake and sit up. Supported upon his forearms he remained transfixed. Bill, beneath him, straightened up and ran his hand into his shirt front. Pete knew that he was feeling for his knife; and then, in this crisis of his life, a determination came to him; a sudden strength that before had been lacking. He reached for, and found, the heavy, three-foot drill. Very carefully he held it suspended over the edge until it was directly in line with Bill's head. He gave one glance and then looked no more.

Far off to the east the rays of the setting sun glistened upon the white

steeple and gilt cross of the church at Elsonbury. With his eyes upon it, Pete muttered: "Good-by, Bill, old pard," and dropped the drill. He did not look. He had no need. No thunderbolt of Jove would be surer. The sound that came up to him was not the ring of steel as it strikes upon stone.

Slowly, even painfully, he arose to his feet and gazed at the sky; and then there came a sound from up over the moor. It was the long-drawn bay of a bloodhound as it takes the trail. He smiled as he realized that the children would soon be found, then turned towards the mountains.



This shows one of several sand-bag coffer-dams which turned the river from side to side, as desired.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE NEW ELECTRIC PLANT AT GARVIN'S FALLS.

In June of last year the contractors began work upon a new stone dam across the Merrimack river at Garvin's Falls. It was a big undertaking when one considers the frequency and size of the freshets with which this beautiful river has provided us during the last few years. But the dam is now practically completed, as is also a new canal and power house. The accompanying views show some phases of the conditions under which it was necessary to work.

The dam, including the headgate wall

of the canal is nearly 800 feet long, with a spillway 550 feet long. At one end 75 feet is two feet higher than the rest of the spillway; this will be uncovered at low water and will afford more relief at time of freshet. The dam is 30 feet high with a base of 35 feet.

The bed of the river is all rock at this place and has been blasted down to the solid ledge. In this ledge has been cut a channel the width of the dam, about four feet deep, and the masonry was begun in this channel. This will effect-



Winter view, looking across the river. Construction was scarcely interrupted all winter.

ually prevent any under-leakage or any tendency to displacement.

Cut granite facings with hearting of rubble laid in Portland cement have been used, and approximately 20,000 cubic yards of masonry built.

About 20,000 yards of excavating was needed for the canal, and part of this was a good grade of stone for the hearting of the dam. An excellent grade of sand for mortar was also found on the property near by.

Every carload of cement has undergone severe tests of 24 hours and of 7 and 27 days. The headgate wall and abutments are concrete and rubble-concrete. Complete stone-crushing and concrete-mixing plants were a part of the construction outfit. Fourteen steam derricks and 17 steam drills have been in operation at one time.

The canal, as enlarged, will carry the entire flow of the river at low stages, and is of exceptional strength. The station as completed is to stand entirely across the end of the canal and will double the capacity of the station in use the past few years. Its equipment is to be Rodney Hunt horizontal turbines,

directly connected to General Electric three-phase generators. Six thousand horse-power will be generated and will all be used by the Manchester Traction, Light and Power Co., which controls the electrical interests of Manchester,—street railways, lighting and power,—and supplies current for a portion of the Concord & Manchester electric branch of the Boston & Maine railroad.



Looking up the canal towards the headgates.

Publisher's Announcement.

¶ The publisher of the Granite Monthly desires at this time to announce a part of the programme for the summer and fall issues of the magazine.

¶ In the July number will be found the first instalment of "Personal Reminiscences," by Hon. Frank B. Sanborn of Concord, Mass.

¶ Mr. Sanborn is one of the few survivors of the celebrated circle of "Concord Philosophers"; was the literary executor of Theodore Parker and is well known as the latest historian of New Hampshire, his volume being issued this present April. His political life began in New Hampshire, but he removed to Massachusetts half a century ago and has been a considerable factor in moulding the charitable institutions and the other public policies of Massachusetts for the years since elapsed.

¶ His papers will run through a series of issues and will be illustrated by numerous fine cuts, many of them from hitherto unpublished originals. All who remember Mr. Sanborn's part in the Butler campaigns in Massachusetts in 1871-1883 will await with pleasure his story of those strenuous times.

¶ During the season there will be a profusely illustrated story of the summer life upon the many beautiful lakes of the state, paying particular attention to the camps for boys and girls, of which there are many. There will also be a sporting number in which will be pictured, as far as possible, every New Hampshire born winner of a regular athletic event (amateur or professional); every New Hampshire bred horse that makes a low mark or gets a good position in a big race; the big fish and the anglers who catch them, and the good strings of game with their gunners. In addition to these special features there will be timely articles upon Good Roads, Old Home Week, Forestry, and kindred topics of vital interest to the prosperity of the state. These with the regular illustrated town stories and miscellaneous matter will make a magazine which should receive the hearty support of all friends of the good old Granite State.



Photo. by J. H. Woodward.

ON THE WINNEPESAUKEE RIVER.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXXVI.

MAY, 1904.

No. 5.



CLEMENT DURGIN.

ONE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE'S SONS.

By Helen Philbrook Patten.

Among the men born in New Hampshire, who have reflected honor upon the state of their birth by going forth to win distinction, is Mr. Clement Durgin, who is known as one of the early educators of Boston.

Mr. Durgin was a native of Sanbornton, and descended from ancestors noted for their intelligence, integrity, and their active interest in all public affairs. His father, William

Durgin, was an architect of some reputation, having planned and built several churches and many other buildings in Sanbornton and surrounding towns and in different parts of the state. He was a true artist, as well as architect, and his fine taste was exhibited in many ways aside from that shown by the lines and proportions of his buildings; at the same time he was a very practical



Photo. by J. H. Woodward.
A FISHING GROUND ON A NEW HAMPSHIRE LAKE.

man, being able to turn his hand at anything and everything. A towns-woman, Miss Hannah Hill, who afterwards became Mr. Durgin's second wife, and the mother of Clement, said that his universal genius was generally acknowledged, for she had heard of him for a number of years as "the man who could make everything except *rennet bags*."

The youngest son of William, Clement Durgin, was born in Sanbornton Bridge (now Tilton) on the 29th of September, 1802. He was a man of great intellectual capacity, and inherited the artistic temperament of his father. His disposition was mild and amiable, and his manner distinguished him as a true gentleman, as he was courtly and gracious to all, and even in his dealings with his family and neighbors he never departed from that conventional though sympathetic manner which was characteristic of him.

Mr. Durgin had an ardent love for nature, and this was the basis of his efforts along the line of science, and made his work his delight. His rambles during his youth took him to every part of his native town, which is noted for the beauty of its scenery, and he became familiar with every bird, insect, and flower; and in later years in his letters to his family, he frequently mentioned his favorite haunts, with allusions to his boyish experiences. His skill as a fisherman was well known, and he was so successful that a neighbor, who was a famous angler, but who yielded the honors to his rival, said that "Clement Durgin had a warrantee deed of every fish in the Winnepesaukee river." This favorite sport was pursued along the brooks and rivers of

his native state and among its many lakes; and later, as a relaxation from his mental work in Boston, he indulged in the larger sport of deep-sea fishing, an account of one of his trips being graphically described in one of his letters to his brother John.

Of Mr. Durgin it may be said that he was one of the few men who perceived the possibilities of the future in educational lines; and it was he who introduced into secondary schools the study of natural science by going directly to nature itself; and though he was able to open the way Mr. Durgin did not live to see the splendid development of his methods and their results.

The almost-forgotten career of this man is interesting not only for the actual work he accomplished for the educational future, but because of his connection with Chauncy Hall school in Boston, where he was the first teacher in the English department.

At that time the study of natural science in preparatory schools was unknown, and even in colleges, when the subject was taught at all it was carried on by very crude text-book methods.

Mr. Durgin was a natural teacher and a man of rare accomplishment in various branches of knowledge, in which he had the faculty of greatly interesting his pupils.

The way in which he was brought into the school in 1824 was singular and interesting. Mr. Thayer, the founder of Chauncy Hall school, had some time previously advertised for a teacher who was a perfect master of any one thing, giving him an opportunity to show the fact by teaching it in the school, with the prospect of an



Photo. by J. H. Woodward.

BIRTHPLACE OF CLEMENT DURGIN.

engagement if successful. Mr. Durgin presented himself, making no claim but that of being the possessor of a very beautiful handwriting—the perfect “Boston hand” then in vogue—and of the ability to teach it. This accomplishment spoke for itself, and he was given an opportunity to show his teaching power at a very modest rate of compensation. He professed himself satisfied, went to work, and awaited advancement.

As opportunity afforded, in cases of sickness or absence of other teachers, he modestly offered his services, and was never found wanting in the necessary knowledge and skill; and in a catalogue of the school issued in May, 1829, we find Clement Durgin as “teacher of History, Natural Philosophy, Geography, English Grammar, etc.,” a wide range of subjects whatever “and so forth” might include.

In fact, in due time he was able to prove himself a man of very wide and deep acquisitions, and a very skilful teacher. Especially was he versed in various branches of what in these days is called natural science, particularly in zoölogy—an unusual accomplishment in that time—and by the aid of the solar microscope, which was a part of the equipment of the new school, he introduced the boys to a new world, and gave them the love for, and interest in, nature which could not be gained in any other way. The pupils were also influenced to make collections of specimens illustrating their studies in geology, mineralogy, and biology.

Under his tutorship the school was thus taking a distinct step in advance of its time, and was enjoying a kind of study and teaching that has been

aimed at, and in some degree realized, in our schools within the last twenty years.

Mr. Durgin became well known in Boston, and was a lecturer and speaker in many different circles. Unfortunately, in the midst of his usefulness, and with the connection as partner in school before him, he was stricken down by consumption, and died at an early age, in the year 1833. A monument at Mt. Auburn cemetery was erected to his memory by his pupils, and its inscription still attests their regard for him:

Clement Durgin, associate principal of Chauncy Hall School, Boston. Born September twenty-ninth, 1802. Died September thirtieth, 1833.

A student and lover of Nature. In her wonders he saw and acknowledged, and through them, he adored her beneficent Author.

His life was a beautiful illustration of his philosophy; his death of the triumph of his faith. His pupils have raised this monument as an imperfect memorial of their grateful affection and respect.

Mr. Thayer, in his “Letters to a Young Teacher,” published in an educational journal of the day, said of Mr. Durgin:

He was a universal student, not of printed books merely, but of the great book of Nature,—not sealed to him, but open and read with understanding and a perpetual delight. The pebble, the tiny wild flower, the buzzing insect, the downy moss, the magnificent tree—the singing bird—all created things, animate and inanimate, were subjects of his contemplation, and furnished him with lessons with which to enrich his school instructions, while they attuned his mind to harmony and love.

His lectures and addresses, orations and poems—for he was no mean poet—evinced knowledge, judgment, patriotism, and taste, of which many young men would have been proud.

Though hundreds of Mr. Durgin's letters have been destroyed, a number of them have been preserved, and are

wonders of beautiful penmanship and graceful diction; written with a fine quill pen, the last word as fair as the first. From these letters we get little glimpses of his personality and of his life in Boston. In a letter to his brother he says: "I attended a dinner given to the Hon. Daniel Webster, and was more delighted than I can express. It was more splendid than anything of the kind ever seen in New England, and I think truly if anything could make a man feel proud of his country and of her distinguished men, it must be an occasion like this. Mr. Webster made a speech of an hour long, and was listened to with profound attention and admiration."

His devotion to his family was expressed in innumerable ways, and though seldom at home during his years of teaching, his interest in his family and its affairs never declined, and he was always thoughtful of its welfare. He writes to his mother begging her to overcome her delicacy and send to him "upon occasions when you want any little trifling affairs. I suppose you would rather do without than ask for them, but you must always suppose me *rich*; and in this point I am, for I have enough for you and for me."

To his sister, who was much younger than himself, he writes: "I am still a bachelor, unengaged. I am paying my addresses *to* no lady, and, so far as I know, I am courted *by* no lady; but next year being leap year, I am threatened by a host of pretty-faced damsels." In another letter, written to his sister, he says: "It would give me great pleasure to see you in Boston when you can make it agreeable. Perhaps you will wait till some lady comes to marry me, and

then we shall have a better place to accommodate you than at the public hotel. I hope you will not wait for that, but should you conclude to, I will give you early notice. I am ready to be married if any one will come and marry me, but I have not time to court any one."

Judging from the amount of work done by this ambitious man, it is no wonder that he had no time for matrimonial things. What he was actually doing and what he hoped to accomplish is given in one of his letters to his brother John. He writes:

"I have much to do besides my ordinary duty. Winter is particularly pleasant in Boston—I mean to the student who wishes his own improvement or that of others. I think I shall make a lonely bachelor's life tolerably comfortable if my health will permit. I am a lover of science, and so ardent am I in the pursuit that my flesh will not sustain the close application that my spirit would lay upon it. I am too fond of study, and yet I cannot relinquish it. I know much is expected of me, and my desire is that they who place confidence in me shall not be disappointed. Besides my school duties, I have to deliver an oration on the coming anniversary of Franklin's birth; two lectures before the Boston Lyceum, and probably a course of lectures before an association of ladies, like the one last year. I am also writing an English grammar which I hope to finish before January. I know all this is not so much as a man might do, but when you consider it must be done in my leisure hours out of school, it will appear sufficient. May my strength equal my desire to be useful."

In a letter written from Chauncy

hall, October 6th, 1828, Mr. Durgin says to his brother: "Since my return from Sanbornton I have had an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Thayer to become a member of their family and have accepted their offer, where I shall take up my abode this week." He remained with the Thayers for five years and there died in September, 1833.

On the morning of his birthday Mrs. Thayer went into his room and after general salutations said: "And this, we remember, is your birthday." "Yes," he replied, "and probably the day of my death;" and a little after midnight, with Mr. Thayer beside his bed, after reading the hundred and third psalm, his life went out, with the desire that no one be disturbed.

Mr. Thayer said of him: "Patient of labor and willing to oblige, he was called upon to devote many an hour after his day's school toil was over, in the preparation of literary work for lyceums, anniversary occasions, societies, and national holidays, to which he always responded cordially, and which he successfully performed." Unwilling to present anything unworthy of himself and the occasion, or that should fall below the anticipations of his friends, he bestowed much care and time upon them, and these at the expense of needful rest and bodily exercise; crowning his error

with the idea that his intellect was clearer with a very abstemious diet.

He fell into a decline from which no curative treatment could restore him, and died at the early age of thirty-one years—a victim of too rigid

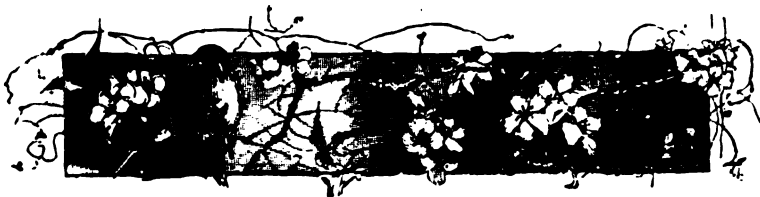


Clement Durgin's Tomb at Mount Auburn.

Erected by his pupils.

a system of dietetics, too small an allowance of sleep and bodily exercise.

To such grand, unselfish men the world owes much; and may we who benefit by their labors be worthy of their efforts.





GROVER CLEVELAND'S SUMMER HOME.

AT SANDWICH, N. H.

New Hampshire's most noted summer guest will pass this season in the house pictured above. It is the old Silas Frye farmhouse and is situated on the south side of a dome-shaped hill, among the southwestern spurs of the White Mountain range and about 25 miles south of Mount Washington and 14 miles north of Lake Winnepesaukee, in the town of Sandwich. The chimney of the house bears the inscription, "1799."

The nearest railway station, West Ossipee, is 11 miles away and the only public means of conveyance to the farm is a stage, which passes along the highway.

The nearest telegraph office is at the West Ossipee station, but there is a private telephone at White Face post-office in North Sandwich, about a mile away.

The chief rooms on the main floor have been left in their original form, but a new and larger ell has been

built in the place of a tumbledown old one, and the upper part of the house has been remodeled to make more sleeping room. It now contains five bedrooms upstairs, and five rooms, pantry, and laundry on the ground floor. A complete system of modern plumbing has been put in, for which water is supplied from a well in the orchard, equipped with a windmill that fills a large tank on the top of the barn.

The dining-room is very pleasant, with a row of narrow windows in the Dutch fashion, recently put in, giving a fine north light. The view from these windows is very fine. Off the dining-room is a small bedroom, in the west end of the house, that is already spoken of as "Mr. Cleveland's study."

The house has no front stairs, the upper floor being reached from the pantry.

(ADDENDA.)

REVEREND ISRAEL EVANS, A. M.

Chaplain American army during the entire Revolutionary War, 1776 to 1783.
Concord's second settled minister, 1789 to 1797.

By John Calvin Thorne.

Since the publication of the monograph on the Rev. Israel Evans, A. M., in the Granite Monthly of November, 1902, the writer has learned some additional facts in regard to Mr. Evans, and especially of his ancestry, which should be preserved in connection with that paper.

On sending to Yale college a copy of the earlier publication, I received the following:

"Yale University Library.

"The president and fellows of Yale university have received from the author, John Calvin Thorne, Esq., the following gift to the library for which I am instructed to return their sincere thanks: 'A Monograph of the Rev. Israel Evans, A. M., the second minister of Concord, N. H., 1789-1797.'

"Very respectfully,
"A Van Name, Librarian."

"Note. For notices of the father and grandfather of the Rev. Israel Evans, both of whom were graduates of Yale, which you state you were unable to find, see Yale College Biographies and Annals, 1701 to 1745, by Franklin Bowditch Dexter, M. A., Vol. I, pages 111-113, also 623-624."

Thus, after searching in vain for the information there given, for perhaps a year or more, I found in the volume mentioned a very full and satisfactory account, which is here given in substance, and which I am glad to

state was in harmony with surmises made from my previous investigations.

The Rev. Israel Evans was the son of Rev. Samuel Evans of Great Valley, Chester county, Pennsylvania, a graduate of Yale college, class of 1739, with degree of A. M. Samuel was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Philadelphia, January 8, 1741. On the 7th of October he accepted a call from the Great Valley church. On May 5th of the following year he was ordained and installed as its pastor. Samuel's father, the Rev. David Evans, Jr., who had been settled over this same church from 1720 to 1740, preached the installation sermon. In 1747 Samuel left his pastoral charge and made two or more voyages to England. His later career is unknown. He died about the year 1766.

His son Israel was born in 1747; was graduated at the College of New Jersey in 1772; and was pastor of the First Congregational church in Concord, N. H., 1789 to 1797.

Rev. David Evans, Jr., the grandfather of Israel, was the son of David Evans, who emigrated from Wales to Philadelphia in 1701. He was of course the father of Samuel previously mentioned. David, Jr., was one of a class of two only who graduated from Yale college in 1713, with the honor of A. M. He received an unanimous call to the church of the Welsh Tract, so called, in Pennsylvania, September 8, 1714, and was

FAC-SIMILE OF ORIGINAL LETTER TO OLD SOUTH CHURCH, BOSTON, 1789.

To the Church of Christ, in Boston,
under the Pastoral care of the Rev^d Joseph Eckley,
the Church in Concord sendeth Greeting.

Reverend & Beloved;

It having pleased God, in
his Providence, to dispose the Church, & Congregation
in this Town, to invite the Reverend Israel Evans to
Jettie with them, in the work of the Ministry, and
take the Charge & Oversight of them in the Lord;
and it having pleased the same Providence, to incline
him to declare his acceptance of their invitation;

We therefore request the presence
of your Reverend Pastor, & such Delegates as you may
be pleased to appoint, on Wednesday the first of July
next, to join with other Churches in the installation
of our Pastor elect, & to assist in performing such
offices of love & Christian communion, as that solemn
occasion may require.

We sincerely request your Prayer
that the Gospel may come to us, not in words only,
but also in Power, & in the Holy Ghost; that it may
please God to bestow his blessing upon that impor-
tant transaction, which we have in prospect, and
cause the religion of the blessed Jesus to flourish
among us; and wishing you much of the Divine
presence, that Jo Grace, Mercy, & Peace, may be
multiplied to you from God the Father and our
Lord

Jesus Christ, we subscribe ourselves, in the name
and by order of the Church, Your Brethren in the
Faith and Fellowship of the Gospel

} Committee

Concord ~~June~~ 1789

NB

We have made similar applications to the
following Churches, under the care of the Reverend M

Wesley x Samuel McHenry - x John Eliot

x Jonathan Searle

x Tim. Upham

x William Kelley

Joseph Cady

x John Shaw

x Jonathan Allen

x David Cogood

x Isaac Smith

Lacrosse x ~~Joseph~~ Cady

x Cornelius Waters

x Joseph Woodman

x Jeddiah Morse

Jacob Latham

Samuel Wood

x Peter Thacher

x Jeremy Melknot



Israel Evans's Diploma, College of New Jersey (now Princeton), 1772.

ordained November 3 following. In 1720 he was called to the Tredyffrin or Great Valley congregation, and a church was erected for him. In 1740 he was dismissed. He next organized and became pastor of a church at Pilesgrove, Cumberland county, N. J., and installed April 30, 1741, where he continued until his death in 1751.

Two of his sons graduated at Yale, Samuel in 1739 and Joel in 1740. He was said to be of an eccentric and high-spirited nature.

He published:

(1) The Minister of Christ and his

Flock. A sermon (from I Thess., v. 12, 13.) preached at the ordination of Richard Treat (Y. C. 1725) at Abingdon, December 30, 1731. Philad. 1732. Printed by B. Franklin. 16 o. pp. 108.

(2) Help for Parents. At Philad. Franklin Press. 1732.

(3) Law and Gospel; or Man wholly ruined by the Law, and Recovered by the Gospel. Being the substance of some sermons preached at Tredyffrin in 1734, and again at Pilesgrove in 1745. Phil.: Printed by B. Franklin and D. Hall. 1748. 16 o. pp. 52.



A ROYAL FLUSH.

By Mrs. W. V. Tomkins.

Dougan's face was as white as her frock.

"What is it, Dougan?" I cried, but she did not answer.

We were standing in a canyon so deep that there was only a flicker of sunlight now and then to light up its gloomy recesses. Around us on every side frowned jagged walls of rock threaded with ribbons of shale, and dark evergreens sentinelled the cliffs above. At our feet a tiny, ice-cold stream grumbled because it could not find the light.

"What is it, Dougan?" I asked again.

She came to me hurriedly.

"I do not know," she answered in a whisper. "I thought I heard voices."

"Voices!" I repeated sharply, but she laid one hand upon my lips and drew me back within the shadow of the wall of rock.

Dougan and I had been married just four weeks and we were playing at prospecting to-day in the Corusco basin.

Something in her face now made me hold my breath as I looked at her. Through the cleft above us we saw the sunlight fading, and the single peak within our range of vision slowly drew a hood of pink and purple over his white night-cap. Night was falling over the canyon.

Along the narrow bed of the stream a ragged fringe of grease-wood and willows grew. Suddenly, long before my ears had caught the faintest sound, Dougan had pulled me down in an angle of the rocky wall where a pile of loose driftwood and a thin screen of willow branches served to conceal us from any one

who might happen to be in the canyon. Again I tried to speak, but a gesture checked me.

By this time even my duller ears had caught the sound that had last startled her. Some one or something was coming up the canyon. A twig snapped; another; and yet another. Once there was the rattle of shale under a heavy footfall. An owl, frightened from his perch in the willows, blundered by, his heavy wings flapping clumsily. Some tiny, wild creature slipped from the sun-warmed drift beside us, and the gentle ripple of the water was hushed a little as he dived into a sheltered pool.

My first thought, as I waited there in the coming darkness, was of the danger to my young wife. It had been a most foolhardy piece of business bringing her to Corusco canyon. Big game was still plentiful in the basin and we were practically unarmed save for my hunting knife. I listened again, cursing the faint ripple, ripple of the water and trying to discover whether it was the shambling tread of a big grizzly or the lighter movements of a mountain lion that had produced the sounds.

The noise came nearer, nearer. At every moment I expected to see the wicked, pig-like eyes gleaming into mine, for I was sure by this time that the pace was too slow and there was too much noise for the comer to be a mountain lion.

Just opposite the fringe of drift and stunted willows, behind which we crouched, was a bit of swale crusted with moss and starred with tiny blossoms. I heard the mysterious footfalls as they reached this bit of marshy ground; heard the splash and

suck of the water-soaked moss as the footsteps passed on, and clenched Dougan's hand more tightly in my own. I could hear the footfalls plainly enough, but the one who made them was quite invisible.

It was growing dusk in the canyon, but it was still far from dark. I rubbed my eyes in bewilderment. The sounds were dying away now up the canyon. Once a whole avalanche of shale rattled into the little brook beside me, sending a spray of ice-cold water into my face, and a startled bird brushed my shoulder with its wings, wheeled, and then soared aloft, quivered like a dry leaf against the twilight above the canyon cleft, and then vanished.

"Oh, Archie, what is it?"

"Why, Dougan, how you tremble! Let us get away from this gloomy place. It will be as dark as Egypt here whenever the daylight is fully gone."

"Wait!"

She caught my hand suddenly in both her own.

"I am afraid," she stammered. "Afraid of what we may meet out there in the darkness."

"There is something about the canyon that I cannot explain, Dougan," I said honestly. "It was only an echo, I dare say. Come, dear, let us go."

I raised her to her feet and, half leading, half carrying her, we crossed the flooded pool at the bottom of the canyon and began slowly to climb the opposite cliff. We were both little more than children, but I felt as bold as a lion with Dougan clinging to my sleeve.

We toiled slowly and carefully upward for a long time; so carefully that not a twig snapped under our feet and not a pebble was loosened by an incautious movement. Dougan was tired, so we stopped just as we neared the top of the cliff and, sitting upon a bit of outcropping rock, waited until she could breathe more freely.

Far below us crept the black thread

of the mountain torrent, but only a faint whisper of its musical gurgle came to us now and then. In the dim pool beneath us a star mirrored itself. A ray of moonlight sifted through the tamarack branches above us and powdered the drifted shale at our feet with silver.

"I shall never care to visit the canyon again, Archie," said Dougan, shivering a little. "You know the old legend that the place is haunted by the spirit of the basin; an old prospector who was murdered—"

"Nonsense, Dougan!" I said, all the more sharply that my own nerves were quivering. "How—"

"Hush!" she whispered, clutching my arm.

Her hand, cold as ice, fell on mine. Across the canyon and a little lower than the shelf on which we sat, a twisted fir tree stood blackened and cleft by lightning. The moon above—now near the full—had risen higher and for the moment everything was as distinct as if mirrored in silver. A dark figure leaned against the blasted fir. The figure of an old man. For the passing of a breath it was there—then gone.

For a moment a subtle terror took possession of us both. Then the night breeze brought to our nostrils the faint odor of tobacco.

"Spirits do not smoke Regent cigars," I said, as I drew Dougan back into the shadows again. "There is something wrong here, Dougan. Do you remember the robbery of the stage-coach at Aransas? And the solitary robber who was hunted like a partridge for days and weeks? It would be a feather in my cap sure enough if we have fallen on his retreat by accident and I am able to effect his capture. It would go a long way toward giving me the nomination for sheriff."

I stopped suddenly. Again the little hand, like the flutter of an icy leaf, rested against my fingers. A queer sound broke the silence that brooded over the canyon. A jarring, creaking sound, like the settling of a

heavy beam into its place. Then, as it died away, the figure of the man appeared again like a vision conjured up by the sound, then vanished.

"Dougan!" I gasped, "it is Harkness. The lone stage robber, I mean. Doubtless there is some hole in the cliff over there where he takes refuge. We will smoke him out of his den to-morrow."

"What is the amount of the reward offered by the county for his capture, Archie?" she asked quietly.

We had crossed the lip of the cliff now and were hurrying homeward together.

"One thousand dollars, and Wells Fargo as much more," I said jubilantly. "Besides—"

We were in the full moonlight now and the pallor of her face was very noticeable. The outline of the rounded cheek was as pure, as delicious, as the soft, cool velvet of a sun-opened magnolia petal.

"And what will they do with him, Archie?" she asked softly.

"Do with him?" I said thoughtlessly, "Why, Dougan, he killed a man. It means hanging for him as sure—"

The little hand slipped from my arm.

"And are you willing to help hunt him down," she said acidly, "for money?"

The tone of her voice was decidedly suggestive. I had heard it once before and the quarter of an hour that had followed had not been a very pleasant one.

"They will try him first of course," I said delicately, "and he may get away. I have forgotten the statistics or I could tell you just how many guilty men escape for every innocent one who is unjustly punished. It is—has been—a matter of scientific investigation," I added lamely.

"I don't believe that you ever even thought of the matter before," said Dougan suspiciously and implacably. "Never mind, Archie, it is really no matter. We are going to the very top of the Sawtooth to-morrow, you know."

But I did not know. Long after Dougan was sleeping the sleep of the just I lay and stared into the darkness, trying to devise ways and means to capture Harkness. It was the chance of a lifetime. It was not alone the money I would earn (and we were disgracefully poor, Dougan and I), but the prestige I would gain. My fortune would be made politically.

But no inspiration came to me. It was not so much the fact that I would be obliged to lie to Dougan, though that was bad enough, but there was the slender chance that she would be upon her guard, and the imminent danger that the very plan I might fall upon would be the one which she would expect me to avail myself of. It was a very ticklish matter.

"Wake up, Archie! You lazy boy! Why, the sun has been up for hours!"

I turned on my pillow and groaned.

"It's hard lines, little woman," I said dolefully, "but I must have twisted my ankle confoundedly yesterday on those rocks. I am sure that I cannot take a step. I did not sleep until after midnight," I added, as a saving concession to truth.

She was all sympathy in a moment.

"Oh, you poor boy!" she cried, "how shameful of me to sleep so soundly when you were suffering so. Let me see your ankle, Archie. You know I took a year's course in nursing."

I did know it—to my sorrow. I thought of more than one nasty mess that she had made me swallow on the strength of that year, and shuddered.

"See here, Dougan," I said desperately, "do be reasonable, that's a dear. I have only twisted my ankle rather badly and there is nothing whatever to do but be patient over it. If you—do you want to please me very much, Dougan?"

She nodded.

"Then go with your friends to the Sawtooth when they call for you. You know we were to be very sensible and all that, and I am fearfully

in arrears with my letters. A quiet day would—"

She looked at me thoughtfully.

"We would not be gone over four hours," she said thoughtfully, "and your breakfast is on the table—"

"There—I hear them coming," I said lightly. "Our cook will take good care of me, Dougan. And I can hobble about a little. You are a dear woman and I should have felt dreadfully if you had been obliged to stay at home to-day."

She went away after that, after giving me strict injunctions on every possible subject, which I immediately privately proceeded to forget as soon as possible.

Should I attempt the capture alone? No, Harkness was a dangerous man and there must be at least a show of force. The town was only ten miles away, but I had no idea of sharing my discovery with my rival for the nomination—the present sheriff of the county. And at any moment Dougan might come back. To be perfectly frank, I had been amazingly surprised that she had ever consented to go away in the first place.

I examined my pistols carefully and then set out for the canyon. It was not very early. The sun was quite high and little plummets of golden light dropped into the green darkness below me. I felt as cool as I ever did in my life when I swung myself over the lip of the chasm and left the garish sunlight behind me. Of course the man for whom I was seeking was a most dangerous one and if he got the drop on me—a fleeting vision came to me of Dougan in black crape and widow's weeds and the features of the other man who wanted her quite as badly as I did and would doubtless have made her a far better husband. It was a most discouraging thought and I tried to forget it as soon as possible.

It was a glorious morning. I looked back at the sunlight regretfully as I swung myself from spur to spur of the cliff as noiselessly as pos-

sible. There was a touch of gray silver frosting the swollen torrent below me—there had been heavy rains in the hills the night before—and in its voice now there was a note of menace and of warning.

I had planned to climb down the cliff on the side where the fir tree was, hoping thereby to come upon Harkness unobserved. There was an element of chance about the whole thing that thrilled every drop of gambler's blood in my body.

If he saw me first—!

I had reached the shelf on which the fir tree stood by this time and still had seen no reason for alarm. My approach, I flattered myself, had been quite noiseless or nearly so, and Harkness could have no suspicion that his presence in the canyon was known.

I looked about me hopefully but it was some time before I discovered what I sought, a hole in the cliff half concealed by swinging curtains of grayish vines and a fringe of stunted juniper. It was quite dark within, as I could see by leaning forward.

Now it is one thing to fight a wild animal in the open and quite another to follow him—a desperate, hunted thing—into his den. For the first time some faint glimmering of reason came to me. I remembered the dark stories that I had heard of Harkness' dare-deviltry, and again a fleeting glimpse of the features of my rival for Dougan's affections stamped itself upon my inner consciousness. We had fought over her once when we were boys, and he had said that if he could not have her as maid he would as widow. Well—

I dropped to my knees and crawled slowly and cautiously into the opening. It widened a little as I proceeded, so that after a short time I was able to stand erect. I followed a tortuous, natural passage among the rocks for possibly ten feet and then emerged quite suddenly into a small chamber.

It was well that it was empty or I

should have been taken off my guard. Traces of recent occupancy were plain enough. A half-eaten cake and a tin cup, from which coffee had been drained, were together on a flat rock in the middle of the floor. In one corner was a rude couch, made of fir boughs and covered with a tattered blanket and old clothing.

A slight sound made me turn to find Harkness standing just behind me. He held his pistol negligently, but I was wise enough to know that he had me covered. He looked worn and haggard but there was a slight smile on his lips.

"Been following me, have you?" he said, genially. "I thought that you showed too much curiosity yesterday to live a very healthy life in these parts, when I saw you yesterday. It is rather a pity, too," he added, half regretfully.

I had been West long enough to know that I would never be nearer Death, even when his frosty hand was laid upon my lips, than I was now, as I stood facing this mild-mannered man who caressed his pistol so lovingly. He made a faint, deprecatory gesture and I dropped the pistols from my own belt. The smile broadened a little as he kicked them to one side in such a way that the contents of both were discharged.

The reports sounded as one and filled the rocky room with thunder. It was quite light within the little chamber, for a ray of sunlight came from the far-away rocky roof of the cave, and I tried to face him steadily. The smile had faded now and his face had hardened.

"Nobody to hear," he said, still half gently, as he stared at me. "I want you to know before you die that I've got no grudge against you. I am even sorry for you. But in five minutes you will be a dead man."

He spoke quite coolly—dispassionately. I had discovered his hiding place and my life was the forfeit that I must pay for my temerity.

He looked me over a moment.

"The world will say that it was an accident," he continued. "Your gun was accidentally discharged while you were descending the rocks. I will see that your body is placed in such a manner as to bear out the supposition. And I see no need for further delay. Are you ready? One! Two!—"

He wheeled suddenly with a quick indrawn breath. Right behind us stood Dougan. She looked at us both, but spoke first to me. She, too, held a pistol in her hand.

"So this is the way you take care of your sprained ankle," she said with fine scorn; then turned to Harkness.

"I am just in time, it seems," she said, looking at him with some curiosity. "Now if I let you go—"

"For Heaven's sake, Dougan!" I said, with horror, "think what you are doing. And do be careful with that pistol," I added, as an afterthought. "As you are holding it now, I am in quite as much danger as is Harkness. More so, I dare say, since only those who are good die young."

She changed the position of the firearm hastily, so hastily that my blood froze in my veins as I noticed that she had drawn a bead on my innocent head.

"Not that way, Dougan!" I cried again. "Farther to the right!"

She shifted the pistol again, to the imminent danger of her own person.

"There!" she said cheerfully, "Will that do?"

She had so terrified me by her evolutions and gestures that I held my peace, although I saw that her hand wavered so that no intelligent man, without the powers of divination of the Infinite, could have told whether, in case the weapon was discharged, she would be guilty of homicide or suicide.

"What must I do?" she said to me, appealingly.

"The Lord knows. Only, for sweet charity's sake, hold the pistol steadier, Dougan. It is not death I

fear so much as the uncertainty of the thing. And, Dougan, do keep your eyes on Harkness."

"I will," she said obediently, if a little hysterically, "but do something as soon as you reasonably can, Archie. I am getting tired, holding this heavy pistol. If Mr. Harkness—"

"Never mind me, Miss!" said Harkness, politely but agitatedly. "If you could manage to lower that weapon and aim a leetle nearer the heart—I don't mind dying a clean death so much, but I do hate to be all messed and mangled up."

The pistol wavered distractedly.

"Dougan!" I cried again, desperately. "A little more to the left, please! You will find what little money I have in the pocket of my other coat. My funeral—"

"I would like a letter written," said Harkness, resignedly but despondently, as the wavering pistol swung his way again, "telling my mother down in old Mexico how I died. Or at least as much as is decent. If you could bring your mind to tell her that I had been legally hung—but never mind!" he added quickly, as Dougan's agitation further disturbed her aim.

I had been thinking as rapidly as possible.

I could not get my own pistols. Any attempt to do so would only distract Dougan's attention, and, even if I could get them, they were unloaded and the deliberate loading of pistols requires a great deal of time. The thing to do, if possible, was to get possession of Harkness' arms. But Harkness was no fool, and the novelty of the situation, I felt sure, was the only thing that had kept him quiet so long. His life was at stake and, while the code of western honor would not allow him to harm a woman, he would feel no hesitation whatever in taking my life before her eyes. Still there would be little use in my death now, since it left the

secret of his hiding place in Dougan's possession and himself at a woman's mercy. It was a complicated situation.

"Dougan," I said at last, "it is the old story of carrying the fox and geese over the river. Harkness is afraid of me and I am afraid of Harkness, and we are both afraid of you. As long as you hold the cards you do—"

I was talking desperately—feverishly—talking to gain time. There was a look in Harkness' eyes that boded me little good. And still my stupid brain refused to show me a way out of the situation.

"I don't believe that your gun is loaded, miss," said Harkness, suddenly.

The thrust threw her off her guard.

"Loaded!" she said, indignantly, "just let me show you!"

She lowered the muzzle of the weapon as she spoke and, as she did so and before I could move or speak, Harkness sprang forward.

Quick as he was, however, Dougan was quicker and the ball met him half way. He fell forward stupidly.

"You are an utterly unprincipled man," said Dougan, with horror, as she stood above him with her smoking pistol.

He smiled a sickly smile.

"A bullet in the leg," he said, with a slowly widening grin. "It puts me out of the game, pardner. Your hand was good enough and mine was better, but she holds the royal flush. I pass."

Dougan was kneeling beside him, trying her first aid to the wounded. Knowing Dougan as I did, I scarcely knew whether she was to be most dreaded in her life-saving or life-taking capacity. Harkness would have taken my life, but I sincerely pitied him now.

"I am going for help, Archie," said my wife, rising to her feet. "Arnold and the others are on the hill above the canyon."

She looked at me strangely.
"I want to speak to you, Archie,"
she said at last. "I want to whisper
to you, I mean."

I held my head down to her lips.
"What does the sheriff's office
pay?" she asked.

KEZIAH SARACEN'S MICROBE SCARE.

By Alice Eveleth Minot.

"A strange man in the parlor? Judith, are you crazy? You know I never allow peddlers or book agents in the house," and Miss Keziah dropped the long, gray cotton stocking, which she was darning, into her wicker-work basket.

"Miss Keziah, I tell you he is n't a peddler! Don't I know a genteel man when I see him?" retorted Judith, her domestic and companion.

"You can't judge by appearances, for they are deceitful. Run downstairs lively or he'll steal everything in the house," cried Miss Keziah in her high shrill voice. "Do you hear? Judith Mullens, what are you hanging back for?"

"Well, if he is n't a respectable gentleman, I never saw one," retorted Judith, pausing on the threshold to look at her mistress. "Are you coming down? Dinner 'll burn to a crisp if you don't."

"I suppose so. I don't see any way out of it. It's just like you, Judith, to trust every one," she continued to herself. "But true as the gospel she'll get taken in one of these days."

Miss Keziah was a maiden lady of forty-five years, a true sample of a New England spinster, and her inheritance from her Puritan ancestors plainly asserted itself in both her personal appearance and character. She was noted throughout the town for her thriftiness and narrow-minded views of life, for she still clung to the rigid old doctrines.

Miss Keziah was the only daughter of Dr. Leander Saracen. Of her

three brothers, only one was living; but he made his home in California, and, except for an occasional letter, was as one dead to his sister, who had not seen him for fifteen years. So Miss Keziah lived alone in the house, where she was born, a large, old-fashioned brick mansion which she had inherited, situated on a slight elevation, hedged in with white and purple lilac bushes, with a garden filled with fragrant, spicy pinks, lavender, and mignonette. She had planned on having a quiet morning in the pleasant front chamber, doing the week's mending, but, somewhat disturbed in her mind by Judith's loud call, she brushed her already smooth hair until it was like glossy brown satin and, shaking the creases from her linen apron, descended to the parlor.

An aristocratic old gentleman, who was seated by the window, courteously arose when she entered the room, saying, "Madam, pardon my intrusion, but I am compelled to delay my traveling several hours, as my faithful horse is too much fatigued to go on. Your quiet and pleasant surroundings have attracted my attention and I would ask you to allow me to accept of your hospitalities."

For a second Miss Keziah did not speak. Finally she said, in her usual blunt manner, "I am not in the habit of entertaining strange gentlemen. I have been bothered to death with peddlers this summer. Are you sure you are not a book agent?"

The old gentleman could not conceal a smile.

"I know you don't look like one, but one cannot judge by appearances, as I always tell Judith, who has n't any sense about trusting people. Somehow book agents and such always come it over her. You are n't offended, are you?"

"Not in the least, madam. As you truly remarked, one cannot be too careful in whom one places confidence. I am not a book agent or anything of the kind. I am simply Professor Jackson, professor of science in W— university, and have traveled from the White mountains by carriage, and am very much tired by my long ride. It will be a great kindness if you will allow me to remain an hour or two."

"I always intend to follow the 'Golden Rule,' so I will try and make you comfortable, although I don't ever let strangers into my house. Make yourself at home and I will speak to Judith about dinner. I presume you are hungry."

Judith was amazed when Miss Keziah ordered the best table cloth, the ancient silver, and honey, strawberries, and cream for dessert.

"Miss Keziah need n't ever tell me about trustin' strangers," she thought, while she was stringing the butter beans.

"I wonder what's come over her. I guess she's goin' to have a shock or somethin'."

Miss Keziah was greatly excited.

"To think I asked him if he was a book agent. He is a real blue blood. He shan't think Dr. Leander Appleton Saracen's daughter has n't any manners."

Accordingly she took her gray summer silk from its nail in the closet and, turning it right side out, put it carefully on. Then from a bureau drawer she took her choice point lace collar, which she pinned around her throat with a large cameo pin, and tied on her black silk apron.

"I dare say Judith will think it queer, but it had better be Judith

than Professor Jackson," she thought, looking at herself in her square mirror.

Miss Keziah proved a very pleasant hostess, entertaining her guest with adventures of the early settlers of the town, and stories of the Revolutionary war, which her grandfather Saracen had told her when she was a child.

They became so interested in their conversation that they did not observe the dark purple clouds rolling up from the west until a sharp flash of lightning almost blinded them and the rain was falling in torrents.

Miss Keziah hastily left the table to close the open windows.

For an hour the storm raged fiercely, the heavy peals of thunder seeming almost to rend the clouds. At length the sun peeped through the inky sky and a glorious rainbow bade them know that the tempest was at an end.

The Professor and Miss Keziah had become quite friendly and, while waiting for the mud in the roads to dry, she showed him the old-fashioned house and its ancient furniture.

"This parlor has n't been changed for over a hundred years. My great-grandmother papered it herself and I can't bear to have it altered," said Miss Keziah, surveying her possessions with pride.

"I, too, am fond of heirlooms, but, Miss Saracen, as you are probably aware, it is not considered healthful to have either carpets or wall paper in our houses, and such old paper as this must be covered with germs of disease. Who knows what disease may not have been in this house? And you are breathing into your lungs the poisonous matter. You will find by careful study that the walls are covered with these little germs, called microbes, and if one of these should be injected into a living creature it would cause its death."

"Do you really believe all this?"

asked Miss Keziah, greatly agitated. "I never heard of them before."

"Most assuredly. I not only believe it, but I know it to be a fact. The present generation would be far, far better, if all the stuffed furniture and carpets were made away with. It has always been, and always will be so, that these germs of disease are in the air, but we must guard against them. Have a constant supply of fresh air by keeping the house well ventilated. The worst results are attained by sitting in ill-ventilated lecture rooms and churches, breathing the foul air from all conditions of disease over and over again."

Professor Jackson left Miss Keziah well pleased with his visit and with a cordial invitation to pay her a call should he ever pass through the town again.

"Did n't I tell you, Miss Keziah, that he was a gentleman and you would n't believe me!" exclaimed Judith triumphantly, while she energetically poked the wood fire.

"Well, I will allow for once that you showed good judgment this time if never before. I don't know when I have been so well entertained," replied Miss Keziah, who was in an amiable frame of mind.

The following morning, when she was weeding her flower beds, a boyish voice startled her. "Halloo, Auntie Keziah, why did n't you send some one after my traps? I am most kerflumaxed. I brought my camera along to take the natives and did n't dare leave it at the station. Where's Judith?" cried the handsome college boy, throwing his heavy traps upon the steps.

"James Saracen, where under the canopy did you come from?" ejaculated his aunt.

"Right from Boston. Mater could not keep me home but two weeks after I left Harvard. You see, even if I am a Harvard sophomore, I don't forget my Auntie Keziah. Did n't get my letter? Thought it strange

you did n't write. Mater says I will drive you wild, and there is a letter for you in my rubbish, with full directions for my management. I am hungry as a bear. Has Judith got any rye pancakes?" and young James ran into the kitchen followed by Miss Keziah.

James Saracen was Miss Keziah's only living relative within three thousand miles. Although she appeared otherwise, she was very fond of her bright, handsome nephew, who had passed a portion of every summer with her since his babyhood.

For the next six weeks the house was made lively by the young student.

"James," said Miss Keziah, as they sat on the porch in the twilight, the last day of his visit, "did you ever hear of anything they call microbes?"

"Microbes? To be sure. Rather dangerous little animals to have around. Got any inhabiting your house?" replied James, lazily pulling a clematis blossom to pieces.

"That's what I don't know. I want to ask you if you think you could tell by the looks of the paper," said his aunt, nervously. "Professor Jackson stopped here this summer and was explaining about them."

"He did right. I hated to mention it for fear you might be alarmed, but I noticed them on the dining-room paper especially. Of course you cannot be expected to discover them with your inexperienced eyes. Microbes are of different colors, representing different diseases. Now there are—"

"Had you just as soon come over the house and see if you can show me where they are?" asked his aunt, rising from her low wooden rocker.

"Most happy, my auntie. You see this paper is gray with a green vine running over it, therefore it is quite easy to distinguish them. I will trace with my finger the line which the different species of microbe follow. First, the consumption—"

"Arn't you afraid you may absorb

them?" asked Miss Keziah, anxiously.

"No. I should naturally, but my hands are so toughened by baseball playing there is no danger. As I was about to say, the consumption microbe is of a dull red color, about the size of the point of a cambric needle. At the least there must have been one or two cases in this house. There are now at a rough estimate several millions of the little fellows. The typhoid fever germs are a bluish white. I will follow with my finger along their line of march, but I fail to find more than fifty. There are many kinds of various descriptions, varying in color according to the disease. I wonder you and Judith are not in your tombs."

"Is it as bad as this? To think that we have lived here all these years and my lungs are weak. What shall I do to remedy this?" moaned the aunt.

"Let me see. I should advise the following remedy. Give me a piece of paper and I will scribble it down for you," said young James, amused with his success.

When he retired for the night, he handed her the paper with these instructions:

"The paper should be scraped from the walls and the walls painted. The carpets must be taken up, as they absorb germs of disease. Wash the floors with water, which contains two tablespoonfuls of carbolic acid to a pail of water, twice a week. Boil your milk and water, as they also contain germs. Wear skirts well above the ankles, as women who wear trains sweep up the microbes, which they bring home to lodge in picture frames, etc. Do not allow many callers, but have a tin tube in the wall to communicate with them. If you follow these instructions you will reach the advanced age of 101.

"(Signed) James Saracen, M. D."

"Poor Aunt Keziah! How easily one can frighten her, but it will do her good and perhaps teach her not to

believe all she is told. I will tell her to-morrow my talk was only a bluff."

But in the morning, in the rush to take the early train, he forgot to enlighten his aunt.

For two nights she never closed her eyes in sleep.

"To think I have been in ignorance all these years. Why, away back, my folks died of consumption. There was Grandmother Appleton, and Uncle Hiram, and Aunt Lucinda, and Cousin Dolly, and her sister Rebecca on father's side, and mother's two sisters and Uncle John's son, and Cousin Jane. Oh, dear me! Seems to me I am wheezy. Will it never get light so I can dress. Only three o'clock," as the old clock in the hall pealed slowly three long strokes, and with a sigh she turned over her live geese feather pillow, and watched the window until the first faint pink flushed the sky.

"Judith," she said, as they sat at the breakfast table, "I am going to clean house."

"Clean house! Why, goodness, the house was cleaned from cellar to garret only three months ago. You don't usually clean again until November," exclaimed Judith, stopping in the process of buttering a slice of bread to look at her companion.

"Well, it don't make any difference about what I usually do. We will begin to-morrow. All the paper has got to come off and the walls must be painted, and the carpets are coming up to stay. I shall go to the painter's to-morrow."

"What's all this fuss about I should like to know?" asked Judith, who did not like the idea of house cleaning in such hot weather.

"I'll tell you. Our lungs are full of poisonous little creatures which we breathe out, and if we don't keep our houses clean and well aired they cling to the walls, and lodge in the carpets, and one is in great danger of having some horrid disease, and women go into the streets and sweep them up

with their dresses and bring them home. I am going to have my skirts tacked up three inches." Then she read her the directions her nephew had written for her.

"I tell you, Miss Keziah, it is rank foolishness. You will be the laughing stock of the town. I had just as soon die of microbes as going through this rigmarole," said Judith, with disgust. "And, what's more, I don't believe much of it. People have seemed to live before now."

"I suppose I am mistress of my own house and can do as I please as long as I am under my own vine and fig tree," retorted Miss Keziah, rising from the table. To-morrow I shall begin operations and you may as well make up your mind to it."

For a month the old house was in a tumult and at length all was completed. Even the tube was placed in the front door. As in all country villages, the neighbors became interested.

Some said she was going to be married; others that she was going to take boarders. Finally Judith solved the mystery for them, and the story spread through the community.

"I declare I can't stand it any longer. I have washed these floors with that nasty smelling stuff long enough," exclaimed Judith one morning, three months later.

"But you must. Just think of our health, Judith," said Miss Keziah.

"I must n't and I shan't," retorted the girl. "My arms are all stiff, wringing that old mop."

"After all I have done for you, Judith," moaned Miss Keziah. "I shall have consumption, I know."

"Then you'll have to have it for all of me," cried Judith. "I have got all I want of chasing microbes. Mrs. Deacon Lovejoy wants a girl."

"You shall not leave me, Judith. Do you hear? If you will only stay you need n't use the carbolic acid, but I do think you might for my health."

"If I stay I shall only wash those

floors once a week in clean water and if you object, why then I shall leave," said Judith with spirit.

And Miss Keziah reluctantly gave her consent.

The speaking tube gayed the worthy woman some trouble.

The first time it came into use was when the tin peddler called.

Miss Keziah answered the loud knock at the door, saying, "Speak through the tube."

"What tube?" asked the bewildered peddler.

"On the left hand side of the door."

"Jerusalem!" said the man, bumping his nose against the door knob in his search.

He had "cat tracks," as he called it, growing over his eyes and, with his imperfect sight, had mistaken the knob for the speaking tube.

"That is a mighty curus kind of a tube," he muttered.

Then he shouted at the top of his voice, "Have you any ra-ags?"

"Land sakes! Does the man think I am deaf," thought Miss Keziah, but she answered in her usual shrill tones, "We have n't any to-day."

"Do you want any brooms, tins, or tubs, or mops?" again screamed the man.

"No. We have a good supply."

"Why don't you open the door? What are you afraid of? Do you think I'll steal?" asked the man indignantly.

"No. I'm not afraid you'll steal. It's microbes."

"Microbes! I don't sell microbes. What are they? Perhaps I'd better keep a supply. Do you suppose they'd sell well?"

"You idiot! You breathe them," said Miss Keziah.

"I guess the old lady is crazy as a loon," muttered the man, as he strode down the path as fast as he could and drove away, laughing to himself.

Miss Keziah had placed on the porch a chair, where her friends were to sit when they should call.

At first her callers were numerous, but when their curiosity was satisfied their visits ceased.

As the weeks passed, the Rev. John Arnold determined to reproach her for not attending meeting.

Twice he had called, but Miss Keziah had refused to receive him.

This afternoon he met with success, but Miss Keziah bade him be seated on the porch.

"You know I never receive callers in the house, Mr. Arnold, on account of my health. Please be seated. I hope Mrs. Arnold and the children are well."

"In the best of health at present. The baby has had a bad time teething, and little Annie a bad throat, but the Lord is very merciful to me and my young flock, very. Sister Saracen, are you behaving in a Christian manner to bar your doors and remain in seclusion like a heathen? It grieves me to see you, a most devoted member of my church, remain at home Sunday after Sunday. Is it a good example for the young people? Oh, sister, I beg of you stop your crazy scheme. Surely you are forsaking God to act in this strange manner. Every night I pray that you will stop your career and return to the fold"

"Who said I had left it?" cried Miss Keziah, sharply. "I pray as well at home. It is a free country; I can do as I please. My health is of more account than—than—"

"Keziah Saracen, are you turning infidel? Your days are numbered. If God wills you to die to-night you cannot help yourself. It is not in your power to fight off the death angel. Oh, that I might lead you to the light again. My Lord, guide me. What shall I do?" entreated the Rev. Mr. Arnold.

"I am sorry you take on so," said Miss Keziah, whose conscience smote her. "I am living a Christian life. I read my Bible every day and will send my yearly allowance as usual. Do you need anything? I am making

some aprons for the twins, and will send Judith over with them when they are finished, and some of my sweet pickle and barberry jelly for Mrs. Arnold."

The good man left the house with his mission unaccomplished, but in a measure consoled by the promise of the gifts.

Miss Keziah's microbes became a common expression in the village, especially among the younger portion who named all their trivial ailments "Miss Keziah's microbes."

The year went by and another summer came, bringing with it a letter from young James Saracen.

Dear Aunt Keziah:

I have a confession to make to you, although I hardly dare. I have been deceiving you about the microbes. I only did it for a joke and forgot to tell you before I left, and it never occurred to me until I received your letter a few months ago. Do not think too badly of me. There are microbes and some cranks will not have wall paper or carpets, and air their houses every few hours, which is a very good plan, but the carbohic acid and the tube are rank nonsense. Will you ever forgive me? Mamma has been planning to visit you in August, but of course, under the circumstances, I dare not. With love to Judith and yourself, I am, your sinning but repentant nephew,

"Jim."

Miss Keziah's face was a study when she read the letter.

"Anything the matter?" asked Judith, with curiosity.

"Hold your tongue!" commanded Miss Keziah, crossly, and, with letter in hand, she left the room to seek the quiet of her bedroom.

She was justly indignant and at first resolved never to allow her nephew to enter her doors again.

"What would the neighbors say if she changed her course and came into their midst once more?"

Her eyes were opened, and she looked back through the past months with disgust, seeing how ridiculous it all was.

A week later she came into the kitchen, where Judith was kneading the bread.

"Judith, I think I shall have the speaking tube taken from the front door, and I think I had better put down the carpet in the parlor, don't you? I expect James and his mother

down in a few days. I am glad we did n't take the carpet off the best room floor, and as long as you don't like to wash the floors so often, why I guess—I guess—once a week will do," said Miss Keziah, her thin face flushing and her voice faltering.

"What on earth has come over you? I thought you'd come to your senses," remarked Judith, beating the dough vigorously. "Thank goodness!"

THE RAVINE.

By Albert Annett.

The floods here split the hills in twain,
In ages long ago,
That through the rift a little brook
Might find a way to flow.

It babbles by the riven steeps
Unnumbered summers long,
Forgetful of the torrent's force
That lingers in its song.

So we forget the martyr's blood,
And courage of old days,
The warfare of God's mighty ones
Who shaped our peaceful ways.

East Jaffrey, N. H.

THE EAGLE.

By Fred Lewis Pattee.

I saw him wheeling o'er the gusty crag,
A watchful atom eager to destroy;
I caught the glitter of his restless eye
And heard his scream thrice pierce the hollow sky
And in my heart I felt a thrill of joy.

Oh, how he scorns me! That exulting scream
Was meant for me,—for me, the crawling clod
In fetters bound, but ah, there comes the day
When I shall burst the bond and speed away
Upon the winds like him,—but to my God.



"The tranquil, tideless river flows."

THE CONTOOCCOOK.

By Martha Hale Shackford.

From far-away, dim, silent hills
The tranquil, tideless river flows ;
Through endless meadows, long untilled,
Its winding, careless current goes.

In some dark forest's bounding depth
The tense pine-scented silence thrills
And echoes, eloquently clear,
A thrush's deep, exultant trills.

Then, washing gray, persistent rocks
Its silver current foams and whirls ;
In golden lines it smooths the sand,
Then in a mimic whirlpool curls.

Soon motionless and wide it lies
Between smooth grass and single trees ;
The white reflection of a birch
Moves lightly in the sunlit breeze.



DR. LANGDON'S PORTSMOUTH HOUSE, FROM PLEASANT STREET.

DOCTOR LANGDON (1723-1797),

OF BOSTON, PORTSMOUTH, HARVARD COLLEGE, AND HAMPTON FALLS.

A BIOGRAPHICAL TRIBUTE—PART II.

By F. B. Sanborn.

President Stiles discloses the fact that, in order to avoid raising the question whether the newly appointed royal councilors of Massachusetts, who were mostly Tories, were overseers of the college (as in law they probably were), the overseers gave up their right to take part in the inauguration of the new Whig president and he was quietly installed by the corporation alone, three or four of whose members had declined the burdensome and hazardous office of president. Of Langdon in this place, Eliot in 1809 said:

"Many things concurred to make his situation very unpleasant at Cambridge. He did not receive all that kindness from the students and officers or legislature of the college which his character as a scholar and Christian merited."

Whether reference is here made to the unhandsome action of the state legislature in cutting down his salary and keeping him waiting ten years for it, I know not.

The Massachusetts legislature was higgling and postponing the payment of his just and admitted claim; but the legislature of his own state was conferring honors on Dr. Langdon. In the very year when he was writing to the Massachusetts officials, asking for his dues, those of New Hampshire were inviting him to preach their annual election sermon. He had the misfortune to break his leg in the spring of 1786 and could not accept; again he was invited in 1787 and again his lameness kept him from

traveling to the capital. His successor in the Portsmouth pulpit, Rev. Joseph Buckminster, who preached the sermon of 1787 in Dr. Langdon's place, said in his discourse, "You are denied the learning, wisdom and piety of that aged master of assemblies, who was to have led you this morning to the altar of God." Finally he came to the Concord pulpit in 1788 (June 5) and at the opening of his sermon on "The Republic of the Israelites—An Example to the United States," Dr. Langdon said:

"I think myself happy that, after reiterated invitations from this honorable court, I am at length permitted by divine providence, though under peculiar difficulties and in the decline of life, to appear in this place and speak on this public occasion."

Probably the chief reason for his presence in Concord at this time was the anxiety of the friends of the new federal Constitution to have it ratified by New Hampshire later in the same month. He had been chosen by Hampton Falls to represent the town in the convention and at Exeter in the previous winter he had spoken warmly for its ratification. John Quincy Adams, then a law student in Newburyport, drove over to Exeter, February 21, 1788, partly to hear the debate in the convention and partly in expectation of a dance in the evening which did not occur. In that body Dr. Langdon was an influential member and Dr. Eliot said of him: "He often in that assembly led the debates and he used all his influence to con-

vince of their error people who indulged prejudices against it. He lived to see his expectations realized, to enjoy the political blessings this constitution affords to the country; and was himself a blessing to his flock." He doubtless remained in Concord and actively favored ratification a few weeks later.

This great question settled, a much smaller one troubled the clerical mind in Portsmouth and Greenland until Dr. Langdon was called in to restore calm. The Episcopalians of the Queen's chapel, over whom the Irish-born Arthur Browne had presided as missionary, supported in part by the London society for propagating the gospel in Episcopal churches, had no regular rector since his death in 1773, and the Revolution had scattered its worshippers, many of whom were Tories. Peace having come to stay, worship revived in this chapel, now styled St. John's church; and Bishop Seabury, the first American bishop-resident, had ordained in Boston in November, 1786, John Cosens Ogden, who became rector at St. John's in December. He was, I conclude, a son of David Ogden of New Jersey and a brother of Abraham Ogden, who was, like his father, inclined to Toryism, as probably J. C. Ogden was in youth. He married the only daughter of Gen. David Wooster, killed in battle near Danbury, Ct., in 1777, and was from that time, no doubt, a patriot, as his New Jersey relatives were after the Revolution. His nephew or cousin, Thomas Ludlow Ogden, is said to have been the only person who ever wounded Washington. It was done as a mere child while the general was fencing with the little son of Abraham Ogden, then residing with Washington at Morristown. The button of the child's foil came off and Washington received a scratch in the wrist of his sword-hand.

A turn for combat appears to have been an Ogden trait. Hardly was Mr. O. settled in Portsmouth than he began to dispute with his Calvinistic

brethren of the clergy, much older men than himself. Rev. Timothy Alden thus describes him in the Massachusetts Historical Collections for 1809:

"He was a preacher of popular talents but too great a bigot for this age of Catholicism. Some imprudences, which were more the fault of his head than his heart, occasioned disaffection in the minds of his people, so that he found it expedient to leave them in 1793. He afterwards, at times, showed symptoms of a mental derangement and is said to have died suddenly at Chesterton, Md., in 1800."

It seems that he met occasionally with the ministers of the Piscataqua Evangelical association and in conversation the points of difference between the Anglican and the Puritan churches were discussed. Dr. McClintock of Greenland, a very positive and sarcastic Scot by descent, said things which Mr. Ogden resented; and he was reported to have published, or to be about to publish in Boston, some letters that passed between him and the rector of St. John's. Thereupon Mr. Ogden launched upon an unsuspecting world a formidable pamphlet thus entitled:

"Letters Occasioned by the Publication of a Private Epistolary Correspondence begun by Mr. Samuel McClintock, Preacher to a Puritan Congregation in Greenland, N. H. By John Cosens Ogden, a Presbyterian in the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America." Boston: Isaiah Thomas and E. T. Andrews, At Faust's Statue, 45 Newbury St., Boston, 1791."

This pamphlet, to which Dr. Langdon replied, was printed in 1791 but may have been preceded by a publication of Dr. McClintock's in one of the Boston newspapers; in which some or all the Ogden pamphlet may have come out, before it was issued by Thomas in a pamphlet of 40

pages, including letters to Dr. Samuel Haven, Mr. Buckminster, Dr. McClintock and the public. In it Mr. O. complains of the publication of private correspondence and the retailing of stories unfriendly to his wife, who was a granddaughter of Rev. Mr. Clap, first president of Yale college. He speaks of his wife as of a suffering family—"a family having no other patrimonial inheritance than the sword which their grandfather wore, as his companion in two wars, and which he drew for the last time when he fell valiantly leading his countrymen to battle." This was General Wooster. He complained of the intolerant and persecuting spirit of Dr. McClintock, whom he calls "the Pope of Greenland"; of the Piscataqua Evangelical association for sustaining Dr. McClintock in his improper conduct; and added:

"The Rev. Dr. Langdon possessed much of the same intolerant spirit, when, in his sermon at election, he called upon our rulers to beware of religious opinions then enumerated, and expressed the uncharitable idea that they meant to strengthen themselves by the people's numbers and purses, more than to save their souls."

In his address to the public, Mr. Ogden charged the Congregational ministers with a design to have the New Hampshire Constitution altered so as to provide for their own power of taxing other sects and churches and, addressing the voters, he said:

"You must elect the creatures of the clergy to places in the legislature; select such as can stoop to court popularity under the mask of hypocrisy. The whole history of New England presents this last as the aim of Congregational teachers. They always swarm around state conventions, general assemblies and town meetings, as bees around a hive they intend to rob of its honey. You are preached and prayed into their system."

The Korah comparison was prob-

ably the most offensive thing in the pamphlet. After telling briefly the story of Korah in the New England Primer, whose proud troop was swallowed up, Mr. O. continues:

"Korah was a priest or presbyter of the second order. He withdrew, with certain mutinous Levites, from his obedience to the high priest. The dispute was about church government; he was a Presbyterian who arose against the episcopacy of Aaron. We hear of those under the gospel who perish in the gainsaying of Korah. Although the earth has not opened and swallowed them up, yet the most singular punishments have followed in their contentions against others and among themselves. * * * An officious Judas or cowardly disciple betrays or forsakes his valid ministry in order to gratify spleen or gain popularity. The Puritan congregations in England, once under the care of Dr. Watts and other non-conformists, are now Arians. This is said to be the case in some degree in Boston. The greatest champions against Episcopacy have disgraced their memories by leaving dangerous tenets to delude mankind. Such was Dr. Chauncy, the greatest enemy the Church in America ever knew."

The pamphlet of Dr. Langdon in reply is now very rare. It was printed by my grandmother's cousin, John Melcher, at Portsmouth, in 1792. With that gentle sarcasm so characteristic of him, as it was, in a stronger form of his contemporary, Franklin, Dr. L. began by saying:

"I cannot but consider it an act of charity to endeavor to relieve the Reverend Mr. Ogden from the great perturbation of his mind, arising from a strong belief that he is unjustly and sacrilegiously kept out of possession of the ancient glebe in the town of Portsmouth."

He then recites Mr. Ogden's violent accusation against Mr. Buckminster and his parishioners, and goes on to say:

"The real truth is very different from his presentation. The facts are these, viz.: About the year 1640, after the decease of the famous original proprietor, Mason, his widow and executrix, finding that the expenses of the plantation far exceeded the income, was obliged to relinquish the care of it and tell the servants they must shift for themselves. Upon this, some of the people quitted the plantation; others tarried, keeping possession of the buildings and improvements, which they now looked upon as their own."

He next recites the well known story of the combination formed at Portsmouth, as at Dover, for the better government of the plantation, and goes on to say:

"During this combination a grant of 50 acres of land for a parsonage was made by the inhabitants of Portsmouth, with a general pious design that the advantages of public religious worship might be enjoyed among them, as they had endeavored to form a civil government. But in the first beginnings of their government they had no laws to render valid the votes of town meetings with respect to property; nor any forms of conveyance of any kind but such as were taken from the laws of England. Therefore the inhabitants thought it necessary to confirm their vote of a parsonage by a legal deed, and no other forms existed but such as were peculiarly accommodated to the Church of England. But that they might secure to themselves the sole management and benefit of this parsonage they expressly reserved in the deed the right of presentation, i. e., of patronage; by which reservation they had a right to choose and induct whatever man they pleased, and consequently to worship in any form which they should judge best.

"The inhabitants in a little while met with one Gibson, who had been sent from England as minister to a fishing plantation. They employed him to preach at Portsmouth; he

performed divine service according to the ritual of the Church of England; and it may well be supposed that many of the inhabitants were furnished with prayer books, having so lately come from England. But he uttered things offensive to government and was summoned to answer and liable to penalty; but was dismissed as a stranger, soon to take his departure."

The extant records show that Rev. Richard Gibson was taken up by the Massachusetts oligarchy for unlawfully performing marriages at the Isles of Shoals and for offensive language; for we may well suppose he did not express himself with meekness when the laws and rites of England were set aside by his accusers. However, let us hear farther:

"Mr. Gibson being gone, the inhabitants of Portsmouth, in the latter end of 1642, invited Mr. James Parker of Weymouth in the Massachusetts, a pious minister, to preach among them. He continued among them for a while and had very considerable success in reclaiming many from their immoralities; but notwithstanding their earnest appeals to the magistrates and elders of the Massachusetts that he might be settled with them he at length went away to Barbadoes and was there settled. After this they had a succession of temporary preachers, none of which were Episcopal, until at last they employed Mr. Joshua Moody, a celebrated preacher in the Congregational way. He, having labored in the gospel among them several years, was in 1671 settled as the pastor of that church, had a house built for him on the glebe, in the very spot where a house of the late minister of the parish now stands, and was in possession of all the parsonage lands."

Mr. C. S. Gurney, in his "Portsmouth Historic and Picturesque," gives from that excellent antiquary, Mr. C. A. Hazlett, a plan of these glebe lands, upon one corner of which Dr. Langdon in 1749 built his

house, now standing (which is "the house of the late minister" just mentioned); taking a long lease at first and afterwards buying a title in fee simple. Near him stood, in 1755-1773, the house of Rev. Arthur Browne, who, at an interval of nearly 100 years, succeeded Rev. Richard Gibson in the Church of England service at Portsmouth. He also had built on leased land and made some faint effort to acquire the whole glebe for his Queen's Chapel, with what result Dr. Langdon soon mentions.

"Nor had the inhabitants of Portsmouth in two years after the grant the least apprehension that they had obliged themselves to settle an Episcopal minister. The first Episcopal minister settled in Portsmouth was the Reverend Arthur Browne, introduced in the year 1736 by a number of inhabitants who changed their former sentiments and chose to worship in the forms of the Church of England. * * * A very similar case of a glebe in South Kingstown in the Narragansett country* has been legally tried in the provincial courts of New England and was finally decided in England about forty years ago in favor of the Congregationalists. In that town a glebe had been

given by an old deed, in which many apparently church terms were used, as in this at Portsmouth; the people of the town were Congregationalists, and the town in possession of it, and at length settled the Reverend Mr. Torrey, who had the parsonage in his hands. After this an Episcopal church was set up and Rev. Dr. MacSparran was sent, by the Society for Propagating the Gospel, to be the minister. He claimed the glebe from Mr. Torrey and commenced a suit at law, which, being carried against him in the courts here, was appealed to the king in council, where it was decided fully in favor of Mr. Torrey. To assist Mr. Torrey in bearing the charges of this suit, there was a public collection in the congregations at Portsmouth and many other churches in New England. And Rev. Mr. Browne, being in England some time after, asked advice there as to the glebe in Portsmouth, and was dissuaded from any attempt to gain it by being informed of the previous decision of that similar case."

From 1702 to 1710 a Congregationalist preached in Kingstown, but only had a small part of the grant. In 1721 Rev. James McSparran was sent there from London as a missionary with a salary of one hundred pounds and became a settled incumbent, very desirous of obtaining the granted land. In 1732 Rev. Joseph Torrey was invited and came, to contest the land with the litigious Scotch rector, and obtained 280 acres of it that same year by legal decision from England. But in 1739, the original grant being discovered, Dr. McSparran brought suit anew and gained a temporary victory. In 1752 Mr. Torrey, aided by the contributions of the Portsmouth churches and others, got a final decision by George II in council in his favor, just as the proprietors of Rumford in New Hampshire did about the same time, as against Governor Wentworth and his kindred in Portsmouth.

Dr. McSparran was brother-in-

* The lawsuit over glebe lands in South Kingstown, R. I., was a long one and had several phases. The proprietors of lands in that region, calling themselves "The Purchasers" (five in number), voted June 4, 1663, "That a tract of 300 acres of the best land, and in a convenient place, be laid out and forever set apart as an encouragement, the income or improvement thereof wholly for an orthodox person that shall be obtained to preach God's word to the inhabitants." No deed was made out, and for lack of a preacher the land fell temporarily into other hands,—neighbors or squatters, who in time proved hard to dispossess. It was testified by George Gardner in 1725 or thereabout, that at a meeting of the "Purchasers" in 1690,— "He heard them debate in what manner they should lay out and confirm their predecessors' gift of the 300-acres farm which they had granted to the ministry; some pleading that said lands should be given particularly for the use of the Presbyterians. But Jahleel Brenton, Esq., there present, told them: 'Gentlemen, to give such a farm to the Presbyterians, and nothing to the Church, will soon be noised at home, and may be a damage to us; therefore, if you will be ruled by me, we will not express it to the Presbyterians, but will set it down to the Ministry, and let them dispute who has the best title to it; or words to that effect: to which the other proprietors consenting, they ordered the surveyor to write it down on the draught, 'to the ministry.'"

law of Dr. Sylvester Gardiner of Boston, for whom and his descendants the towns of Gardiner and Hallowell in Maine are named. He officiated in South Kingstown and the vicinity for a quarter century and when Rev. Arthur Browne of Portsmouth first came over from Dublin he had missionary services in Providence and elsewhere in Rhode Island between 1730 and 1736, when he went to Portsmouth. He must therefore have known of the progress of the Rhode Island lawsuit and would have early heard of the decision against the Episcopalians.

Upon this decision my old friend, Elisha R. Potter, the younger, of South Kingstown, said in publishing the documents relating to it, among other Rhode Island papers (*R. I. Historical Collections*, Vol. 3): "The lawsuit decided this point—that the proprietors did not intend the land for a church under the Episcopal form of government. This was the only point in controversy and the only one determined: no merely doctrinal question seems to have been brought into the dispute." Dr. McSparran died in 1757 but not till he had baptized Gilbert Stuart, the painter, who was born in his parish or near it, the son of a snuff-making Stuart, who had a mill not far off,—the house is still standing and is shown for a relic.

Dr. Langdon went on to correct Mr. Ogden's misrepresentation of his election sermon at some length, and closed the short pamphlet, written in his 70th year, in these gentle words: "But further corrections shall be spared by one who wishes to show as much tenderness as possible to a person invested with a sacred office, though chargeable with many sins of ignorance."

Dr. Langdon's theology has been spoken of at some length. In 1809, John Eliot said of it what Dr. Stiles had mentioned before: "By his manner of expressing himself upon the personality of Christ, he was charged

with Arianism; but he always declared to the contrary and professed himself a Trinitarian and also a Calvinist in those points discussed at the synod of Dort." He was subject to the same doubt as to his creed that the illustrious Eusebius of Caesarea experienced, some denouncing that bishop as an Arian, although he was one of the framers of the Nicene Creed. His election sermon of 1788 showed that he was a firm believer in the infallibility of the Old Testament, and he recommended the Mosaic laws and the Israelite experience as guides to permanence and prosperity in our republic. His earnestness on this point misled Mr. Ogden into a belief in his intolerance, but he was in practice the most catholic of the Calvinists. He admitted John Murray, the preacher of Universalism, into his pulpit; and though he pronounced against the vagaries of the New Hampshire Baptists and the sublimated theology of Edwards and Hopkins, he was a good and thoroughly practical Christian. His latest publication among many—enough in all to fill an octavo volume of 1,000 pages—was his "Remarks on the Leading Sentiments in the Reverend Dr. Hopkins' System of Doctrines," a pamphlet of 56 pages, printed at Exeter by Henry Ranlet, who had printed his election sermon of 1788. In this well-written and cheerful treatise, he defends the opinion of Dr. Watts that the soul of Christ was the divine Logos or Word, and finds authority for it in Scripture. On another point where testimony seems unattainable as yet, Dr. Langdon said:

"Dr. Hopkins says there are no other rational creatures besides angels and men; that we have no reason to think there are any other. But what reason does he found his opinion upon? On this: 'That divine revelation makes no mention of any more, which it is reasonable to suppose it would if there were any, since all rational creatures, under the same moral government, must

have some connection and concern with each other.' But, though it is granted that the scriptures make mention only of angels and men, there is but little force in this argument. For how do we know how many different orders of beings, superior to man, are included in the term, 'Angels?' They are spoken of as innumerable and of various ranks, capacities and employments—arch-angels, thrones, dominions, principalities, powers. And who can be sure that endless orders of beings, rising in continual gradations above man, are not intended by the general name, Angels? Or who can know what connections we may have with them in the general system? This argument of Mr. H. looks too much like the argument of vulgar minds against the Newtonian philosophy—that the earth cannot move round the sun because the scriptures constantly represent the sun as moving round the earth."

There is a kind of generosity in this speculation, such as we find in most of the movements of Dr. Langdon's mind, which appears to have been well raised above the common level of theological thought in his day, as indeed was that of Dr. Hopkins, whom he here criticises. He then goes on:

"That I may not be thought deficient in the great duty of disinterested benevolence, I will leave Dr. Hopkins in the full enjoyment of his happiness in the prospect of that millennium which he has so particularly described. That there will be a millennium I cannot doubt. But that all wicked men will first of all be destroyed by wars, pestilence, earthquakes, famine, etc., and none but good Christians remain, who will propagate their own faith from generation to generation until Gog and Magog arise, is not quite so clear. Yet, since he is so very confident that such a happy state is drawing nigh as to write a dedication of his work to the inhabitants of the world in that

glorious era, I will say nothing to prevent its reaching to their time."

I fancy Dr. Langdon preaching in this cheerful way to his people at Hampton Falls, as he had done at Portsmouth.

When he turned his back on Cambridge he did not wait long for a parish. December 21, 1780, Dr. Stiles writes:

"Received letters from Mr. Moody, Dummer school master, inclosing from President Langdon his resignation of the presidency, with the acceptance of this resignation by the overseers, dated Sept. 13. He at the same time received great testimonials of his learning and piety. He has a call to settle again in the work of the ministry at Rowley."

This shows that the Harvard corporation did not make public Dr. Langdon's letter; indeed, they seem to have been rather ashamed of their part in the affair. A month later (Jan., 1781), Dr. Stiles, then president of Yale, writes:

"President Langdon was installed pastor of the church at Hampton Falls. God grant that he enjoy His presence and a tranquil old age! This good gentleman has passed through a great variety in life. His example is a very instructive lesson for me. May I profit this by it, at least, not to promise myself any great things in life and, least of all, any glory from the presidency."

In October, 1781, after a visit to Dr. Langdon's church at Portsmouth, including 230 families, Dr. Stiles dined with this "good gentleman" in the small parsonage at Hampton Falls, "where he is settled over 72 families, salary £42 and eight cords of wood, and on benevolence." By this was meant that wealthy friends contributed to increase the stipend, which was soon raised by the town to £60. Accepting the invitation to his new parish, where he remained the rest of his life, Dr. Langdon wrote:

"I have seriously attended the call

to be the minister at Hampton Falls, given on the eleventh day of December, 1780, to devote my labors in the ministry of the gospel to the service of the parish. Notwithstanding some discouragements, which have appeared in my way, and the earnest applications which have been made to me by some other parishes, where there was a prospect of a peaceable and quiet settlement, I cannot but apprehend it to be my duty to comply with the call of this parish. Considering the unhappy divided state they have been in for so many years past and hoping I am not mistaken in judging it to be a call from God, by the intimation of His Providence, I do hereby declare my acceptance of their call, together with the provision made for that part of my support which is granted, the deficiency of which is to be made up by the brethren of the church and congregation. And relying on the gracious assistance of our Lord Jesus Christ, I shall make it my constant care and labor to fulfill the duties of the gospel ministry in this place to the utmost of my abilities, so long as God shall continue me among this people."

This promise was faithfully kept. His predecessor, Paine Wingate, afterwards a politician and judge, living at Stratham, had kept the town in a broil for years, but finally withdrew in 1776. Dr. Langdon avoided politics, though he accepted the choice of the town as delegate to the state convention of 1788, as I have said.

Dr. Stiles looked on himself as "Evangelical," but had doubts about his Portsmouth antecedent, Dr. Langdon, in the First church pulpit. Speaking of his congregation at Portsmouth (whence he was taken in 1778 to preside over Yale college), Dr. Stiles observed:

"The more polite part were ambitious of having a learned sensible man; the middling and lower people were for an Evangelical preacher,

whether learned or not—they had not found these united in one man. The Evangelical preacher they found in me and were so united that the higher and more fashionable part acquiesced, though themselves could have wished one to have preached more in the air of St. James or Paris; and yet I am told it is their hearty desire for themselves, as well as for the flock. They all say they shall never be so united again."

It is probable that Dr. Langdon had pleased this Portsmouth parish equally well and that he had "the air of St. James (meaning the palace and not the apostle) or Paris" rather more than Dr. Stiles. The latter expressed surprise that "Dr. Langdon understands all the Apocalypse," in evidence of which the good old man at Hampton Falls, in 1791, published through his friend Isaiah Thomas at Worcester,

"Observations on the Revelation of Jesus Christ to St. John. Which comprehend the most approved sentiments of the celebrated Mr. Mede, Mr. Lowman, Bishop Newton and other noted writers on this Book; and cast much additional Light on the more obscure Prophecies; especially those which point out the Time of the Rise and Fall of Antichrist."

This work (337 pages) was in part delivered as sermons to his 70 families at Hampton Falls, sometimes standing in the deacon's seat, when a recently broken leg kept him from mounting the stairs to the tall pulpit under the sounding-board, which I well remember. Dr. Langdon's Antichrist was the Roman church, then, in the storm of the French revolution, apparently falling, like the mystical Babylon of St. John. He said:

"The capital of the empire of Antichrist is repeatedly called Babylon in the Revelation. The name is figurative and mystical; Rome is the city really meant. * * * We are plainly

informed in the 17th chapter what kings are to be employed in destroying the great harlot, the city and church of Rome; the very kings who at first agreed in one creed and gave their power to the beast. These kings will at length entirely change their minds and become the most zealous enemies to that ecclesiastical empire which they themselves had established. They will find out that Rome has caused insurrections against them and fomented rebellions and seditions; and that the religion they have promoted has drained away their wealth, encouraged and multiplied drones in society and impoverished and diminished their subjects. In the execution of vengeance, the river of wealth, which was continually flowing through Rome and the church, will be dried up. Vast revenues which the Popes formerly received have been greatly diminished by the Protestant Reformation. Moreover, when the church of Rome is no longer mixed with the civil polity of the kingdoms, her sources of strength as well as wealth will be cut off and the way prepared for her utter ruin. Likewise, the dissolution of the numerous orders of ecclesiastics in the several kingdoms, which have been the gates and bars of Rome, will leave her exposed to a sudden assault which may at once bring down all her power. Of this we have already seen some approaches in the total suppression of the order of Jesuits and the methods taken in several Roman Catholic kingdoms for the abolition of convents. The banishment of the Jesuits, * * * with the suppression of convents, may naturally be considered among the things signified by the Sixth Vial. * * * The bishops of Rome had obtained a grant of supreme ecclesiastical jurisdiction over all the western churches, A. D. 379, and immediately began to exercise it. Of this jurisdiction the illustrious Sir Isaac Newton has produced abundant proof in his observations on

the power of the eleventh horn of Daniel's fourth beast."

Neither Newton nor Langdon, if now living, would expound Daniel or Revelations. But a century ago it would have been heresy to intimate that any alleged canonical book of the Bible was to be read exactly like other books or that prediction by divine order had ceased to interest minds of the Newton's rank. When, therefore, Quincy spoke of Dr. Langdon as "credulous and visionary," he probably had in mind such writing as this. But how few of the contemporaries of Dr. Langdon could rise above their religious traditions! It appears that Langdon had been computing and astrologizing on the meaning of the Vials and Horns and Beasts in the Apocalypse for half a century when he published this book, and had announced to his friends in 1742 that nothing "directly tending to the destruction of Antichrist's empire might be expected until about the year 1760." Then it occurred; the Jesuits lost control and were banished; next came the American revolution; and now, in 1791, the outlook is dark for Antichrist.

"The world is roused to a sense of civil and religious liberty by the spirit of America. France is searching the foundations of despotism and establishing on its ruins the freedom of a great nation; and God has given them a king to be the restorer of liberty, and a second Washington to command their national troops. May we not look for events more and more remarkable until all the nations of Europe shake off the yoke of ecclesiastical tyranny and assert the rights of nations and of conscience?"

This enthusiastic anticipation, shared by Coleridge, Wordsworth and thousands of the best men of the 18th century, is to the credit of our old doctor of divinity who had kept so youthful an outlook on the world after all his experiences.

Dr. Langdon at various times set forth in print his doctrine of Chris-

tianity, particularly in his "Summary of Christian Faith and Practice," published by Kneeland and Adams in Boston in 1768, and in his Hampton Falls "Discourse on the Unity of the Church," which he repeated before the Piscataqua Evangelical association at Portsmouth, October 12, 1791, and published at Exeter in 1792 through Henry Ranlet, who two years later printed his remarks on Dr. Hopkins. The Discourse is perhaps the most widely known of his numerous writings and is found in most libraries where anything of Dr. Langdon's is preserved. Published in his 70th year, it represents his final and charitable view of those essentials and non-essentials of Christianity which he had meditated and reflected upon all his life. In it he said:

"Nothing hath disgraced and weakened the Christian profession more than the uncharitable divisions of different parties, claiming, in opposition to each other, to be the only true churches of Christ and excluding all others from Christian communion. If all that believe and obey the gospel, through all the world, make but one church of the living God, then the peculiarities which distinguish one denomination from another do not belong to the essence of Christianity, but are only as meats and drinks. It is well known that there is one who sits in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God, who takes upon him to change the laws of Christ and make as many new ones as he pleases; commanding all to obey him on pain of damnation and acknowledging none to be Christians but such as submit to his arbitrary decrees. It would have been happy for the Protestant churches if they had renounced all pretensions to the same high power. When one church excludes every other church from Christian fellowship, not for departing from the doctrine of Christ but for not complying with all the rites and forms established by their own authority, it is a remarkable imita-

tion of popish superstition and tyranny. Jesus Christ is not peculiarly the Savior of Episcopalians, or Presbyterians, or Anabaptists, or Quakers, etc., but of all sincere believers of every church, under whatever form. Christian unity by no means depends on perfect uniformity of modes and rituals, but on preserving the faith once delivered to the saints, keeping the commands of God and loving the whole family of His children. Without such unity all acts of uniformity, whether made by the Pope and his clergy, or any civil or ecclesiastical powers under the name of Protestants, are foolish, wicked and cruel attempts to subjugate the consciences of men; more effectual to divide and destroy the church than to build it up into one glorious temple of God."

In this fine statement he went beyond his former one of 1768, but even then he recognized the bane of true religion in the fervor of disputes, saying:

"The churches are divided and subdivided under various modes and party names, and while they glory in men and word distinctions, they are betrayed into angry contentions and often forget the most essential principles of Christianity, especially that fundamental law of Christ that his disciples must love one another. The spirit of falsehood takes advantage of the times, dresses up religion in new shapes, deludes men with fables and absurdities, and inspires them with wrath and hatred under the cover of zeal for God."

The same kindly spirit appears in the beginning of his last will.

Such was the tenor of Dr. Langdon's teaching all through his half century in the pulpit; he wished to unite Christians rather than to divide them on minute points of dogma and ritual. If he seems a little harsh at times towards the Pope and his subjects, it should be remembered that the Indian raids from Canada and Maine, by which the prov-

ince of New Hampshire, where Langdon spent his youth and middle life, suffered so cruelly from 1689 to 1760, were often inspired by the Catholic priests, who wished to break up the Protestant settlements in New England and to convert the women and children captured in these raids to the Catholic faith. This fact, which every dweller in New Hampshire knew and which it was not easy to forget when the province had become a state, and the French power was broken in North America, must have sharpened the gentle temper of Langdon into something like aversion for the followers of the Roman dogmas. His own dogmatic theology did not differ materially from that of the English Puritans, although, like Milton, Watts and others, he was inclined to an independent interpretation of some parts of the Calvinistic creed. He lays it down emphatically in his "Christian Faith and Practice," in his censure of the Sandemanians and in his discourses of 1792 and 1794, that the Bible is literally the Word of God in all its parts; that Christ is the Son of God, miraculously born of the Virgin, although he is also the Word of God; that man is naturally sinful, in need of salvation and a mediator, and justified by faith, not by works; and so on with the other points of the Puritan belief. But he added:

"Beware of multiplying the particular articles of your creed, so as to introduce matters of doubtful disputation, perplexing to the mind and which may be believed or rejected without any injury to the common cause of Christianity. Never excommunicate, either in mind or practice, any ministers or churches who hold the same truths which the Apostles everywhere preached, and follow after that holiness of heart and life which the gospel requires. If any particular denomination deny communion at the Lord's table to all who do not follow with their party, this is a very material objection against joining their particular

society. Let us beware of preaching ourselves instead of Christ Jesus the Lord, or engaging in such party controversies as rather serve to increase the enmity of professors to each other than to promote truth, godliness and love to all the brethren. Let none of us behave as lords over God's heritage, assuming dictatorial authority and subjecting the churches to our own arbitrary management."

In advice of this sort, which he was careful to follow himself, he may have had in his mind's eye the uneasy rector of St. John's in Portsmouth, who was a little too insistent on the Apostolic succession and the sin of schism; while Dr. Langdon was also far enough from those petty usurpations of power of which, in the dominant Calvinists of New England, Mr. Ogden so bitterly complained. In all this the good Doctor foreshadowed a milder and more liberal religious era, of which Dr. Channing was the ornament and promoter, and perhaps not very far from the dogmatic position of the New Hampshire pastor.

DR. LANGDON'S WORLDLY ESTATE.

When Dr. Langdon had been minister at Portsmouth for nearly ten years, the widow of one of his principal parishioners, Sheriff Gambling, a man of property in Portsmouth, described by Governor Belcher as "honest and knowing," Mrs. Mary Gambling, whose maiden name was Wibird, made a present to her minister of 140 acres of land in Rochester, above Dover, by the following deed:

"To all people to whom these presents shall come, I, Mary Gambling, do send greeting. Know ye that I, the said Mary Gambling, of Portsmouth in the Province of New Hampshire in New England, widow, for and in consideration of love, good will and affection which I have and do bear towards my loving

friend and minister, Samuel Langdon, of the town and province aforesaid, clerk, have given and granted, and by these presents do freely, clearly and absolutely give and grant unto the said Samuel Langdon, his heirs, executors and administrators, a certain lot, tract or parcel of land in the township of Rochester in the province aforesaid, situate, lying and being in the third division of said township, and numbered ninety-nine according as said third division has been laid out, planned and drawn by vote and order of the proprietors of said township; said lot having been drawn in virtue of the original right of my late husband, Benjamin Gambling, deceased; and containing one hundred and forty acres, more or less, as by records of said township and propriety, reference thereunto being had, will more fully appear. To have and to hold said lot or tract of land, with all privileges, appurtenances and commodities to the same belonging or in any wise appertaining, to him the said Samuel Langdon, his heirs and assigns forever, from henceforth to be his and their property absolutely and without any manner of condition.

"In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 23d day of Februarv, Anno Domini, 1754, and in the 27th year of the reign of our sovereign lord, King George the Second, etc.

"Signed, sealed and delivered in presence of

"THOMAS WIBIRD,

"MARY WINKLEY,

"(Seal) MARY GAMBLING.

"THOMAS WIBIRD, Jus'ce of Peace."

This lot of land remained in the ownership of Dr. Langdon until his death in 1797, and was then bequeathed as follows:

"6. To my granddaughter Elizabeth the only child of my eldest son, Samuel Langdon, whom it pleased God to take from me in the prime of

his life, I give all my remaining land in Rochester, vizt., one lot in the third division, containing 140 acres, No. 58, near the three pond; and half the lot No. 13 in the same division, being 70 acres. And whereas on the settlement made with the judge of probate the 23d February, 1774, the sum of 400 dollars or thereabout was due to her for her proportion of said estate, it is therefore my will that the aforesaid sum shall be paid to my granddaughter aforesaid, should she survive my beloved wife (without deduction for maintenance or any other charges of her bringing up) from such part of my personal estate as may remain on the decease of my wife Elizabeth aforesaid, over and above what may have been necessary for her comfortable support and maintenance, and if a sufficient sum for that purpose should not remain, then the deficiency to be made good from such other part of my estate, and in such manner as my executors may direct."

By this it would appear that Miss Langdon was at least 25 years old at her grandfather's death. To his son, Richard, he gave by will a right of land in New Durham "left me by the last will and testament of the Honble. Richard Wibird, Esq."; having already given Richard "my house and adjoining lot in Portsmouth," which afterwards came into the possession of Dr. Goddard, Richard's brother-in-law and is now owned by his granddaughter.

Hardly five weeks before his death (October 26, 1797) Dr. Langdon signed and declared his last will, but it may have been drawn up by him long before. A copy of some portions of it, in the clear and bold handwriting of his son Richard, is in the hands of one of his descendants. The whole document follows, the witnesses being Deacon Jeremiah Lane, my grandfather's uncle; Benjamin Sanborn, Jr., my grandfather; and Stephen Caldwell, Jr., a more distant connection of his.

They were Dr. Langdon's nearest neighbors:

DR. LANGDON'S WILL.

"In the name of God, Amen!

"I, Samuel Langdon of Hampton-falls in the County of Rockingham and State of New Hampshire, Doctor in Divinity, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, tho' far advanced in years, and looking for the time of my departure as at hand, do make and ordain this my last Will and Testament, in manner and form following:

"First, I recommend my Soul to God, trusting in his mercy for eternal Salvation thro' the Merits of his Son Jesus Christ, whose Gospel I have endeavored to preach in its primitive purity and simplicity, without regard to the Doctrines and Commands of men; and my Body to the Earth, to be buried in a decent and Christian manner, at the discretion of the beloved People among whom I have been ministering for several years last past. And as to such worldly Estate as the kind Providence of God has put me in possession of, beyond my expectations, without my aiming at worldly gain by the ministry, burthening my people anywhere, or neglecting the laws of Christian Charity, I do hereby order,—

"2nd. That all my just debts be paid by my Executors hereafter named, in convenient time after my decease, either out of my Personal or real Estate according to their discretion.

"3rd. I give unto my beloved Wife Elizabeth, if she should survive me, all my Personal Estate, whether in cash, Notes, Bonds, or any other Obligations, or in Stock, wearing apparel, Household Furniture, or any other articles belonging to a Family, all to be entirely at her own disposal.

"4. I give and bequeath to my Son, Paul Langdon (over and above the Expences of his education and Settlement in the World, which much

exceed all that I have done for my other Children), my Land with the buildings thereon in the Township of Fryeburg in the State of Massachusetts, likewise all that part of the Lots No. 2 and 4 in the first Range in my Location in Chatham which yet remain unsold, as surveyed by Mr. Vere Royce, 16th Nov. 1787. Also I give unto him the said Paul the Sum of Three hundred Dollars, to be paid out of any part of my real estate at the discretion of my Executors, and the said sum to be by them appropriated to his use and benefit, either in the purchase of Lands in the Township of Fryeburg or otherwise, as they shall think most for his interest.

"5. To my son Richard Langdon, to whom I have already by deed of Gift, given my House and adjoining lot in Portsmouth, I now likewise give my right of Land in New Durham, left me by the last will and Testament of the Hon'l Richard Wibird, Esq.

"6. To my granddaughter Elizabeth, the only child of my eldest son, Samuel Langdon, whom it pleased God to take from me in the prime of his life, I give all my remaining land in Rochester, vizt., one lot in the third division, containing 140 acres, No. 58, near the three pond; and half the lot No. 13 in the same division, being 70 acres. And whereas on the settlement made with the judge of probate the 23d February, 1774, the sum of 400 dollars or thereabout was due to her for her proportion of said estate, it is therefore my will that the aforesaid sum shall be paid to my granddaughter aforesaid, should she survive my beloved wife (without deduction for maintenance or any other charges of her bringing up) from such part of my personal estate as may remain on the decease of my wife, Elizabeth, aforesaid, over and above what may have been necessary for her comfortable support and maintenance, and if a sufficient sum for that purpose should not remain, then the deficiency to be made

PORTION OF DR. LANGDON'S WILL.

4th I give & bequeath to my Son Paul Langdon (over & above the expence of his Education & Settlement in the World, which much exceeds all I have done for any other Children) my Land with the buildings thereon in the Township of Fryburg in the State of Massachusetts, likewise all that part of lot N^o 2 & 4 in the first Range in my Location in Chatham, which yet remains unsold, as surveyed by Mr. Wm. Boyse 16th Novemb^r. 1787. also I give him the said Paul the Sum of three hundred Dollars to be paid out of any part of my real Estate at the discretion of my Executors, & the said Sum to be by them appropriated to his use & benefit either in the purchase of Land in the Township of Fryburg, or otherwise as they shall think most for his Interest.

5th To my Son Richard Langdon to whom I have already by Deed of Gift given my house & adjoining lot in Portsmouth, I now likewise give my right of Land in New Durham left me by the last Will & Testament of the late Richard Wicks Esq^r.

6th To my Grand Daughter Eliza^a the only Child of my eldest Son Samuel Langdon whom it pleased God to take from me in the prime of Life; I give all my remaining Lands in Rochester Vt. One lot in the third division containing one hundred & forty Aers N^o 58. near the three pond; and half the lot N^o 13 in the same division being Seventy Aers. — And whereas on the settlement made with the Judge of Probate the 23rd Feby. 1774. the Sum of four hundred Dollars, or thereabouts, was due to her for her proportion of said Estate. It is therefore my Will that the aforesaid Sum of four hundred Dollars shall be paid to my Grand Daughter aforesaid should she survive, by her said Wife (without deduction for maintenance or any ^{other} charges of her living up) from such part of my personal Estate as may remain on the decease of my Wife Eliza^a aforesaid over & above what may have been necessary for her comfortable support

and maintenance — and if a sufficient Sum for that purpose should not remain then the deficiency to be made good from such other part of my Estate & in such manner as my Executors may direct.

8th I give & bequeath all the remainder of my Lands, or other Estate, not disposed of by this Will to be equally divided betwixt my Son Richard and my Daughter Mrs. Jewell and Mrs. Goddard.

good from such other part of my estate, and in such manner as my executors may direct.

"7th. It is my will that none of the old Books of my Library be sold at Public Vendue, but when my children have selected such as will be most useful to them, the rest may be left with the Church as the beginning of a Library for my successors in the Ministry.*

"8th. I give and bequeath all the remainder of my Lands or other Estate not disposed of by this Will to be equally divided betwixt my Son Richard and my daughters Mrs. Sewall and Mrs. Goddard.

"And I do hereby constitute my Son Richard Langdon, and my Son-in-Law, the Hon^l David Sewall, Esq. to be joint Executors of this my last Will and Testament.

"Signed, sealed and declared this twenty-sixth day of October, A. D. 1797.

SAMUEL LANGDON. (Seal)

"In presence of

"Jeremiah Lane,

"Benjamin Sanborn, Jun^r,

"Stephen Caldwell, Jun^r."

The family of Dr. Langdon remained in the parsonage for a time after his death, and then went,—his widow and granddaughter,—to reside with Judge Sewall at York in Maine. Paul Langdon, who had graduated at Harvard in 1770, served for a while in the Revolutionary army and was then established in Fryeburg, where

he preceded Daniel Webster as principal of the academy. He was in that situation at his father's death.

I find that Paul Langdon was born in 1752, graduated at 18, settled in Fryeburg earlier than 1786, and was the first principal of the famous academy there from 1792 to 1801, inclusive, except one year; was a delegate to the convention of 1786 to advocate the separation of Maine from Massachusetts; and in a state convention of that year, "through Paul Langdon's rather graceful pen, Mr. Moses Ames, representative for 1786, was directed to favor free trade."

He lived to be 82, like his cousin, Eliza, and died at Wethersfield, Ct., in 1834. What took him there I have not learned. His children, Samuel, Richard, and Benjamin Franklin, as well as a daughter, who married Dr. Moses Chandler of Fryeburg, and perhaps others, were all born in Fryeburg,—but the sons emigrated, Samuel to New York or New Jersey, Richard perhaps to North Carolina, and B. F. to western New York, where he had three sons, Samuel, Richard, and Franklin, settled in western New York or Michigan. Samuel, the son of Paul, married Miss Halsey of New Jersey and had six children, William A., Samuel, Celestina, Paul, Dr. Richard F., and Walter Ross, of whom the two last and W. A. never married; the daughter married Armand De Rosset Young, and left children, one of whom is Dr. Junius D. Young of Stockton, Cal., where his uncle, Dr. Walter Ross Langdon, lives and has a son, Dr. Samuel W. R. Langdon, of 603 East Lindsay street. Paul, now residing in Augusta, Ga., had sons, Samuel (died married but without children), Paul, unmarried, and daughters, Anne Cuthbert, and Mary Cumming. Of the children of the western branch I have no record. Of Paul of Fryeburg I have this fuller record:

"He had been a resident of Frye-

* These books were carefully inscribed on the fly-leaf of each volume in the handwriting of either Dr. Langdon (which is not likely), or of his successor, Rev. Jacob Abbot, "Given to the Church in Hamptonfalls for the use of the Ministry." How large the library was before the children selected their books, I have never heard; but about 1846, when I began to examine and peruse those which remained in the Parsonage house, there were nearly a hundred. In the half-century intervening Parson Abbot had set on foot a Social Library, which, when distributed, about 1843, had some 300 volumes, separate from Dr. Langdon's collection, and kept sometimes at Deacon Lane's (the son of Jeremiah) and sometimes at the Parsonage. On these two libraries I was brought up,—the larger one wholly in English, the older one in Latin and Greek, with a few English books and many pamphlets. Those remaining in the town are now in the Town Library, of about 3,000 volumes.



Dr. Langdon's Portsmouth House, from the Garden.

burg for several years before he became preceptor of the academy in 1792, certainly since 1786, when instructions to the town representative were drawn up by his graceful pen; Moses Ames being thus directed to favor free trade as one means of relieving the country from its embarrassments. Paul was born to be a teacher, and in each of the four humble schoolhouses of the town had doubtless been bringing forward its children to a higher grade than is usual in common schools, before he joined with Revs. W. Fessenden of Fryeburg and Nat. Porter of Conway and others, as trustees of the new academy, Feb. 9, 1792. In 1801 he retired, being then nearly 50, and was succeeded in April, 1802, by Daniel Webster for a few months, and then by A. J. Cook. In 1797 his father left him property in addition to what he had before given; but when he left Fryeburg does not yet appear."

Of Vere Royce, the surveyor of Chatham and Fryeburg, this appears: "Captain Royce was a descendant of the Irish gentry; his education and

address were of the old regime. In command of a company at Braddock's defeat, he held his men in the murderous ambush till accosted by Washington: 'Why don't you retreat, Captain?' 'I have had no orders to retreat. Steady, men, make ready! Take aim! Fire!' 'But this will never do, Captain; I order you to retreat.' 'Attention, company; about face; march;' and so they left the field. He was a great mathematician; pursued the study through life, and left sheets of dissertations on his favorite science. He was eminent as a surveyor, as the division lines of the town attest."

Richard was living in his father's house at Portsmouth and was one of the parishioners of Dr. Stiles in 1777, and afterwards of Mr. Buckminster. He left no descendants, nor did Mrs. Sewall; but an adopted son of hers, David Sewall Messenger, lived for a time in Worcester. Miss Eliza Langdon, the granddaughter, so carefully provided for in the will, never married but lived and died at York, where for some years she was blind. Dr. Goddard's chil-

dren by the Langdon marriage were Lucy Maria, who married — Pickering; William, who had a son, Charles William; Charles, Warren, Ann White and Richard Langdon Goddard. Their mother was Mary Langdon, for whom her granddaughter, Mrs. Thomas A. Harris, is named.

Richard Langdon married a widow, Mrs. Ward; left New Hampshire, selling his father's house to the Goddards; and died in 18— at Wilmington, N. C. Paul's sons, Samuel and Richard, also lived in Wilmington, where Samuel married Mary J. Halsey of New Jersey, and Richard a Miss Everett of Wilmington. A third son, Benjamin Franklin Langdon, married and went westward, leaving descendants in western New York and Michigan. A sister or daughter of Paul Langdon married Dr. Moses Chandler of Fryeburg, Me., where some of the descendants yet live.

The town of Hampton Falls, where Dr. Langdon was to spend the last of his days and to find a grave, was originally a part of Hampton; then a parish of Hampton with a separate church, after 1709; and finally divided by the setting off of Kensington and Seabrook as separate parishes and towns. While it included Seabrook (up to 1768) it was the residence of the Weare family, of whom the most distinguished, President Weare, became a resident of what is now Hampton Falls on his marriage with Deacon Shaw's daughter, Elizabeth, (for whom the Weare house was built in 1737), in July, 1738. He was still living there in 1780 and it was partly on his account that Dr. Langdon so readily accepted this small parish and smaller salary. They had become acquainted, perhaps in college; at any rate, at the ordination of Mr. Langdon at Portsmouth in 1747, when Colonel Weare was one of the church delegates to witness the ceremony. During his thirty years at Portsmouth Dr. Langdon had

often preached at Hampton Falls and had agreeable associations with the good people there. The church in which he preached, from 1781 till his death, stood where the house of Clifford Healey has stood for nearly sixty years, and the parsonage was where the farmhouse of the late Lewis Sanborn now is. His first predecessor in the ministry there was a cousin of Cotton Mather, and the second minister,



Richard Langdon, of Portsmouth
Third son of Dr. Langdon (1790).

Joseph Whipple, was a kinsman of General Whipple, the signer of the Declaration. Daniel Webster's grandmother, Susanna Bachelder, was one of the first women received as church members in 1711-'12; and her relatives, Nathaniel, Josiah and David Bachelder, and Benjamin Sanborn, were deacons of this church from 1724 till 1811. Deacon Lane, who inherited Dr. Langdon's wig, was also by marriage a kinsman of Susanna.

The new meeting house itself, built in 1768, was of two stories, 40 by 55 feet, without a steeple, but with three inside galleries, one for the



Dr. Langdon's Hampton Falls Church.

singers opposite the pulpit; one for the men on the west side and another for the women on the east. Above both was a loft where, in war-time, ammunition was stored; and the

militia company drilled on the green in front. The oldest church in Pittsfield was built on the Hamptor Falls model and that at Rocky Hill in Salisbury, Mass., was so similar that



Interior of Dr. Langdon's Hampton Falls Church.

its picture will serve for Dr. Langdon's church.

I remember this old church distinctly, and have several times attended Sunday service in it, as well as been present at excited town-meetings in its aisles and pews. It was used for town-meetings in Dr. Langdon's day, the building of town halls being much more recent. The moderator and selectmen sat in the deacons' seat, under the high pulpit; the voters sat respectfully in the pews, or stood in the aisles, or gathered on the Green outside, where small boys sold gingerbread and molasses candy, and larger boys played pranks. From the Ammunition attic, or even from the windows of the east gallery might be seen the view over ocean and forest, which Whittier pictures in his "Wreck of Rivermouth."

Fair are the sunny Isles in view
East of the grisly head of the Boar,
And Agamenticus lifts its blue
Disk of a cloud the woodlands o'er.

From the west gallery windows could be seen the blue hills of Deerfield and Nottingham, and the more distant mountains of Strafford; and to the southeast, in clear days, might be descried the point of Cape Ann. The "Isles" were the Shoals, and, inside them but invisible from this hill-top, was Great Island, with its fort, replacing Castle William and Mary, where Dr. Langdon's neighbor, Gov. John Wentworth, took refuge in 1775, under the guns of a British frigate. Nearer in view were the pleasant hills of Kensington, Amesbury, and South Hampton; Great Hill, which overlooked the homestead of the Weares in Seabrook and Hampton Falls; and Stratham Ridge, beneath which Paine Wingate, Dr. Langdon's clerical predecessor, now a politician and judge, resided on his farm. Exeter was invisible in its river valley, with its old colonial homesteads, and its new academy, where, shortly before Dr. Langdon's

death, Daniel Webster, a raw lad, with great black eyes and bashful manners, began his preparation for Dartmouth college; and Newburyport, equally invisible in its Merrimack valley, to the south, in whose stately homes, as in those of Portsmouth, the retired president of Harvard was a welcome visitor.

For years some large folios from his library lay on the deacons' table under the high pulpit; the rest of his bequeathed books remaining in the parsonage. He is said to have selected his successor, Rev. Jacob Abbott, a cousin of the more celebrated Dr. Benjamin Abbott of Exeter academy, and himself a scholar of much learning and an affable and witty neighbor, as Dr. Langdon had been. They both interested themselves in the town schools and Dr. Langdon was the first recorded school committee of the town, in 1794. His house was much visited, one of the attractions being his granddaughter, the only child of his son Samuel, Miss Eliza or Betsey Langdon, one of whose would-be suitors was the hero of this anecdote:

W. B., a prosperous farmer's son, had spent a term at the Exeter academy and enlarged his vocabulary there by the use of Johnson's or Walker's dictionary. His father's house was half a mile northwest of the parsonage on the road to Exeter. Being invited to tea at the parsonage, Miss Langdon, who poured the tea, asked him if he would have cream from the Doctor's dairy for his cup. "No," was his elegant reply, "the superfluity of cream disturbs the tranquillity of tea and renders it quite obnoxious."

After the ratification of the Federal constitution by New Hampshire (largely in consequence of Dr. Langdon's persuasive eloquence and Captain Webster's pithy allusion to General Washington), the next thing to be done was to choose electors of president. On this occasion (1788) Dr. Langdon caused to be inserted in



The Old State House, Boston, 1784.

the warrant for the town meeting this clause:

"As it is a matter perhaps of the greatest moment and consequence to us and our future posterity, it is to be hoped that a general attendance will be given and that each one will endeavor to gain such information as will enable him to act with wisdom, prudence and discernment."

In 1794, while preparing his remarks on Dr. Hopkins for the press at Exeter, Dr. Langdon made a final effort to obtain pecuniary justice from the state of Massachusetts in his arrears of salary as president of Harvard. He petitioned the general court anew, January 1, 1794, using

this language, in addition to that of his former petition, already quoted:

"Your memorialist, besides the proper duties of his office (college president), exerted his utmost abilities in the cause of liberty and from time to time contributed his full proportion in twice hiring a man to serve in the army, furnishing forage for many of the militia when called to Cambridge on alarms and supplying blankets and other necessary articles. * * * And now as the commonwealth of Massachusetts Bay has lately obtained by the justice of congress a large sum as compensation for their extreme exertions in the late war and the treasury is in much better circum-

stances, your memorialist is encouraged to make this new application for the balance of his unexceptionable account; which he again begs leave to present to this honorable court, not doubting but that the same principles of justice which, by their authority, are established in all their judicial courts, will prevail in the legislative body; and that they will grant the memorialist the whole balance justly due him, with interest."

Vain was the appeal. Massachusetts evidently felt as the Indiana repudiationists did when they resolved in public assembly, "That it is against our interest to pay the principal of our debt and against our principle to pay the interest."

A committee of both houses took the petition in charge; pared down the claim in an ignorant sort of way; refused interest, but finally reported that £95 6s. 1d. ought to be given to Dr. Langdon in addition to the £320 which he had drawn to pay his debts with, in full for all arrears. The house passed such a resolve, but the senate this time refused to concur and the whole matter sunk to rest.

So did the aged doctor, who died on the 27th of November, 1797. at Hampton Falls and was buried in sight of his meeting house with a long epitaph. Here it is:

His grave is an eighth of a mile west of his pulpit and parsonage.

The epitaph was written, as Parson Abbot's daughter tells me, by Rev. Jacob Abbot, his successor.

EPITAPH OF DR. LANGDON (HEADSTONE AT HAMPTON FALLS).

HERE LIE THE REMAINS
OF REV'D
SAMUEL LANGDON
late pastor of Hamptonfalls;
& for several years
PRESIDENT OF CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

His extensive knowledge, hospitality,
Catholicism, Patriotism and Piety
obtained & preserved the esteem
respect, admiration & love of the people
of his charge & of his very numerous Acquaintances in this and the neighboring states, thro' a life of great Usefulness to Mankind which ended
Nov. 29th 1797.
Aged 75.

The brevity and simplicity of this epitaph faithfully characterize the man whom it commemorates. Much more might have been said; but that much he doubtless did not choose to have said. It was written by some brother minister,—probably by his successor in the parish, which was then the whole town, but soon became severed into small sects, after the fashion of the nineteenth century, which he did not live to see. In this twentieth century, when men are coalescing once more, I have sought to restore his manly and unifying spirit to its due place among the builders of our ancient and honorable New Hampshire.

Hampton Falls, June 1, 1904.



RECOLLECTIONS OF A VISIT TO MT. WASHINGTON.

HENRY M. BURT, HIS SERVICES TO THE WHITE MOUNTAIN REGION.

By Norman H. Libby.

The writer, living in western Maine, almost under the shadow of Mt. Washington, has been watching for days, yes, weeks, the gradual return of spring upon the White Mountains. The latter part of October saw them white and stately in each noonday sun, the storms of winter softened their rough outlines, until the Presidential Range lost all its appearance of ruggedness and, when now and then of a clear day the summit of Mt. Washington was visible, looking through a glass, nothing but a pile of snow and ice marked the spot where, in summer, is such a busy colony. One morning in February, the barns on the carriage road, just below the crest, showed a dot of black through their coverings, and since then has winter slowly given way to the march of spring. But this transformation of seasons is a gradual process and in Tuckerman's Ravine, and on the colder exposures of these mountains, are ridges of snow and ice, which glisten defiance and will hold their vantage for weeks and weeks.

But in the meantime all that country in "the Switzerland of America" is anticipating the summer, making preparations for entertaining the strangers sure to come within her gates, and, as one hotel man has recently said to the press, "The prospects for this season are better than for many years." So be it.

There is a never failing charm about that locality. The romances of the White Hills, even from the pen of Hawthorne, do not exceed in inter-

est the stories of those men who were pioneers in these mountains. Each made possible in a degree the hospitality which there now abounds, but to no one man is greater homage due than to that genial; scholarly, enthusiastic editor, Henry M. Burt, who in 1877 established what is now the oldest summer resort newspaper in America, *Among the Clouds*, printed twice daily during each summer, on the summit of Mt. Washington.

At a period just marking the fifth year since he rested from his labors, in that sleep we mistakenly call death, it seems especially fitting to review in hasty mention the work which this man did for the mountains in New Hampshire. And it should be borne in mind that it was not mere business which attracted him into this unusual enterprise. His ardent love of nature and enjoyment of the mountain top of themselves were sufficient to prompt this daily message from the "crown of New England."

It was reading that classic volume of Starr King's, "The White Hills," which first drew Mr. Burt's attention to the White Mountains. It was about the year 1866 when he first visited Mt. Washington, making the ascent from Crawford's on horseback. On a later visit, about 1874, while detained by a storm at the Summit house, the lack of reading material, adding to the loneliness of such an occasion, suggested to his journalistic mind the publication of a paper on the mountain top, and in the summer of 1877 this thought took form.

One who visits Mt. Washington to-

day can hardly realize the almost insurmountable obstacles which beset this undertaking. The newspaper office was in the old Tip Top house, dark and gloomy. But the leaky roof and faulty chimneys and obstinate situations did never for a moment leave impress on the cheery messages sent to the world below. Witness the first editorial published in *Among the Clouds*, dated July 20th, 1877:

GREETING TO THE WORLD BELOW.

"We sent out to-day the first number of '*Among the Clouds*,' a daily paper printed at the summit of Mount Washington. This is the first attempt, so far as we are aware, to print a newspaper on the summit of any mountain in the world. It is conceded to be a novel journalistic enterprise and, although attended with many obstacles, it promises to be a complete success, sufficient to make it permanent during the pleasure seasons that are to come. We have attempted only a modest beginning. In the future we hope to add the regular telegraphic despatches and make '*Among the Clouds*' a complete newspaper. Our object is to bring together and spread before summer travelers all the important information of the mountain region, including descriptions of the mountains themselves, the points of greatest interest, and the current events of the region so much frequented by strangers during the summer months.

"We write this literally '*among the clouds*'; but the bright sunlight is coming, and a glorious view of the thousand mountain tops and valleys await our vision. Would that the many whose eyes are turned toward this grand mountain peak from below at this very hour were with us to enjoy the glorious scene that is coming. We never feel so near the Infinite as when looking upon these lofty mountains and the thousand beauties that are limited only by human vision.

Towns, villages, lakes, rivers, cultivated fields, and great forests seem near at hand, though really many miles away. The earth and sky seemingly meet a hundred miles on either side in a blue mist line; and no one can judge of the exquisite pleasure the scene affords until he beholds it. Come up here, lovers of the grand and beautiful, and gather inspiration from the greatest of God's works. It will surely awaken you to the consciousness that, after all, man is really a small part of creation, and that these enduring granite peaks tell of an age long before animal life had existence.

"We cannot close this introduction without acknowledging our indebtedness to the lamented Starr King for a love of these mountains. He was their true interpreter, and he walked nearer to God when he wandered through the valleys below and up the mountain steep, than any who have followed in his footsteps. He had an eye and a soul that could take in the grand and the beautiful and comprehend the Great Unseen. Do we all fully appreciate the noble work that he did in directing our thoughts towards nature, and teaching us the great and important truths in life? Were it not for him and his work so many would not have come here to spend a brief season of leisure. The highest monument could not express the debt we owe him.

"The office of '*Among the Clouds*' is in the old Tip-top house, familiar to thousands, who, in years past, shared its hospitality, where we shall be glad to welcome all who may come to the summit, and with this we send Greeting to the World Below."

This one article from his pen pronounces its own eulogy. Year after year these columns of his, bright and lustrous with the light of his own soul, gave to men and women an irresistible desire to behold for themselves the charms of that country which he so vividly portrayed. No

one section did he favor, but devoted himself alike to every peak and valley. And to what purpose?

Witness to-day the annual pilgrimage to the White Mountains. It is just to state that thousands have visited Mt. Washington as the direct result of the appeal of this pioneer editor. Men from all over the world have visited his office until his name became as it were a part of Mt. Washington itself. And there was something besides the unique journal of the man which made his sanctum a delight to the visitor. There one met, it is true, the proprietor, but he came in contact also with a gentleman, cultured with that fineness which is the characteristic of a scholar, a mountaineer, to whom the peaks and summits of the hills about him spoke a promise which was real and eternal, but more than everything else was Henry M. Burt a man whose delight it was to offer cheer, and give of himself unstintedly to those whom he might benefit or make happy.

The writer remembers, when a young man, of making his first climb up Mt. Washington. Another younger fellow was his companion. Unused to the rigors of a Crawford path, it was with weary bodies and sorest feet that at last the summit was attained. Whether it was the sublimity of the view or the distance from friends, which made these wayfarers homesick, is not recorded, but the kindly attention of the subject of this sketch will never be forgotten.

There was a numerous company at the hotel that night, but to us was given the distinction of this man's attentions. He took us into his office and showed us its mysteries; he pointed out the innumerable peaks and told us their histories; and, when night settled dark and lonely, it was his goodness of heart which made him take a large flash lamp and set it in his window, saying, "There, boys, that is pointing toward Bridgton. Your people are probably seeing it and think that it is the way we have up here of saying good night."

It was a simple act, but the memory of it sank deeper and deeper into grateful minds as added years better understood the import of such kindnesses. How many another could relate such attentions from this man of the mountains. In both word and deed did he impart the "strength of the hills."

Of that night's trio the young man and the Samaritan have journeyed into that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns. The first was yet without impression from the formative influences of life; but of Henry M. Burt, as the coming of spring each year brings the anniversary of his death, a whole state may take pride in revering his memory. "Not as the warrior comes" did he impregnate his enthusiasm, but by his subtle influence did he marshal visitors, even from across the waters, to our White Mountains, "mingled in harmony in Nature's face."





ROBERT RANTOUL KIMBALL.

Robert Rantoul Kimball, a son of the late John S. Kimball of Hopkinton, N. H., was born in Boston, March 7, 1849, and died in that city, May 2, 1904. His business life was spent almost wholly in Boston, where his firm was burned out in the great fire of 1872. For many years he was with the firm of Brown, Durrell & Co., and was also a member of the firm of Kimball & Co. in Hopkinton, N. H., where he had his legal residence and where he passed a large portion of the summer months with his family and friends in the old historic mansion erected by Joseph Towne nearly one hundred years ago. He took an active interest in town affairs and, when not a leader, was ever ready with his means and influence in promoting any measure for the public good, or in the interest of charity in assisting his fellow-men. Even the children were not forgotten, and for many years he remembered those of them residing in the village and vicinity with Christmas gifts, thereby winning their love and gratitude. He was a warden in St. Andrew's Episcopal church and a member of its choir. He belonged to

the Masonic fraternity and was a Knight Templar. In 1872 Mr. Kimball married Ella Louisa, daughter of Robert Barclay Currier of New York city, who survives him. He leaves two brothers, John S. and George A. S. Kimball, and also two sisters, the Misses Mary Grace and Kate Pearl Kimball.

TILLEY HOWE.

By W. M. Dow.

In 1783 a remarkable individual graduated from Dartmouth college. Many remarkable persons have graduated from that now time-honored institution, but this one had a history and career so unique that this brief record of him may well have a place here. His name was Tilley Howe. He was a native of Henniker, N. H., and prepared for the ministry after his graduation from college. A matrimonial disappointment so affected him that he lapsed into a state of indifference to the conventionalisms of social intercourse. He entered the ministry and preached several years in Sharon, Vt., and afterward in Fryeburg, Maine. He traveled much in many towns and became widely known for his easy and indifferent style in everything pertaining to dress and personal appearance, his horse and carriage being kept in the same condition. His character was above reproach and he was universally confided in, but his singular style and manner of life gave rise to the common saying, "Easy as Tilley," a phrase used often by many who are wholly ignorant of its origin. In describing one, who was utterly oblivious to social customs, the phrase became current through New England, "Easy as old Tilley." To this day the saying, "Easy as Tilley," is current in common speech in many a New England town.

Tilley Howe died in Fryeburg, Maine, September 3, 1830, aged 80 years.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Good Roads League.

Through the push and enterprise of some of our New Hampshire men who are interested in having better highways in this state, an association was recently formed that is known as "The Good Roads League." The following officers were elected:

President, Hon. Frank W. Rollins.

Vice-Presidents.

Rockingham County, Hon. True L. Norris.

Strafford County, Hon. Sumner Wallace.

Belknap County, Col. Chas. H. Cummings.

Carroll County, Hon. A. C. Kennett.

Merrimack County, Hon. A. B. Woodworth.

Hillsborough County, Hon. Harry T. Ray.

Cheshire County, Gen. T. N. Hastings.

Sullivan County, Hon. Seth M. Richards.

Grafton County, Hon. Henry W. Keyes.

Cook's County, Henry S. Hale.

Secretary, John W. Storrs.

Treasurer, Gen. H. H. Dudley.

Executive Committee.

Hon. A. W. Sulloway. Nathaniel Doane.

L. F. Thurber. E. Bertram Pike.

The object of the organization, as stated in its by-laws, is the general improvement of the roads of New Hampshire.

It is also intended to create a sentiment among the people to better care for their roads, and to educate them to understand the many advantages from an economical standpoint to be obtained by having good roads;—the money value added to all kinds of merchandise, crops, etc., by being able to reduce to the least possible point the item of transportation.

According to the by-laws, there are no dues or assessments, all funds being raised by voluntary contributions, and all persons who are inter-

ested or willing to help are eligible for membership.

The favor and popularity with which this movement has impressed our people is evidenced by the large number who have requested to be enrolled as members. The list includes some of our best and most influential business and professional men, statesmen, congressmen, and senators. There seems to be a determination by our people to do something to materially better and permanently improve the highways in this state.

Those who understand the many advantages to be gained by good roads are the most enthusiastic, and are willing to go to almost any expense for good and permanent work. The Good Roads League welcomes to its membership all who wish to help, that we may have as good roads in New Hampshire as in any state and by so doing we will be able to compete in the markets with all comers, being able, as we will, to transport the produce of our farms to the railroads and merchandise from the railroads to our stores and farms with the least possible expense. Many a farmer, with a good road to the railroad, store, or creamery, could go and return in half the time it now takes, and could draw a load with one horse that now takes two, or he could double his load, carrying twice the quantity he now does. At present he has to contend with the hill or the sandy or muddy road. Everybody wants good roads. The only question is, How are we to get them?

New Hampshire State Roads.

The state of New Hampshire, at the last session of the legislature in 1903, adopted or started a system of state roads in the White Mountains. They appropriated some of the existing roads and are building some new and connecting roads. These are all gravel or dirt roads, having been built of material at hand. The intention was to improve the old roads by widening, draining, and surfacing, and to have the new roads well built of good width, and good hard surface. The appropriations for repairs on the old roads were somewhat small to make the desired improvements. However, a large amount of work has been done, and the roads in this vicinity are equal to, or better than, most roads in the state. The towns, hotels, private individuals, including summer residents, are particularly enthusiastic on the subject of good roads and have co-operated and assisted in every way to better the conditions. With Bretton Woods in the heart of the mountains and as the center of this system, the state appropriated the road to the base of Mt. Washington, known as the old Mt. Washington turnpike; also the road known as the old Portland road, to the Crawford house and down through the White Mountain Notch by the old Willey house to Bartlett town line.

From the Crawford house the state has recently built a road, covering a distance of fourteen miles. This road passes Twin River farm, so called, and then crosses the road from Bretton Woods to the base of Mt. Washington. Then it follows up Jefferson brook and through Jefferson Notch to Jefferson Highlands. This road was badly damaged by washouts caused by the cloud-burst of June, 1903, but has been repaired and will be in good condition for this season. This road is known as the Jefferson Notch highway, a drive over which is

one of the most attractive in the mountains. It reaches an elevation of 3,000 feet above the sea and is almost directly under Mounts Jefferson, Clay, and Washington. The scenery is grand.

This road, on the Jefferson side, passes through a piece of the original spruce growth or primeval forest. This is the only growth of the original spruce timber that can be reached from any highway in this vicinity.

The part of the road between Twin River farm and the Crawford house is in fine condition and permanently constructed, having been improved by work done last season under a special appropriation for this purpose. Then again, with Bretton Woods as a center, there is a road to Twin Mountain house, made by using in part the old Portland road and by building three miles of new road. This new road, built of gravel, with bridges and road bed eighteen feet wide, is sure to be a feature in this vicinity. By building this piece of road the state has opened up a new country, with scenery that is beautiful and grand. The road is kept away from the railroad, thus avoiding railroad crossings and close proximity to trains, something that people driving for pleasure always appreciate. From the Twin Mountain house toward the Profile house there is two miles of the old highway, called the McCann road, to be used. Then for eight and a half miles, from the Allen place to the Profile house, there is being constructed a bridle trail, which this season will be in good condition for horseback riding. A right of way, four rods wide, has been bought by the state, and this trail has been carefully located with the intention of eventually making it a good road for carriages. From the Profile house golf links the road to the Profile house and the road from the Profile house, down through the famous Franconia Notch by the Flume to North Woodstock, has been appro-

priated by the state. This whole system includes a distance of over 60 miles of road, taken and built by the state, and in the future to be maintained by the state, thus ensuring our own people and tourists and those visiting here a system of good, continuous roads and pleasant drives through this grand White Mountain region.

* *

A Mountain Drive.

One of the finest trips about the mountains with a team would begin by starting from Bretton Woods and driving down the Ammonoosuc river past the Fabyan house. Down through the golf links the road crosses a wide stretch of meadow two miles or more in length. On the right is the old and famous White Mountain house; nearby is a beautiful and artistic little chapel, dedicated to Christian Science worshipers, and many followers of this cult are to be found here every season. Here, too, we drive on to the new state road, recently built, and open to the public this season.

This road is one of the great attractions in the mountains this year, opening up, as it does, a new country and exposing to view many pretty and picturesque little scenes, besides the grand and magnificent view far up the Zealand river valley.

The road, after leaving the White Mountain house, enters a beautiful piece of woods and soon crosses the Ammonoosuc river on an artistic steel bridge, just below the lower falls, giving the tourist a fine view of this beautiful work of nature. Further on, after recrossing the river, the road winds around and up on to the top of Glacial Ridge. This wonderful formation, caused by glacial rivers in the ice age, is more than half a mile long, and rises to a height of a hundred feet above the Ammonoosuc and Zealand rivers, which it divides,

and which flow along at the very foot of its steep and precipitous sides. From here the traveler obtains a grand view up the Zealand river valley and is close to, and almost under, the noted Sugar Loaf mountains. From here, too, the Presidential Range, with Mt. Washington as its center, may be seen.

Leaving Glacial Ridge and crossing Zealand river, which here enters the Ammonoosuc, the road winds along, in the many beautiful curves so fascinating to pleasure drivers, at the foot of a long ridge or hill, through a most magnificent growth of woods, while the river close by, and on the opposite side, goes tumbling along over rocks and bars in its race to the sea.

The Twin Mountain house, made famous by its being the summer resort of the late Henry Ward Beecher, and still a favorite of many mountain visitors, is five miles from Bretton Woods. From here to the Waumbek, on Jefferson Hill, is a drive of twelve miles, passing around, and to the west of Cherry mountain, celebrated on account of the big slide, whose great scar is still plainly seen, though partly covered with nature's green.

From the Waumbek we drive on a good road along Jefferson Highlands, by several summer hotels (including the Ethan Allen Crawford house) and many beautiful and expensive summer cottages, ten miles to the Ravine house in Randolph. From here we witness the grandeur of King's Ravine, on the northerly slope of Mt. Adams. Continuing on to Gorham, six miles, the Mount Madison house offers an inviting place for rest and refreshment.

Starting from Gorham, the trip through Pinkham Notch, eighteen miles, to Jackson, is indescribably grand and beautiful. The road follows along up the Peabody river, by the old Glen house site, then down the Ellis river, passing near the re-

nowned Glen Ellis Falls, with the Carter range of mountains on the left and the Presidential Range on the right. These are so near and tower so high above, and the formation, rocks, brooks, and all, so plainly seen, inspire one with feelings long to be remembered.

In Jackson, with its famous Wentworth Hall, Jackson Falls house, Gray's Inn, and other summer hotels, we find some of the finest roads in New Hampshire. They have the credit of having the best roads of any town in the state.

From Jackson it is three miles to Glen Station, and nine miles to Bartlett, the lower gate of the White Mountain Notch. The trip up through this notch over the carriage road is a feature by itself. Following up the Saco river, crossing and recrossing many smaller rivers and brooks, by the old Willey house and the memorable Willey mountain slide, past the Silver and Crystal cascades, the waters of which come tumbling down over solid rock from way up the mountain, witnessing the steep, high, and lofty peaks on either side, and nature in all of its splendor, we finally come to the height of land, the upper gate of the Notch, and the Crawford house, one of the oldest and best known hotels in the mountains.

Among other attractions at Crawford's is Elephant's Head, one of Nature's wonderful rock profiles. Here, too, is a small but beautiful sheet of water, from which flows a little stream which we later know as the Saco river.

At Crawford's also is one end of the famous Jefferson Notch road. The other end we passed at Jefferson Highlands, and the distance across by this road is fourteen miles.

From Crawford's it is four miles back to Bretton Woods, the Mt. Pleasant, and Mt. Washington hotels.

This trip entirely circles the Presidential Range. The roads are good; part of them are kept in repair by the

state, and all of them are well cared for. The scenery is of the finest in the world, and the whole trip is full of pleasant surprises of beauty and grandeur.

* *

Old Home Week.

Old Home week will be observed in New Hampshire for the sixth successive year August 16 to 20, inclusive, 1904. As everybody knows the splendid idea had its birth in the fertile brain of Hon. Frank West Rollins of Concord, at that time governor of the state and destined to go down into history, despite his achievements in many other lines, as New Hampshire's "Old Home Week governor." As is his custom, he did not rest content with giving a good idea to the public, but stood behind it, spread its publicity in every dignified way, worked hard himself and made others work hard to develop the project into the beneficent reality which he knew it could become. He was fortunate in the assistance which he found ready made to his hand. At the head of the state grange, Patrons of Husbandry, and secretary of the state board of agriculture, was Hon. Nahum J. Bachelder, now Governor Bachelder, who saw in an instant the possibilities in the Old Home Week idea for the development of the state, both materially and in an increased loyalty to New Hampshire among her resident sons and daughters and those who had gone away. Mr. Bachelder lent all the aid at his command to the project and the result has been that no one agency has done as much as the Grange to popularize and perpetuate the Old Home Week idea.

The progress of that idea has been constant and consistent; its growth has been unchecked and healthful. Some 50 cities and towns adopted it the first year. Possibly this year, certainly at the present rate of growth before the ten year anniversary comes, 150 of the state's little republics will hold annual celebrations. It is the ambition of ex-Governor Rollins and the others who have the matter closest at heart to make the custom universal throughout New Hampshire; to have some sort of an observance in every city and town. When that day comes the absent son or daughter will not need to make inquiry as to whether or no his native place is to celebrate the Home festival; but can turn his steps homeward for the third week in August in full confidence that a special welcome greeting awaits him. Great progress in this direction is shown, not only by the increasing number of observances, but also by the extent to which they are made official through appropriations for their support made in town meetings. More than 40 towns at the March meetings of 1904 made appropriations ranging from \$15 to \$300 to finance Old Home Week celebrations; and the best part of it was that most of these appropriations were made by unanimous votes, showing the popular appreciation of the value and benefits of the festival.

That appreciation is by no means confined to New Hampshire as is shown by the rapid spread of the idea to other states of the union and even to other countries. In Massachusetts, especially, Old Home Week has been adopted with an enthusiasm almost, if not quite, equal to that felt for it in

the state of its nativity. In Massachusetts a very effective state organization is maintained and from this and the New Hampshire state organization combined as a nucleus has grown the New England Old Home Week Association, which aims to make every week in August an Old Home Week in one or more of the New England states and to combine all of the Old Home Week workers in harmonious effort for the best development of all branches of the idea. Maine and Vermont have taken official cognizance of the Old Home Week plan; and scattered observances have been held in Rhode Island and Connecticut. New York has held several and reports of others come from as far South as North Carolina and from Ohio and other states to the westward. New Hampshire people resident on the Pacific coast have adopted the pleasing custom of holding Old Home Week observances by gathering in their far distant new homes and sending greetings across to the continent to their old homes. The idea has been made much of in some parts of Canada the present summer and an Old Home Week or month for Ireland is a fondly cherished hope in the hearts of some Irish leaders.

With the passing of the years the lines of Old Home Day observance in this state are coming to be well defined. The small towns have one sort of a celebration; the cities and large towns have a different variety. In the small towns, where many think the Old Home Day ideal is most nearly realized, the programme is very simple. Present and past residents of the town get together at the town house, in the church, on the banks

of some river or lake, on the top of a wind-swept hill or in the shade of a locally famous grove. There is a basket picnic, informal speaking by hosts and guests alike, more or less impromptu music, baseball and sports of a free and easy kind, and over and above all a sociable reunion of all hands, the renewing of old acquaintances and the making of new ones. In the cities and large towns this sort of observance in from the nature of things rather out of the question and their programmes are more formal. They have processions; banquets; orations and poems; sports and fireworks. In these occasions Concord has taken the lead from the start and the literary programmes she has arranged and the displays she has made in the way of parades have been really remarkable. This year she will try a novelty in the form of a water carnival at Contoocook River park. Nashua and Somersworth are other cities which have done notable things in the Old Home Week line; and this year Franklin will join them, with a possibility that Portsmouth also will come in and dedicate its Fitz John Porter monument during Old Home Week.

It is impossible, of course, to mention all the kinds of celebrations that keen wits have suggested and willing workers have carried out at various points throughout the state. But one who has enjoyed them will never forget Wolfeborough's water carnivals on Lake Winnipiseogee; Hon. George A. Marden's laymen's meetings and hilltop illuminations at Mont Vernon; the delightful spice given the speeches by Judge Howland and others at Walpole; Chichester's bar-

becue and beans baked in the ground; the clambakes at Greenland; Haverhill's splendid demonstration last year in the rain; Strafford's tremendous parade of teams of all sorts; Bristol's gala days on Newfound lake, and the carnival on Lake Asquam with which Old Home Week, 1903, was prefaced; the marking of historic sites at Boscawen; the loan exhibit of art and history at Dunbarton; Pittsfield's wonderful effort of 1902; the fine fellowship shown at Hopkinton every year; the Old Folks' gatherings at Cornish and New Boston; and so on ad infinitum from Shelburne in the north to Salem and Hollis and Rindge and Winchester in the south; from Woodstock in the mountains to Rye and North Hampton by the sea; from almost all the towns that line the Connecticut river on the west to Rollinsford and her Strafford county neighbors on the east. One recalls the centennials of academies, as at Atkinson; of churches, as at Littleton; of town-houses; and of towns themselves. Just let the Old Home Week virus get to working in a New Hampshire community and there is never any doubt as to the holding of a creditable and original celebration.

This year Concord, Franklin, and Somersworth are the cities which have so far made known their intention to hold observances, and in each case the programmes will be elaborate. It is the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Somersworth and the seventy-fifth of Franklin.

The town of Whitefield will celebrate its centennial and Hollis will note the century of its old town

meeting-house. The observance in Charlestown will mark the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of one of the most famous Indian raids in the history of the state, and will be participated in by the New Hampshire Society of Colonial Wars. Chester will dedicate a soldiers' monument with national and state G. A. R. officers present, and an oration by Hon. George C. Hazelton of Washington.

Rev. George L. Perin, D. D., of Boston will be the orator at Brookline, and Prof. James M. Chapman of Miami university, Ohio, at the union observance by Meredith and Center Harbor. Former President Grover Cleveland, whose summer home is in an adjoining town, former Governor Frank W. Rollins, the founder of Old Home Week, and Congressman Samuel L. Powers of Massachusetts are others who are

expected to speak at this celebration.

The observances at Candia, Freedom and Newmarket will be largely in charge of the Boston organizations composed of former residents of the respective towns.

An Old Home Day patchwork quilt, each square bearing the name of a past or present resident of the town, will be on exhibition at Bridgewater; Amoskeag hopes to dedicate a chapel; Peterborough will hold a fireman's reunion.

Farmington has incorporated an association having as its object "The fitting observance of Old Home Week and of other celebrations becoming to the town of Farmington, with the recognition of events of consequence in local history and the furtherance of movements made in the interests of the public."



1909



JOHN MCLANE

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXXVI.

JUNE, 1904.

No. 6.

SPINNING OVER AN INDIAN TRAIL IN AN ELECTRIC CAR.

GARRISON HOUSES AND OTHER MEMORIALS OF COLONIAL
DAYS IN AND ABOUT THE QUAIN TOWN OF EXETER.

By Sarah B. Lawrence.

If the "London Honourables" who recently visited this country had traveled through Rockingham county, New Hampshire, they would have imagined themselves in some wonderland of English geography, for at intervals, the familiar names of Portsmouth, Exeter, Nottingham, Epping, Kensington, and Brentwood might be seen on the way-side stations.

Previous to 1629 this whole region was a wilderness, the hunting ground of Indians. In the early settlement of the country the want of good roads was a serious inconvenience. At first it was a mere trail through the woods, marked by blazing the trees, which could be followed on foot or horseback and it was many years before there were suitable roads for carriages.

The highway between Portsmouth, Hampton, and Exeter was laid out from the original trail made by the Indians.

Then came the stage-coach with its six prancing horses and the merry sound of the guard's horn.

Now, one can spin over the road in an electric car running through a rich farming district. If it is in the sum-

mer, the fields are filled with golden buttercups, white daisies, and the fragrant clover; the great apple orchards are beautiful gardens in which delicate pink blossoms delight the eye; later in the season fields of waving corn are seen on every side and exquisite ferns border the electric road for miles under over-arching trees; large, comfortable-looking farm houses, many of them weather-beaten edifices framed of oaken timber, stand back from the street with old-fashioned gardens in front, in which, fragrant and quaint, are marigolds, mignonette, poppies, balsams, syringas, and many other blossoms of the garden old, while twisted and woven are vines that frame the front doors and cling to the white fences. As the car mounts some rise of ground one has a glimpse of the river and the blue waters of the Atlantic bordered by the white sands of Rye and Hampton beaches with the rocks of Little Boar's Head in the distance.

It is not generally known to the present generation that a great natural curiosity exists at Rye beach in the form of what was once a heavy forest which has been submerged by



THE GILMAN MANSION.

the advancing waves of the sea. It is located along a sandy strip of beach adjoining and running south from Straw's Point. Like all sandy shores exposed to the action of the sea, it is constantly shifting and changing in depth.

After a great storm when the outgoing waves have washed the sand away the stumps of trees can be plainly seen, which upon cutting into



Clifford Garrison House.



The Bridal Elm.

them have been found to be perfectly sound.

Nearing the boundary line between Hampton and Exeter our attention is drawn to a magnificent urn-shaped elm in a near-by field, towering like a sentinel above a grove of pines, with its top most branches entwined against the blue sky. A century ago a wedding took place under this noble elm and the tree has since been known as the "Bridal Elm."

After the last hillside is passed, the lovely village of Exeter can be seen

lying in the river valley of the Squamscott, the shores of which were once dotted with the wigwams of the Indians, and floating on the river were their birch-bark canoes.

In the Rockingham records is a deed signed by four Indian sachems, dated May 17, 1629, in which is conveyed to John Wheelwright and his associates a large tract of land about thirty miles square and signed by Passiconaway, sagamore of the Penacook tribe, and chief sagamore of all the tribes in this part of the country. The deed was also signed by Wahangnonawit and Rumawit. The Indians were paid in what they called a "valuable consideration," such as coats, shirts, and bottles.



The Folsom House.



Birthplace of Gen. Lewis Cass.

Standing on the corner of Clifford and Water streets, is a house closely connected with the early settlement of the town, when Indian depredations were of frequent occurrence. It was built of squared logs in 1648, and was used as a garrison house. The building has been considerably modernized, most of the loop-holes having been turned into windows. It was here that Daniel Webster came in 1796, when fourteen years of age, to enter Phillips Exeter academy. At that time the Clifford family owned the house, and students of the academy boarded with them. Young Webster had lived in a frontier settlement without any instruction in the minor graces of life, and was often guilty of some breach of etiquette at the table, which Mr. Clifford was desirous of correcting, but knowing that the young man was diffident and sensitive, he was reluctant to hurt his feelings by pointing out the fault directly. Trusting to the youth's quick sightedness to make the proper application, he one day reproved his apprentice—who in the homely fashion of the time, sat at the table with the family—for committing the very fault which he had observed in Web-

ster. He did not overrate the latter's discernment, for never again did he give cause for criticism on that account. Near this old house are "curiosity shops," where seen through the open doors are tall eight-day clocks looking down upon ancient spinning wheels, restored to light after a Rip Van Winkle sleep in cobwebbed garrets; blue platters lie on tables dreaming of old-time Thanksgiving dinners, while real willow ware teacups cherish memories of long ago tea parties.

On the corner of Water street and Court square stands an imposing old red mansion which was built for a tavern (Folsom's) in 1787. On the morning of October 14, 1789, the old house was made famous by a visit from General Washington, accompanied by his secretaries, Colonel Lear and Major Jackson.

Washington was on his way to Haverhill from Portsmouth. A cavalcade of citizens of the town were preparing to meet him before he entered the village, but he unexpectedly arrived at an earlier hour and went unattended to Folsom's tavern where he breakfasted. Col. Nicholas Gilman and other prominent citizens



The Odierne House.

paid their respects to the distinguished guest.

Looking up Court square we see the wide street bordered by great elms, which throw feathery shades in the green yards lying between the highway and the large colonial houses of the old town, houses which combine an air of stately old age, an expression of gracious hospitality shown in the wide doorways and the heavy brass knockers.

As we come to an old estate on Water street, once the home of General Peabody (an officer of the Revolution), we are reminded of an incident connected with the old general illustrating the difference between the lightning like rapidity with which news is telegraphed around the world to-day and the slow process of nearly a century ago. One morning in August, 1821, General Peabody, then more than eighty years old, came to his door and called out to a neighbor across the street to tell him that Bonaparte was dead,—died at St. Helena the fifth day of May. This was before the invention of steamships and telegraphs, and the news of Bonaparte's death had just reached this country, three months and a half after his decease.



The Gov. Gilman House, on Water St., 1732.

A short distance more on the busy street and we come to a romantic lane with memories of centuries past. On an eminence overlooking Water street and the river, Swamscott, surrounded by a sloping lawn dotted with shrubs and shaded by magnificent elms, stands the oldest and most historical mansion house in Exeter, known as the "Governor Gilman house." It was built prior to 1732, and has been in the Gilman family save for a short period, up to the present year, when it was sold to the "Society of the Cincinnati." The walls of the house are built of brick encased in a frame of wood, which measures twenty-nine inches in thickness.

During the Revolution Nathaniel Gilman was one of General Washington's aids, and was also state treasurer and receiver-general. All money used by the state was issued from the "strong room" and here also were concealed the treasures of the family and state during the Indian raids. When doors and the heavy inside window shutters barred with iron are closed, it is impossible to hear any sound of the heaviest thunder storm. To reach the house from Water street one ascends a gently rising path and soon reaches a door, in front of which is an enormous flagstone step. Pass-



The Leavitt House.



The Treasury Room, Gilman Mansion.

ing this, one arrives at another door, which is furnished with a heavy brass knocker. This is the main entrance and after the old-fashioned brass latch is lifted one enters the square hall at the left of which is the "strong room," where the open fireplace is of iron. In the large living room, which extends the entire width of the house, are panels of oak reaching to the top of the room where the ceiling is supported by heavy uncovered oaken timbers.

Here we shut out the twentieth century world and find ourselves in an atmosphere of two hundred years ago. In the darkest days of the Revolution Samuel Adams came here. His spirits were depressed and he walked the floor exclaiming, "O God, must we give it up." Not even the brilliant Mr. Gilman could arouse him to cheerfulness. To some of the French officers in the American army it was a great privilege to visit Exeter and converse with Mr. Gilman, who spoke their own language fluently and was accustomed to the elegancies of life. At either end of this quaint room are small paned windows with deep recesses filled with cush-

ioned seats. In the centre of the room is an immense open fireplace with a shallow wooden mantelpiece high up on the wall with paneling above. Between the living room and the library is a second hall and staircase finished in white wood and possessing a peculiar charm of its own. The house is a rambling one full of queer corners and quaint effects. The lower story is only seven feet and four inches in height. The kitchen has a huge fireplace where whole animals were roasted in the days of ancient state banquets; the stairs are worn hollow by the footsteps of two centuries.

In one of the chambers is a resounding panel, behind which it is said there is a hidden escape to the cellar, and thence by a secret passage to the river bank.

Distinguished men of seven generations have been entertained under this roof. In 1833, when the famous Cilley will case was tried in Exeter, the opposing counsel were Daniel Webster and Jeremiah Mason, both of whom were guests in this hospitable mansion. "There are closets in place and out of place, marvelous in design and mysterious in purpose; closets that penetrate the walls, wan-



The Janvrin House

der behind chimneys, turn right angles and suggest geometry run mad." When one is sure that all the rooms have been visited a curtain is drawn—taking the place of the thin narrow doors—and yet other rooms are open to view.

Another interesting old house is the birth place of General Lewis Cass who in 1782 was secretary of war, later minister to England, governor of Michigan and a candidate for the presidency. The house was built in 1740 and is now owned by Mr. John Templeton, owner and publisher of the *Exeter News-Letter*.

Standing on the corner of Park and Summer streets is an ancient inn, built in the early part of 1700, with hipped roof and overhanging eaves. Nearly opposite the old inn is the Odiorne or Bickford house, a fine specimen of colonial architecture with the gambrel roof, characteristic of the time, built in 1737. The Gordon house on Newmarket road, supposed to be built in 1780, is another quaint old dwelling.

A short distance from the highway is another interesting old house, used as a tavern during the war and built in 1740. It is known as the Leavitt house and was the early home of Mr.



The Gordon House

William Robinson, the founder of the Robinson Female seminary.

A second garrison house stands near the common "on the plains." The walls of this building are of heavy plank and when stripped a few years ago for new clapboarding a number of bullet holes were found made by the Indians. It was built in 1680 if not earlier. Standing nearly opposite this house is the celebrated Judge Jeremiah Smith home, built in the latter part of 1700. It is now the property of the Colonial Dames of New Hampshire.

Near this historical house is an old grave yard where underneath the sighing branches of ancient trees lie two early governors of the state, Jeremiah Smith and John Taylor Gilman.

Overlooking elm-shaded Front street is a house built in 1750, where on September 29, 1770, Rev. George Whitefield was entertained and here partook of his last dinner. He preached his last sermon in the open air nearly opposite the old Tilton or King house, built in 1750. After the religious service Whitefield rode on horseback over to Newburyport, where he died suddenly that night.

Standing under a magnificent elm,



The Tilton House.

which was planted in 1730, is the ancestral home of the Gilman family, having been owned and occupied by this distinguished family for more than a century. The present owner, Mrs. Mary Gilman Bell, the accomplished widow of the late Governor Charles H. Bell, has added many rare and beautiful antiques and curios gathered in European travels, to the original colonial belongings of the quaint old house, making it one

a century, which has played an important part in the history of the old town, being the daily resort of lawyers, editors, and authors, with surroundings reminding one of a time long gone.

As we enter the hospitable doors the strains of "Praise God from whom all blessings flow" is being sung in the venerable Congregational church opposite just as it was sung in 1798, when the church was built.



Home of the late Gov. Charles H. Bell.

of the most interesting homes in New England.

Between the Gilman mansion and the "Square" are three other ancient dwellings with curious old doorways dating back to the seventeenth century, all of which have interesting histories.

As the last hue of twilight lingers above the elms, in the western sky, we reach the hotel "Squamscott," a familiar landmark for more than

While one waits for their juicy chop or steak to be broiled they can enjoy reminiscent chats with sons and daughters of New Hampshire who have come back to spend "Old Home Week," a beautiful custom which we predict will spread all over the length and breadth of the land through the influence and efforts of one of the state's noblest and most philanthropic sons, ex-Governor F. W. Rollins.

THE PROFESSOR'S PROTÉGÉ.

By Jesse H. Buffum.

The little town was having an awakening, the old Colonel said. The pretty little hamlet had been sleeping amid the hills of New Hampshire for many, many years; and now it was just beginning to wake up. From a comatose village with a population which ran only into the lean hundreds, it had grown into a very, wide-awake summer resort which entertained as many as three thousand guests each season.

The Colonel, as he sat on the veranda of the big hotel, was discussing with Monsieur Deurex the beauties of the place. "You see," he was saying, "I felt like a discoverer when I happened into this secluded place, and I really believed I was to have it all to myself. I did for a year or two, but I began to tell my friends about it and it was not long before the town began to be 'promoted.' You see the result." The two sat in silence for awhile, feasting on the effects of the afternoon light as it played against the massive wall of mountains which seemed towering above them, their heights intensified by the narrow, ravine-like valley lying between.

This was the fifth summer that Colonel Langley had spent in Woodlock, and although he missed some the quietness of those first few years, he was glad to see so many enjoying themselves. Even now, in the first moments of twilight, the great hotel

was lively with gay people, while the village streets and lawns were dotted with evening promenaders.

The Colonel had also made many pleasant friends, particularly Monsieur Deurex, the agreeable little Frenchman who had strayed to America and then to Woodlock. Monsieur made friends faster than anybody else. He loved music; he could play music; he could play the piano divinely. Nobody in the hotel was so popular. Nothing could be done without the Monsieur, and the Monsieur could suggest nothing that everybody would not take hold of and enthusiastically carry out. He was a leader in everything, so the Colonel considered it an honor to be sitting on the piazza talking with the wonderful little professor who could make a New York audience sit in raptures for hours, listening to his renderings of the masters.

Monsieur had just said that the townspeople seemed to take kindly to the intrusion of the summer folk, and apparently endeavored to entertain them grandly, at the same time profiting by the new industry.

"Many of them do," said the Colonel, "and yet you would be surprised to find that some of them do not. There is Juan Moreno" —

"I have heard of him" said Monsieur, "he is ugly."

"He is ugly," the Colonel repeated, and he swears every time another

American comes near him. He hated to have this hotel built. I guess he hates everything.

"But there is more," the Colonel went on, "Juan Moreno has a son."

"A son?" Monsieur spoke in a plainly disinterested voice.

"Yes, a son; and he is a lovely boy. I have met him several times—poor boy! But, oh! he can play."

"Play? What does he play?" Prof. Deurex was listening again.

"Violin. But he doesn't play now."

"Why does not the little boy play now?"

"His father. His father broke his violin, which nearly broke the boy's heart. I was out walking early one morning and took my favorite jaunt down an old wood road which led to a sugar camp back in the woods. As I drew near the sugar house I thought I heard music. I approached carefully and, peeping through a crack, saw Antonio playing. He had a divine look on his face, and it was a divine melody that seemed to wail from his violin. Ah! it was beautiful!

"I went again next morning, and again I found him playing. This time I went in and spoke to him. A startled, wild look sprung to his face when I entered, and he gave a low cry, 'I thought it was my father,' he said.

"And why should you fear your father? I asked!

"It seems that they once lived in Italy. Antonio did not play then, but his father did. He was a wonderful violinist. One day—a very strange day to the boy—he and his mother came away to America, leav-

ing the father behind, weeping as the steamer floated from the dock. It was years before he joined his wife and son. When he came he was strange, so strange, thought Antonio. He seemed to hate everybody; and sometimes swore and sometimes wept. Worst of all he hated music now and swore when he heard it. Something strange had happened over there in the home country, but the wondering boy never knew what it was.

"And then, the passion for music inherent in him, Antonio began to play. He bought a violin and began to practice, mostly by himself, but some times where his father could hear. One day his father broke out in a passionate storm and threatened to kill his son if he ever played again. The son was nearly crazed with grief, for he loved his music more than life, almost. But at times he would get by himself and play—usually this way in the early morning. He told me all this in a broken voice and without a sob, but his eyes had a painful, hungry look.

"I went again the next morning, and stopped in the grassy path before I got to the tumble-down sugar house, for Antonio was playing as I knew he had never played before. I crept to the end of the building and hid behind the chimney, not wishing to disturb the wondrous rapture that seemed to thrill him as he played. The strains seemed to come from his violin sobbingly; the sweetest, the saddest melody I ever heard. I was looking through a crack, thinking myself in heaven, when a dark figure suddenly filled the doorway. Though I was watching Antonio closely, I scarcely had time to see what happened. There was a sudden rush, a sharp

cry, and the boy stood weeping by his broken violin."

"It is a shame!" cried the excited Professor. He walked about on the veranda, muttering to himself, "the boy shall play—he shall play, and he shall have a violin, too."

Colonel Langly and M. Deurex sat at dinner together that night, talking earnestly about the boy Antonio.

The next day, induced by his now fast friend, the Colonel, Antonio appeared at the hotel. He even went to the Professor's cozy room where he acted extremely bashful, yet extremely delighted when the smiling little effusive Frenchman asked him to try his violin. It was Antonio's turn to be surprised when, after he had played for a long time to the old Colonel and Monsieur, both of whom had sat perfectly still and had not said a word, the Professor gravely showed him to the door, bowing him out without a word. The great musician was eccentric, but the wondering Italian boy had not this word at his command, so he simply thought the Professor very queer, and he did not think he cared to come again, though he just loved that violin.

He told this to the Colonel, who had come away when he did. The Colonel had not spoken a word; but he was smiling. This puzzled Antonio, too, but it must have been all right, or he could not smile. "You had better come again to-morrow, my boy; the Professor won't act so queer the next time," was the assurance which put an end to his wondering and made him happy again.

And Antonio did come again the next day and again for many days. It was queer, thought Juan Moreno, that that fool Frenchman has so

many errands. But it was all right, for the boy always brought home the bright silver, which Antonio never saw again after he had reluctantly given it up.

It had come about in this way: Antonio had repeated his calls on the "grand" professor in the "grand" hotel only a few times when one morning he said sadly, as he was about to go away, "I cannot come any more, Monsieur Professor."

"Why cannot you come any more?" The Professor smiled, for he seemed never surprised, though his heart already felt a touch of grief at the thought of losing his wonderful pupil.

"My father will not let me."

An expletive formed on the lips of Monsieur, but he said sweetly, "Does your father not want you to play on Monsieur's violin?"

Antonio's face blanched. "Oh! my father does not know about the music."

"What does he think you do when you come to the big hotel?"

"I told him I did errands."

"Will not Juan Moreno still let his son do errands for the Monsieur?"

"Yes—but—"

"Yes?" The charming smiles won the boy and he blurted out,

"He asks for the money."

The Professor walked the floor for a while, and again graciously showed his pupil out; saying, however, as he followed him to the veranda:

"You will come again to-morrow? I shall have errands."

Antonio looked at him questioningly. "Shall you want me to—"

"Monsieur wishes to hear the violin."

A swift look of intelligence passed

over his face, and Antonio went home—happy.

The popular hotel became more and more crowded, and the little French professor made more friends by the score. But making friends was not all that the man who each night thrilled the guests crowded in the music room was doing in these days. The season was at its height. Guests, far exceeding in numbers those of previous years, crowded the popular resort to its utmost capacity. Every building in the village was crowded, "everything except the town hall." The Professor, sitting at dinner, heard the remark and started, merely saying, "Ah!" He had the habit of thinking very quickly. "It might be," he said, and repeated, "it might be." That evening he took a walk through the village and stood up a while by the big town hall. "It is very large," he mused. Indeed, the village of Woodlock possessed a marvel in its enormous town house, built so large for what purpose no one could tell. The Professor walked back and confided something to the Colonel, who showed far more enthusiasm than his companion. "It might be, though," admitted Monsieur as they parted for the night.

Monsieur's sagacity would have done credit to an advertising expert. It was noised abroad through the spaciousness of the great hotel that a musical wonder had been found in the quiet village and that it played on the violin in the Professor's room every morning. Now the Professor was not to blame that his room was just above the broad veranda, and again not to blame if his pupil chose to make his calls and do his playing at the particular hour of the day when

the greatest number of people were on the veranda and lawn, enjoying the cool of the atmosphere.

It chanced also that the evening performances of Monsieur had won for him a very staunch friend in the proprietor of the house. So it was not to be wondered at that the Professor received gratis, fresh from the little printing office in the basement, those charming little announcements which he induced the waiters to distribute one night at dinner, and which bore the simple words :

There will be a musicale in the Town Hall on Friday afternoon. Expert talent. Come.

It had the desired effect ; the Monsieur knew it would ; and long before dessert was being discussed everybody was asking,

" Who will play ? "

" What are we to hear ? "

" Who is *charge de affaires* ? "

" Where are the tickets ? " and

" How much ? "

The instigator of all this excitement quietly left the table and retired to his own room. That everybody would ask him all these questions, he knew ; but it was well, he believed, to let curiosity do its work. On the morrow they should know. And they did. At dinner the next evening each guest found awaiting him a neat programme. The admission was a dollar, but that was nothing for Monsieur Deurex was to play several times. They did not know about the violin soloist, Antonio, though the snatches of melody they had heard floating down from Monsieur's room spoke of the divine in music, and had whetted a very keen appetite. An appetite was what the Professor had

hoped to incite ; and he meant that it should be satisfied.

It was a careless, off-hand query which he put to each guest during the next few days : "Will —— enjoy the entertainment on Friday?" He found it would be enjoyed by every guest in the hotel and by many from the other resorts in the place. Again it was rumored that Monsieur expected every one to go, and surely it would not do to offend the charming Frenchman who played so rapturously in the music room.

What passed between the Professor and Antonio need not be repeated. The latter, fearful of his father, was at last made quiescent by the earnest entreaties and assurances of his tutor, who explained that if he played well this time he might play some time in the big city.

"Play in the big city?" Antonio gulped, a great radiance thrilling him through and through.

So master and pupil met in the ante-room on Friday afternoon. Antonio was dressed in a soft blue shirt with string necktie, above which hung his heavy, curly, black hair, and he wore homespun trousers. The Professor, always smiling, appeared in full evening dress. The two went to the platform and sat down, Monsieur slightly nervous, Antonio absorbed in looking about the crowded hall. Even the aisles were packed. Antonio had been in the town house but once—it was last summer to hear a violinist from New York.

Finally, the popular manager of the hotel, who had also seated himself on the platform, stepped forward and said something which Antonio could not hear very well, for the speaker's back was turned and the audience was con-

stantly clapping. All he could think of was that he was to play ; and he would do his best.

It was a hot August afternoon. Inside the hall rustling fans and white shirt waists were in preponderance. The seats and aisles were crowded, and windows were wide open. So still was the waiting audience, despite the heat, that the crickets chirping outside on the village common were noisy almost to an echo.

Then the Professor got up and seated himself at the piano. It was then that some noticed that the fine concert grand had been borrowed from the music room at the hotel. Surely Monsieur had many friends. And he had many more friends and admirers, when at the end of nearly half an hour he again took his seat beside Antonio, dripping with perspiration. It was wonderful!

The clapping and low hum of voices stopped when the Professor again arose and stood waiting for silence. His voice broke the almost solemn stillness : "Friends, we have with us to-day Antonio Moreno, violinist, son of Juan Moreno. He will now play." The Professor crossed to the piano and sat down. Antonio stood up and awkwardly thrummed his violin until it was in tune, then, forgetting his hearers, his gaze fixed on the distant mountain wall beyond the little valley, he began to play. The piano was forgotten, so skilfully did his accompanist try to show Antonio at his best. His selection was finished and repeated, but Antonio kept playing. The wonderful Professor was exerting himself to the utmost to keep in sympathy with the wild, yet sad, again pathetic strains that seemed to flow unendingly from those won-

derful strings. It was not Ole Bull, but it was wonderful, and the hot, tired audience forgot everything save the animated figure with its rapturous downturned face. Antonio was lost to the world, dreaming as he played, telling the great audience beneath him of a marvelous universe where reigned ecstasy, now sadness, now wild, rapturous joy. He improvised, he played snatches of melody from the homeland, he gave them variations. His listeners were spellbound.

Suddenly he stopped, drew a soft ascending chord, and bashfully took his seat. Antonio was deafened, confused. When would the clapping stop? The Professor was mopping his forehead and looking grave. Antonio saw the look and was concerned. He leaned across to Monsieur: "Is Monsieur Professor not satisfied?"

"Satisfied? satisfied?— O my boy!"

Another brilliant selection on the pianoforte and the Italian boy again stood before the people. The silence awed him. He thought each one of his listeners was holding his breath. The cricket's rasping fugue was hushed and there was nothing but silence, wide, impending. The Professor, already at the piano, noticed the stillness and noticed also its effect on Antonio. He struck a violent chord, and then stopped and waited. Slowly his pupil began to play. From a soft cooing in the middle register, it rose to a wild staccato of flurried notes, with wonderful variations.

Was the Professor's dream to be blighted and remain a mere withered and relict anticipation? Antonio had stopped—stopped in the middle of the

most brilliant passage. The Professor had depended on this for an exhibition of his pupil's skill. The accompaniment ended in a pungent discord, and Monsieur turned petulantly around.

But Antonio had not forgotten. No, indeed! Instead he was looking out the window and trembling. The Professor also looked and stared, and then rose nervously. He sat down again.

The waiting, wondering audience did not know; and Antonio did not know that he had reached the crisis of his life. But he had! What the Professor saw and what Antonio saw was Juan Moreno standing beneath the window, listening. Not a fan moved, not a skirt rustled. The audience did not understand, but they saw. A far away—a very far away look came into the eyes of the boy, his face lighted as if thrilled by a great joy. Antonio Moreno saw again the sunny slopes of his far away homeland, he heard the low calling of the cattle and sheep, he saw once more the vine-hid cot with its soft voices, the pleasant odors of the flowers as they drank the never-fading sunshine—the hum of the loom; but above all he heard—oh, so distinctly—those ecstatic, heaven-like strains of melody that used to wring his young heart as they fell from his father's violin. It was his father's own tune, played only in the little home cot, for he would not let the world hear so much of heaven, he said.

His soul on fire, his heart throbbing with his intense passion, Antonio raised the violin and played. The Monsieur Professor did not stir, but sat on the piano stool, his hands

braced on his knees. He could not accompany that—no, never! Once his eyes sought the Colonel, who sat as in a trance.

Was it pain? was it joy? was it longing?—despair? Was it heaven? Who could tell? It seemed like a wild, swift dream. Monsieur wept; the audience half rose to its feet, each breast heaving, not an eye dry. Softly, sadly, wildly the music swept on. Lost in wild despair, soothed in soft repetition of wondrous chords—all this was just “a selection by Antonio Moreno.”

The player sat down, his eyes still on the mountains, his whole being lost in reverie. Quietly, swiftly a figure passed up the centre aisle and leapt to the platform.

“Antonio!” Juan Moreno stood before his trembling, fear-stricken son. A moment he looked at him and then rushed forward and clasped him to his breast. “Antonio shall play! Antonio shall play!”

By the time Juan Moreno had vanished from the hall, leaving his son still on the platform, abashed and self-conscious, the Professor was himself again. He took something from the wings and handed it to his pupil. Every eye in the hall was expectant. Tenderly, reverently Antonio lifted from the case the most beautiful violin he had ever seen. No metropolitan artist had seen better. Monsieur did not expect that his pupil would tune it there; but he did; and then, placing it lovingly beneath his chin, with a swift, happy look at the Professor, he struck into the inspiring martial strains of that grandest of grand French airs, the Marseillaise hymn.

After the cheering crowd had melted away, and Antonio had gone home treading air and carrying his new violin, the quiet, popular little Frenchman, Prof. Monsieur Deurex, counted over a sum of \$2,000, cried over it a little, and muttered, “He shall play in the big city.”

THE RAVINE.

By A. T.

The floods have split the hills in twain,
In ages long ago,
That through the rift a little brook
Might find a way to flow.

It babbles by the riven steep
Unnumbered summers long,
Forgetful of the torrents force
That lingers in its song.

So we forget the martyr's blood,
And patient courage of old days,
The warfare of God's mighty ones,
Who shaped our peaceful ways.



“OLD DUMN-IT-ALL.”

By George H. Kelley.

I jus' like to go a-fishin'
 With old “Dumn-It-All” along.
 He's the best of all good fellows,
 Always jolly, nothin' wrong;
 He knows jus' where you can ketch 'em,
 Where the pickerel can be found,
 And you're sure to strike it lucky
 When old “Dumn-It-All”'s around.

He's about six foot three inches,
 Weighs two hundred sixty-three,
 Nothin' but a great big youngster,
 Tho' he's twice as old as me;
 Fifty-nine—you'd never think it,
 Time rests lightly on his head,
 But he's always in for fishin'
 When a good time's to be hed.

Jus' why he was nick-named “Dumn-It”
 I have never hearn 'em tell—
 Let him lose a good four pounder
 And you'll find it fits him well—

Never hearn him swear one word, sir,
Down from grace he's yet to fall,
But when he gets kind o' nutty,
He'll jus' murmur "Dumn-It-All."

When he slings his hook in water
You would think it weighed a ton,
He'll jus' smile, and kind o' chuckle,
For he's bubbling o'er with fun;
But for all his noise and racket,
He can ketch 'em, don't forget,
And when you're all through, and count up,
He'll have ten to one, you bet.

He's no use for reel and lancewood—
Too durn fancy traps for him—
He jus' wants a good old tam'rack,
Hook and line and live red-fin,
And he'll catch 'em all around yer;
When they bite he'll wait awhile,
Then he'll yank 'em—gosh all hemlock!
Seems to me a half a mile.

When it comes to gettin' dinner
You jus' bet he is a crank,
He ken beat a "chef" all holler—
Coffee, such's you never drank.
When the butter goes a rollin'
In the dirt, he'll grunt and say,
"Dumn-It-All, 'taint hurt it any,
Dirt is healthy any day."

Down there in Old Freeman's grocery,
When we show our string at night,
How the fellars stare and wonder,
Mouth wide open at the sight.
So I'd rather go a-fishin'
Than be King, Prince, Earl, or all,
'Specially when I have for partner
Jolly, gray, old "Dumn-It-All."



LETTERS TO JOHN P. HALE FROM WILLIAM H. Y. HACKETT.

By Frank Warren Hackett.

For a good deal more than half a century New Hampshire furnished a political battle ground at her annual state election in March, where two great parties, thoroughly disciplined under able leaders, fought each other with a vigor and pertinacity that was not surpassed elsewhere in the Union. Federalists against Republicans, and later Whigs against Democrats (till the Republican hosts took the field), carried on campaigns marked by partisan animosity, sometimes even by rancor and virulence, the intensity of which one finds it difficult to-day to realize. Every town in the state felt the shock of combat. The issues presented got so thoroughly thrashed out before election day, that every man, woman, and child had ample opportunity to learn what it was all about.

New Hampshire stood almost alone in holding her elections in the early spring; and as a consequence the verdict of her people assumed an importance far out of proportion to the size of the vote involved. A victory at the polls was gained under the eyes of the rest of the country; and the New Hampshire voter took a pride in showing that he had a reason for the faith that was in him.

In the early forties New Hampshire was a Democratic stronghold. That party was led by skilful and sagacious men, whose political training gave them a firm control over the

rank and file of their sturdy followers. The question of the annexation of Texas began to loom up, and as it meant the extension of territory for slavery, there were forebodings of what might prove trouble in the future. But the legislature of New Hampshire, under Democratic guidance, inspired by the national Democratic leaders, voted to instruct her members of congress to support President Tyler and his policy of annexation.

There was one young Democrat in congress from the Granite state who did not like the road that the party was traveling. His conscience would not let him cast a vote in favor of the extension of human slavery. He refused to obey the party edict. This was a momentous step to take. But he had made up his mind. He acted.

All the world knows that in January, 1845, John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, sent a ringing letter to the electors of his state, declaring that he would not sustain the plan of annexation. Truly, an epoch-making period. This young statesman was building the great Republican party, and bringing forward the era of freedom.

It need hardly be explained that a profound feeling took possession of New Hampshire; and the story of this bold stand, and its effect, forms one of the most interesting chapters

of the political history of the state. Letters written to Mr. Hale by prominent leaders in New Hampshire, reflecting as they do the views of his constituents, have now become of some historical value, particularly where they contain free and genuine expressions born of the fact that the writers had no thought of their ever appearing in print.

Such letters, few in number, have recently been put into the hands of the writer of this article, by the kindness of the only surviving child of Mr. Hale, the wife of ex-Senator William E. Chandler. They were written by the late William H. Y. Hackett, of Portsmouth, a lawyer who for more than fifty years practised at the Rockingham bar—a well-known Whig and Republican leader in that part of the state. The two men were friends, Mr. Hackett having been about five years the elder. His confidence in Mr. Hale and his admiration for Mr. Hale's manly qualities and courageous statesmanship are conspicuous upon every page.

The first letter is dated Portsmouth, January 22, 1845, and is as follows :

I.

I thank you for the copy of your letter to your constituents which you were kind enough to send me. It is making quite an impression upon N. H. and Mass. It seems to me that your views are those of a statesman and a Christian. They will in the end reflect credit upon you. What is to be the immediate effect in N. H. remains to be seen. It seems to me that they are too sound to suit the narrow and temporary purposes of a party. But you, of course, have more confidence in the ruling party than I have, and if I underrate their discernment and purity, a step which will give you consideration elsewhere will do you no harm in N. H.

I have been at home but a few days since your letter reached Portsmouth. There is evidently some movement on foot among the leaders of your party the object and prospect of

which I do not know but your political friends do know and will apprise you.

New England is fast taking the ground and with an unanimity which party discipline can only temporarily interrupt, that Texas shall not be admitted except upon such a compromise as shall make at least half of it free. No party discipline can for any considerable time obstruct this sentiment.

It is to be regretted that the letters of Mr. Hale to his correspondent have not been preserved. A part of Mr. Hackett's next letter, dated "Exeter Court House, February 13, 1845," reads thus :

II.

. . . I have forbore to obtrude upon you any suggestions growing out of your position with regard to your party in N. H., but it looks as if there might be a little fun in N. H. between this and the March election. If the feeling which prevails in this neighborhood is indicative of the whole state, the competitor for your seat, which your party brought out yesterday, will not be elected. There is a ferocity in this movement against you which either fears or will produce defeat.

I am, of course, uninformed of your individual wishes upon the matter, but the indication is that a considerable portion of the Democratic party will sustain you. But your political friends will give you much more reliable intelligence than I can.

Judge Gove is holding our term, and we are getting on very slowly.

The convention under the lead of Franklin Pierce struck off Hale's name and put John Woodbury of Salem in nomination. Mr. Hale ran as an independent candidate. There was no election, though four trials were had.

The celebrated speechmaking at the North church, Concord, between Hale and Pierce took place in June, 1845. A year later Mr. Hale was elected United States senator. The following letter, written from Portsmouth during the Mexican war, (January 4, 1848), shows how deep was the feeling in New England

against this project of the South to add slave territory to the Union.

III.

The sketch of your remarks to Mr. Cass and upon his bill has reached us this morning. They are generally commended, and we are looking with interest to your promised speech upon Mr. Calhoun's resolution.

Mr. Lord asked me to call your attention to an article in the *Christian Examiner* for January, 1848, just published written by Dr. Gannett.

I am glad to see that you have *spoken* as I *feel* about the war. I think you will find a majority of the country with you before the session is over.

"Mr. Lord" was Samuel Lord, cashier of the Piscataqua Exchange bank, brother of President Lord of Dartmouth college. He was a man of sound judgment, positive convictions, and of sterling character.

Another letter of February 25, 1848, refers to a speech that had just been delivered by Charles Hudson, a Massachusetts representative, who was an ardent opponent of slavery extension. Mr. Hudson was a Universalist minister of no mean ability, a tall, fine-looking man, who spoke effectively. After serving in congress he gained some reputation as an author, chiefly of histories.

Mr. Hackett and Amos Tuck were warm friends.

IV.

I wish you to send Hudson's speech or some other good matter, your speech or Mr. Tuck's, to:

Peter Crowell,	Robert Ham,
John Pindar,	Andrew Ray,
Sherburne Somerby,	Robert Holbrook,
Oliver Tetherly,	Peter Shores,
Charles Ricker,	Dudley Chase,
Henry Dean,	Samuel Chapman,
Henry Gerrish,	Elijah Rollins,
Charles H. Rowe,	Eben'r Wyatt, Jr.,
Wibird Penhallow,	Ira Teague.

Hallett of Boston makes a speech to the war party here this evening. They do not like the reported provisions of the treaty. In the first place they say that they are united in the war and shall divide if the war ends before the election of President. In the second place they say it looks as if they had *bought* and not *conquered* a peace. The prevailing opinion here is that if the Senate have the matter in their hands they will make peace. I pray that it may be so. I think we shall carry N. H.

The remaining letters which we have selected are not devoted to politics. Mr. Hackett was born in Gilmanton, when that town (now in Belknap) was in Strafford county:

V.

PORTSMOUTH, Jan. 26, 1841.

BRO. HALE:—I have received and executed your requests of the 22d inst. I have just returned from Boston and regret that the state of my health is such as to render it impossible for me to leave home to-morrow evening. Mr. Haven and one or two other gentlemen of the Bar will probably attend.

If an opportunity presents will you offer in my name the subjoined expression of good wishes for the Bar of my native county?

I am Yours truly,

W. H. Y. HACKETT.

The Bar of old Strafford.—Though partitioned may they, with their *several fees*, still hold as *tenants in common*, the confidence and patronage of the public

VI.

PORTSMOUTH, Dec. 7, 1843.

DEAR SIR:—A petition for the reduction of postage is now circulating in this town, and will be sent to you in a few days. While we agree with the larger cities in praying for a reduction of postage, we are opposed to the basis which they propose. A uniform rate, for all distances, would aid the great cities and injure the smaller towns; and a reduced and uniform rate of postage on newspapers would have the same effect, in favor of city papers and against county and small town papers. A man residing in Durham who could obtain a N. Y. city paper for 1-2 cent postage and had to pay the same rate on a paper from Dover or Portsmouth would be likely enough to drop the local and take the city paper. If the rate was 1-2 cent on newspapers in the state where published and one cent out of the State our local papers might stand, after a reduction, relatively as they do now. I have been requested by the

friends of the Portsmouth petition to say this much to you in regard to the matter. The committee will probably send the petition next week.

We are in the midst of a snow storm. Nothing as yet has reached us from Washington on the first day's proceedings of Congress.

I am Yours truly,

W. H. Y. HACKETT.

The next letter will be enjoyed by the lawyers, and by those who are familiar with the traditions of the bar of Strafford and Rockingham. Mr. Hale, it should be stated, had studied law for a season in the office of the late Daniel M. Christie of Dover. Mr. Christie tried a great many cases to the jury. He was always prepared, even in the minutest detail; and he proceeded laboriously and steadily toward a verdict. As Charles H. Bell says: "He fought every inch of ground." (Bench and Bar of New Hampshire, page 260.) Few advocates excelled Christie in that conduct of a cause which means success.

VII.

PORTSMOUTH COURT HOUSE, Feb. 9, 1844.

Hon. John P. Hale:

DEAR SIR:—This is Friday night and the grand jury are not yet discharged. I fear that several of your constituents will have occasion for your services at the next August term. This attending county courts is shabby business. But I took up the pen to inform you that your friend Christie has, this afternoon, been guilty of the indiscretion of yielding a point after it had been proved. How this is to affect his professional standing remains to be seen.

I thank you for the Treasury Document which you were so kind as to send me. Your friend F. Pierce is in attendance upon this Court.

A single letter is appended in conclusion, written to Senator Hale during the war for the Union. It illustrates the hearty admiration felt by Republicans for that splendid type of man—the War Democrat. Major Hoyt, a native of Sandwich, whom Mr. Hackett so warmly recommends, was a lawyer at Portsmouth from 1856-'62. Mr. Hale's influence was successful, and Major Hoyt rendered faithful service for which he was brevetted lieutenant-colonel.* Colonel Hoyt is now (1904) living in Boston.

*Upon resigning from the army Colonel Hoyt, besides other accomplishments, has contributed many important articles to the early history of his native State. "Notes Historical and Biographical on the Laws of New Hampshire" (1876) may be mentioned as a particularly valuable brochure.

PORTSMOUTH, Jan. 11, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR:—Through your influence and that of your associate in the Senate, and that of Gov. Goodwin I was able to obtain the appointment of Paymaster in the U. S. Army for Major Albert H. Hoyt. I believe his services have been acceptable to the Department.

I took an interest in Major Hoyt's appointment because he was a loyal democrat, and I was assured and believed that his practice had been diminished for that reason. The appointment I think had a good effect upon fair-minded democrats in this city.

He now informs me that 20 or 30 new paymasters are needed in the Regular Army. He is desirous of obtaining an appointment as permanent Paymaster in the regular service. You know Major Hoyt and if it is compatible with your views of duty I should feel gratified if you and Senator Clark would join your influence to obtain for him this position.

I am Yours truly,

W. H. Y. HACKETT.

HON. J. P. HALE,

U. S. Senate.



HOW OLD CORNCOB WAS FOOLED.

By Witchtrat.

I've heern tell that some dretful knowin' folks says there ain't nigh so much fire in the sun as there used ter be. It's a coolin' off, each year, says they, and byme by, the airth'll be so pesky cold nothing can't live on it, and then the end of the world will come.

Well, mebbe they know all about it. I set here in the chimley corner most the time, and don't purtend to see much of what's goin' on. But when they try to make out thet the airth is stiddily gittin' colder, I says to myself I guess *they* war n't round here in Eighteen-Hundred-and-Froze-Ter-Death.

That was away back in 1817, but, Lord love ye, seems ef twar n't more'n yisterday. Cold? Land sakes, seems ef there warn't no more heat in the sun than's ef 'twas a big yaller punkin' stuck up in the sky. Frost nipped the young corn quick's it poked its tender nose out the ground. 'Twarn't no use plantin' anything, and everybody in them days hed to raise what they eat. Ef they could n't raise nothin' why that's jest what they hed fer breakfast, dinner, an' supper.

Bein' master fond of eating, one of the fust ones to see what a year without a summer meant was Ichabod Butler. He lived in a log cabin close to the river bank, and down round the bend was the frame house of his nighest neighbor, Johnathan Cobb. I guess Johnathan was the only man

in New Hampsheer thet raally enjyed thet cold summer. When his boy Lafe, who was six feet high, strong as an ox, and did n't known much more'n a suckin' calf, when Lafe come grinnin' inter the house thet Fourth o' July mornin' with a thin cake of ice he'd fished out the river, Johnathan he says to him:

"King Corn is dead, Lafayette, and thet's his gravestone."

And so 'twas. Skeercly a bushel of good sound corn was raised anywhere in all New England. But Johnathan he hed a master gret lot of old corn traced up fer seed and he would n't sell a kernel of it fer love nur money till plantin' time the tollerin' spring. *Then* corn was corn, I tell ye, and he begun to swap it fer hard gold and solid silver. Paper money he would n't tech no more'ns ef 'twas pizen. But paper money was all some miserable poor critters had to offer him. One desprit feller, arter comin' twenty miles and heving sech money flung back in his face, bust inter Johnathan's corn house at night, helped himself, left the pay, in bank notes, and writ on the door thet old Corncob could take that or nothin', jest which he liked best.

Johnathan never got rid of that name—old Corncob. It fitted him master curious. He was slender, straight, hed a hard, whitish look, as ef his insides was dry peth, and gin-

erally he did seems ef there warn't no more juice in him than's ef he was a two-year-old corncob. His old maid sister Hannah kep' house fer him. She was jest like Johnathan, only her eyes was weak, while his was sharp's a rat's, and he allers spoke low and cool while she was a reglar screech-owl. She use ter make big Lafe wash dishes, mop floors, scrub and scour, and ef he did n't do jest so she'd git up on tip-toe and cuff his ears.

Lafe did n't mind it, though. His moon-face was allers grinnin', and ef he got enough puddin' and milk ter eat he was happy. Johnathan did n't make much of him, but Lafe would often ketch holt of his father's hand, stroke it as ef 'twas a cat's back, and chuckle :

"Poor Daddy! good Lafey like poor Daddy!"

Mebbe he did like him, but I guess other folks did n't, thet spring arter the cold year. Nobody hed any seed corn, 'cept Johnathan, and every kernel was like a bit of gold.

Among the poor folks with nothin' but paper money that come to the Cobb place arter corn was Ichabod Butler. Ich was dretful anxious to git to plantin' and one day he actooally flopped down on his knees to Johnathan and begged for a peck of seed corn. All old Corncob did was to order big Lafe ter ketch Ich up by the collar and walk him straight down to his boat by the river.

Ich he come home bilin mad. We see him rowin' round the pint as ef the Injuns thet scalped his grandpap right there was arter him. He run his boat up the bank, and come stompin' towards us, his face red's a turkey gobbler's.

"There, Sally," he says, puffin', I hope you're satisfied now. I've been ordered off old Corncob's premises, drat his picter!"

"Sho! Ich, you don't tell me?" says Sally, her black eyes snappin' fire.

The Butlers was related to me, and I was up from Dover on a visit. One of Ich's sister's gals, from Portsmouth, happened to be there, too, and I do suppose Eunice Gray was the harnsomest creeter I ever see. She hed hair like twisted corn-silk jest when its turnin' gold; her eyes was blue as wood violets, and her face fresh and sweet-lookin' as a pink-'n- white May-flower.

"The mean old skinflint!" says Sally.

"And they say I look like him!" says I, sorter groanin'.

"Who says so? says Ich, taking out his pipe and beginnin' to cool off now he'd got Sally heated up.

"Well," says I, "yisterday I was fishin' down there and went up ter the well to git a drink. Jest as I was coming back a tall, faded lookin' woman stuck her sharp nose out the kitchen door, and yells as ef the roof was afire :

"John-er-than! do you know where La-fay-ette is?"

I looked round, 'specting to see Johnathan, but there war n't nobody in sight, and she kept right on, squalin' like a cat-bird, so fast I could n't tell what she was a sayin', and my ears rung as ef she was banging on a tin pan.

At last she screeched :

"What on airth *ails* ye? Hev ye got the dumb palsy, Johnathan Cobb? Haint you gwine to *arnser* me?"

"Y-e-s," says I, loud's I could holler. "Y-e-s I'm *gwine* to *arnser*

ye ef you 'll give me a chance to get a word in edgeways."

'Scat! Git out!" says she, as ef I was a stray tom-cat, and she banged to the door. I come off laffin', yet kinder riled, too, at bein' mistook fer sech a measly critter as old Corncob."

"Land sakes! says Sally, "Hannah Cobb can't see ten feet beyond her nose, and your figger, Danyel, is like Johnathan's, tall, slim, and straight."

"Why," says I, "she'd a let me lug off all the corn I wanted, and never knowed the diffrunce."

"Danyel!" says Ich, slappin' his hands together, "that's an idee! I heern Johnathan say 't he was goin' to Dover to-morrer. Lafe will row him down the river to the stage road. While Hannah's left alone, what's to hender our foolin' her, jest as ef they was really Injuns we could n't git the best on 'cept with our wits?"

"How 'll ye do it?" says I, up to any fun.

"Well," says Ich, "I'll tell Hannah that Johnathan has agreed to let me hev a couple of traces of seed corn. You foller me part way up the hill and tell her it's all right, to let me hev it, and she—"

"Will say 'Scat! Git out!' and shet the door," laffs Eunice.

"No," says Ich, "Danyel can speak jest like Johnathan, in a kinder cool, ice-cracklin' sort of voice, like this:

'Hannah, you le' Ichabod hev two traces of seed corn; hurry and do as I bie ye!'"

And Ich he waved his hands as ef he was talkin' to someone tother side the river. I was allers a master hand at mimicing and I jined right in arter Ich, and Sally said she'd a thought it was Johnathan himself.

Eunice she laffed with us but

did n't 'pear to think much of Ich's plan. Sally, though, said 'twas fust rate, "and I'll tell ye what, ef you can't fool Hannah I've jest hit on suthin' that I guess will fool old Corncob. No, I won't tell ye what 'tis," says she, "you try your trick fust."

So next mornin', bright and early, Ich and me watched in the boat, like a pair of sneakin' redskins, till we see Lafe rowin' Johnathan off down the river. Then we landed by the big rock fronting the Cobb place.

"You wait here, Danyel," says Ich, "till you see me talkin' to Hannah, then you come 'bout half way up the hill and speak to her jest as I told ye to."

"All right," says I, "go it, I'm ready."

So Ich marched up to the kitchen door and knocked as loud as ef he was the sheriff with a sarch-warrant. Hannah did n't 'pear to hear him, though, so he rapped agin, and jest then the chamber winder over his head was run up, and splosh! come a big dish-pan full of bilin' hot water down on top of poor Ich. He give a jump and squeal like a stuck pig and come tearin' down the hill, clawin' at his hair and howlin':

"Get out ther way, Danyel! Lemme jump inter the river! I'm scalded! Oh Lord-a-massey get out ther way, can't ye!"

I was tryin' to, but as I dodged he run his drippin' head chuck agin me, and over we both went, off the rock into the river.

"Oh, Danyel," splutters Ich, a sou-sin' his head in the mud and water, "Oh, Danyel," says he, "we did n't fool Hannah! Lord, *how* it smarts! I feel as ef I was goin' crazy. Git me into the boat and home, Danyel."

I was purty nigh choked with lafin', but pertended 'twas water, and we went home, Ich takin' on as ef the Injuns had really ketched and scalped him this time.

There warn't much 'tention paid to anything 'cept Ich's head for some time arter thet, but he soon begun to worry agin' 'bout thet seed-corn, and ask Sally to tell *her* plan of gittin' it. So one day, arter supper, when we was all sittin' out round the door, Sally she says, pintin' to Eunice :

"Danyel does resemble Johnathan Cobb, but look at *her*, Ich, aint she Ruth Kingley riz from the dead?"

"I snum .ter man!" says Ich, starin' at Eunice as ef he'd never seen her afore, "haint I been tryin' to think who she looks like, settin' there side of Danyel! It's Ruth Kingley, sure's you air born, Sally."

"Yes," says Sally, "and when Johnathan Cobb was young, and hed a heart instead of a grindstone inside of him, he and Ruth Kingley sot many an evenin' here with me and Ich. Ruth she was Jedge Kingley's darter, and her folks did n't like her keepin' company with Johnathan. But, bein' master fond of rowin' on the river, nigh every Saturday in summer, 'bout sundown, we'd see her come down in her boat, lookin' sweet as an angel, and Johnathan, he would either be here or waitin' for her down by the big rock.

There was a great time when they was married, and another when little Lafe was born. But after he was weaned I do suppose sech another pesterin' young one never drawed the breath of life. He would n't mind nothin' nor nobody. Johnathan, bein' naterally quick-tempered, for all he's so cool late years, use ter ketch Lafe

up'n and spank him till we could hear him yell clear up here. Ruth she began to kinder bleach out and grow weak, as ef the pesky little critter was wearin' her out, and Johnathan he got awful worried over her and more out of patience than ever with Lafe.

One rainy day, jest about this time 'o the year, he was fittin' an ox yoke bow in the barn and Lafe bothered him by runnin' out into the wet. Johnathan kept yellin' at him to come in and stay in or he'd spank him good and sweet, but, as usual, Lafe paid no 'tention. Byme by Johnathan's knife slipped and he cut his finger.

Ketchin' up the bow as ef he'd like ter sling it through the side of the barn, he seen little Lafe up to his angles in the wet grass.

"Concarn ye!" roars Johnathan, "what'd I tell ye?" and *whizz* went the bow out doors.

Mad as he was he would n't a hit the boy fer a million dollars, but just as he slung it Lafe jumped sideways, and the whizzin' bow came whack agin his little tow-head. He tumbled over as ef a cannon ball had hit him. Johnathan run out and picked him up, carried him inter the house, and there was an awful time.

Ruth she fainted and they thought that she and Lafe was both dead together, which 'twould abeen the Lord's mercy ef they had, for 'twas n't a month 'fore she was in her grave and Lafe wuss than dead. Johnathan he never 's been the same man sence. Seems as ef all he keers fer now is money. But he haint quite forgot Ruth, for every year when the warm evenings come on he slicks himself up Saturday afternoons and sets fer hours at sundown on the big rock, where he

userter meet her, lookin' up the river as stiddy as ef he expected to see her come sailin' round the pint in her boat, jest as she useter twenty year ago.

Now this is my idee of a way to fool old Corncob: To-day is Saturday, ain't it? And it's nigh sunset. Very well, then, if Eunice Gray will go down alone, in the boat, and ask Johnathan for some seed-corn, ef she don't git it my name aint Sally Butler."

Oh, I could n't *do* it!" says Eunice, turnin' red and pale.

But we all sot in and argyed with her, and finally she agreed to try it. So Sally she went right and fixed Eunice up, I 'spose as nigh the way Ruth Kingley useter dress as possible. I 'member a light scarf flung over her head, jest so't you could see wavy gold hair through it, and her dress was sorter whitish pink, with a bunch of Mayflowers at her throat, and her cheeks was like wild roses, and her eyes like—well, Lord love ye, I says to myself, says I, ef old Corncob dares to order *her* away, I'll go down and pitch him inter the river.

Well, Eunice she took Ich's boat, and rowed slowly down round the pint, with her heart in a flutter, and there, sure enough, she see not only one but two men, settin' still as statoos on the big rock frontin' the Cobb place. The river was smooth as glass, with the low sun shinin' calm and red on it, and all so heshed and quiet seems as ef the pickerel was afeard to whirl, or the birds to sing, while her boat went slidin' softly along in the current, gittin' nearer and nearer to the figgers on the rock.

One of the men, a master big feller, was grinnin' and reachin' out his

hands to her like a great baby. The other, a tall, slim man, dressed in black, kinder staggered to his feet, and Eunice see that he was starin' at her, with his face white as death. He scairt her wuss'n ever, with his awful look, and she tried to speak, but afore she could say anything he groans out, as she comes up to the rock:

"My God! it *is* Ruth!" and sinks down all in a heap.

The big, foolish-lookin' feller begins to whimper,

"Poor Daddy fall! Pretty lady see poor daddy?"

"Throw water on him!" screams Eunice, jumpin' out on the rock. With tremblin' hands she scooped up water and dashed it over the white face till what seemed a dead man begun to moan,

"Forgive me, Ruth. God knows I did not mean to hit the child."

Then he opened his eyes, and Eunice begun to cry and tell him he was mistaken, she was n't Ruth, and arter awhile he told her to stop cryin', and he sot up lookin' like a corpse, and asked her who she was and where she did come from if not from heaven. She told him, and whether his heart was softened, or he was a leetle out of his head, he says to the big feller:

"Lafayette, go fetch as many traces of the best seed corn as you can lug."

Lafe he begun to grin again, and run up the hill. Purty soon he come trottin' back with a master big armful of traced corn, and a hatchet-faced woman at his heels, screechin' thet he had got what Johnathan was keepin' fer his own use. And Johnathan says:

"Be quiet, Hannah, he is doin' as I told him."

And when Hannah ketched sight of Eunice, for once in her life she was quiet enough.

It was growin' dark fast, and Johnathan he told Lafe to put the corn inter the boat and row up to Butler's with Eunice.

He looked at her so queer when she tried to thank him that she could n't

seem to say nothin'. So she got inter the boat agin, and in less 'n half an hour Ichabod Butler he had a lot of seed-corn wuth purty nigh its weight in gold.

But, ef I remember right, he nor none the rest on us ever keered to tell round much 'bout how old Corncob was fooled.

OUR AMERICAN ELM.

By George Bancroft Griffith.

The hangbird weaves his pensile nest beneath its flowing spray,—
This noble elm,—a landmark still beside the broad highway ;
From its vast dome of lovely green for many and many a year
The songs of late and early birds have cheered the list'ning ear.

And almost sacred unto me this native giant seems,
For oft when wand'ring far away 'tis pictured in my dreams.
My father's sire the little slip with his own hand set here—
Now youth and beauty seek its shade,—the dear old tree revere !

The May-queen 'neath its tasseled roof was crowned in days of yore
When the sweet, early flowers of spring the greensward daisied o'er ;
And many a weary traveler beneath its wide spread boughs,
By heat and length of way o'ercome, in thankfulness could drowse.

The woodsman's axe shall never lay our homestead's fav'rite low,
Its hoary head, a century old, shall pristine glory show
Till storm and stress and Time's sharp tooth combine to end its reign,
And hurl it down, a monarch still, though prostrate on the plain !

Its sturdiness and grace I love, its winter grandeur, too,
When laden full of icy gems, all flashing bright and new !
Ne'er may it droop as if with grief o'er a deserted home,—
Though some who 'neath it played have died, none now as aliens roam.

Once more balm-breathing June is here, the grand old elm, how fair !
The lilac's scent is all abroad, and shines the golden air ;
I bare my head beneath the boughs in splendor arched above,
And lo ! they fold me in again with singing summer love.

STRAFFORD COUNTY TOWNS.

THE ORIGIN OF THEIR NAMES TOGETHER WITH THE DATE OF THEIR SETTLEMENT AND INCORPORATION.

By Lucien Thompson.

The GRANITE MONTHLY, of September, 1898, contained an article on the towns in Merrimack county; a similar article relating to the towns of Hillsborough county appeared in the same magazine, September, 1900; the same ground has now been covered in regard to the towns of Rockingham county in a recent November number. This subject has been handled in an interesting manner by Mr. Howard M. Cook. With a hope that the other counties in New Hampshire may be similarly treated, the writer has taken up the towns of his native county of Strafford, and has gleaned from the N. H. Provincial and State Papers, the N. H. Manual of 1893, The History of Strafford County, and Landmarks in Ancient Dover. The writer regrets that none of the towns in Strafford county have published town histories.

By an act of the provincial assembly, passed March 19, 1771, Strafford county was incorporated. It was thus named by the provincial governor, John Wentworth, after his kinsman, the Earl of Strafford. The counties of Strafford and Grafton being much less populous than the others, were to remain annexed to the county of Rockingham, till the governor, with advice of council, should declare them competent to the exercise of their respective jurisdictions. The county went into full operation February 6, 1773, and included the present counties of Belknap and Carroll, which were severed from Strafford in 1840.

It is an interesting fact that when Strafford county was incorporated there was but one lawyer residing within its territory. This lawyer was John Sullivan, afterward a mayor general of the United States.

The county now consists of ten towns and three cities. Dover assumed town government during the reign of Charles I, Barrington and Rochester were incorporated as towns during the reign of George I, Durham and Somersworth during the reign of George II, New Durham, Lee, and Madbury received their final acts of incorporation during the reign of George III, and the other townships were incorporated after New Hampshire became a state.

BARRINGTON.

Gov. Samuel Shute, May 10, 1722, signed the Charter of Barrington, which was granted to "all such of our loving subjects as are at Present Inhabitants of our Town of Portsmouth within our Province of New Hampshire, and have paid rates in said town for four years last past, to be divided among them in proportion to their respective town rates, which they paid the year last past." Barrington also included the "Two-Mile Streak." The two mile streak extended from Rochester to Notting-ham line, at the head of ancient Dover, and had been granted in 1719 to the proprietors of the ironworks at Lamprey river "for their encouragement and accommodation." The first settlements were made in 1732.

Strafford was set off and incorporated June 17, 1820. Barrington now contains a territory of about forty square miles.

DOVER.

Dover was settled in 1623 by Edward Hilton and received the name from an English town. Dover was called Bristol on a map as late as 1634, doubtless from the fact that Bristol men held a large interest in the patent at that time. Captain Thomas Wiggins brought over a number of settlers in 1633, and Winthrop, in his Journal, February 14, 1635, styles Wiggin as "governor at Pascataquak under Lords Say and Brook." In the autumn of 1637 the people formed a combination for government under Rev. George Burdett. The name of Dover was given to the settlement at Hilton's Point as early as 1639. The Indian name for Hilton's or Dover Point was Wecanacohunt.

In 1641 reference is made to Hilton's patent as follows: "Called Wecohamet or Hilton's Point commonly called or knowne by the name of Dover or Northam." This settlement was called Northam in 1640, from Northam, England, from whence came the minister at that period, but the name of Dover was restored in 1642. Dover in a restricted sense was applied to Hilton's Point to distinguish it from Cochecho, which was a name given to the settlement around the lowest falls in the river of that name. Cochecho is now the city proper of Dover.

October 22, 1640, the people of Dover formed "a combination for government" and managed their own affairs in an independent manner

and never had a charter as a township. It submitted to the Massachusetts government October 9, 1641, which recognized Dover as a town.

Ancient Dover included the present city of Dover, Durham, Lee, Madbury, Somersworth, Rollinsford, and portions of Newington, Greenland and Newmarket, these portions of the last three towns now constituting a part of Rockingham county.

Dover was incorporated as a city, June 29, 1855, being the first in the county and the fifth in the state to assume city government.

The distinguished historian, Rev. Jeremy Belknap, D. D., was for many years a resident of this town, and furnished the name for Belknap county.

DURHAM.

The settlement of that part of ancient Dover now known as Durham was undoubtedly made as early as 1633, and prior to 1640, when it was called "The neighborhood of Oyster River," implying a previous settlement. It received the name "Oyster River" from the river of that name which rises at Wheelwrights' pond in that part of Durham now Lee, and empties into the Pascataqua river at the mouth of Little Bay. Oyster River was so called as early as April 3, 1638, and received its name from the oyster beds found by the early settlers in the tidal stream.

Although a part of Dover, it has a separate history, having a meeting-house, parsonage, and minister prior to 1657, with a dividing line between Dover proper and Oyster River established. The inhabitants of Oyster River petitioned the Massachusetts general court in 1669 to have Oyster River made a separate township.

In 1695 a similar petition was presented to the New Hampshire government praying for incorporation as a separate township.

It was not until May 4, 1716, that Oyster River was made a separate parish, although for nearly half a century it had exercised certain parish privileges.

Durham was incorporated as a town, May 15, 1732, and apparently received its name at the request of Rev. Hugh Adams, the settled pastor. In 1738, in an address to the general court, he says this parish "was chartered into the township of *Durham*" in answer to his petition for its privileges and *said name*, as therein pleaded for."

Charles I granted New Hampshire to Capt. John Mason, Aug. 19, 1635, "with power of government and as ample jurisdiction and prerogatives as used by the bishop of Durham." Lee was set off as a separate parish, with town privileges, by an act approved January 15, 1766, and a part of Durham was joined to Newmarket in 1870.

Sullivan county was named after one of Durham's most distinguished citizens, Mayor General John Sullivan, to whose memory the state has erected a granite monument on a spot where was stored the gunpowder taken from Fort William and Mary.

FARMINGTON.

The town of Farmington was set off from Rochester and incorporated December 1, 1798. Aaron Wingate signed the notification for the first town-meeting which was held March 11, 1799.

As its name indicates, it may have been so called because it was a good *farming* town.

LEE.

The upper part of Durham was set off as a separate parish, and incorporated January 16, 1766, under the name of Lee, and hence was originally a part of ancient Dover. The boundary line between the two towns was not established until June 19, 1818.

MADBURY.

Madbury was so called as early as 1694. It was largely taken from Dover with a small slice taken from Durham and incorporated as a parish May 31, 1755, and a township May 26, 1768. It is said to have been named from Modbury, in Devonshire, England, the seat of the Champernowne family. The original name should be restored. There is no village, no doctor, no lawyer or priest, but it is a good agricultural town and has a low tax-rate.

MIDDLETON.

The original name of this grant was Middletown, as granted by the Masonian proprietors, April 27, 1749.

The charter was received March 21, 1770, and it was incorporated under its present name, March 4, 1778. Many of its early settlers went from Rochester, Somersworth, and Lee. Brookfield was set off December 30, 1794.

Middleton with other towns was originally granted as the town of Kingswood, October 20, 1737.

MILTON.

Milton was set off from Rochester and incorporated June 11, 1802. It had previously been known as the third or northeast parish of Rochester. A portion of Wakefield was annexed June 22, 1820.

NEW DURHAM.

New Durham was sometimes called Cochecho township, and received its name from the fact that it was settled partly by people from Durham. It was granted by the Masonian proprietors, May 5, 1749, and incorporated December 7, 1762. New Durham was originally included in the chartered town of Kingswood, October 20, 1737.

New Durham Gore was incorporated as Alton, June 16, 1796. In New Durham was organized the first Free-will Baptist church in America.

ROCHESTER.

Rochester was named in honor of the Earl of Rochester, a brother-in-law of King James II.

As incorporated May 10, 1722, it included Farmington and Milton. First permanent settlement was made in 1728. Farmington was set off in 1798, Milton in 1802, and a small part tract was annexed to Barrington in 1846. It became a city under charter granted March 31, 1891. Many of the original proprietors were from Dover, Durham, Newington, and Portsmouth.

ROLLINSFORD.

Rollinsford was named, it is said, from the Rollins and Wallingford families. It was a part of ancient Dover, and settled as early as 1630. Rollinsford was set off from Somersworth and incorporated July 3, 1849.

Salmon Falls is included in the township of Rollinsford. The late Chief Justice Charles Doe was a resident of this town.

SOMERSWORTH.

Somersworth was set off from Dover as a parish December 19, 1729, incorporated as a town April 22, 1754. The present Somersworth was probably settled about 1670. The principal falls on the Salmon river was called Great Falls as early as 1694, and here grew up the manufacturing village of Great Falls.

Rollinsford was set off July 3, 1849.

Somersworth was incorporated as a city February 24, 1893.

STRAFFORD.

Strafford was set off from Barrington and incorporated June 17, 1820. It is supposed to be named from the town of same name in England.

Robert Boodey Caverly, the poet and author, was a native of this town.

FATHER'S REST.

By Emily Hewitt Leland.

Nicely fixed?—yes, *sir!*—jest look at this floor—
 Fine as a medder in May!
 And these curtains and chairs, and that thingumbob there
 That lights up the room like day!

And off in there there's water, you see—
 Hot and cold—jest a fasset to turn;
 And here in the grate, see these cute little logs
 With holes for the gas to burn!

Good to me?—bless ye, there ain't a thing
 That Jim and his wife won't do—
 Studyin' all my foolish old whims
 And buyin' me everything new.

"Nothing's too good for Father," says Jim,
 And May—she jest lays awake,
 I believe, a thinkin' of little things
 That she can do for my sake.

Contented?—Well—Henry, it's jest like this,
 If you've ever dug up an old tree
 And set it out in a stone-paved street,
 You'll know what's the matter with me.

I would n't hint it to any one else—
 And it's mean to Jimmy and May—
 But it's brought the old times all to the top—
 Seein' you here to-day.

Contented—O Lord!—I would give it all
 To be milkin' my cows to-night,
 And hearin' *her* steps on the kitchen floor,
 Trippin' so brisk and light.

I would give it all, when daylight comes,
 To be at my old farm toil—
 And, first of all, a lightin' the fire
 And puttin' the kittle to boil;

Then goin' to the bedroom door to call—
 "Mother, the kittle's hummin'!"
 And hearin' her answer, so quick and peart,
 "Yes, William, I'm a comin'!"

Oh, I miss the old trees, the sound of the brook—
 And the smell of the clover and ba'm,
 And the well and the dipper—you would n't think
 You could miss things like them.

Bless ye, I don't say a word to Jim—
 And I would n't for president's pay,
 "Father's havin' a fine old rest," says he,
 "After the toils of the day."

Yes, I'm restin'—and waitin'!—I long to hear
 The summons that's to come,
 When the Lord will fill my hungering soul—
 For He knows that this ain't *home*.



Street Front of the Factory.

AN INDUSTRY QUITE OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

By H. B. Colby.

There are any quantity of odd trades and professions. I well remember a sign which used to adorn an old building on Hanover street, Boston, almost opposite station one: "Black eyes painted out." Think of it, across the street from the police station in Boston's then toughest district, an artist in bad eyes! He was unique, and I have no doubt he did a thriving business on Monday mornings. And we can all think of some trade just as unusual in one way or another. Yet, when you stop and think of the various industries managed by your friends, it is safe to say that most of them will be of the commonplace type, with nothing unusual about them. But somewhere in your

list you will, no doubt, run up against one which, so far as your personal acquaintance—or knowledge either, for that matter—is concerned, has no duplicate, in the state at least.

Some twenty-four years ago a young man went from Manchester to Milford in this state and said he guessed he would make the various furnishings needed in a post-office. He had served the old-fashioned seven years' apprenticeship as a cabinet maker, and was a journeyman before he was twenty-one. He had saved some little money in these seven years, and was able to buy some patents in his chosen line of work, and so he started a business which was then practically unknown, but which, in these long



TWO VIEWS IN FACTORY.

years, has developed in this same old town of Milford into the largest factory of its kind in America. There are several competitors, but they are all of newer growth and smaller size. New patents have been granted to this shop from time to time until they now control practically all that is necessary or useful in their line of work. The mills now cover an area, on the

so common has ever been raised between this employer and his men. Why? I don't know, unless it is because he was for many years a workman himself and knows what is fair to both office and bench. Not only knows what is fair, but does it also. This, to my mind, is the anti-strike formula when applied from either side of the office door of a shop



Mr. McLane's Office.

ground, of several acres, and their floor space is several times that area, affording employment for more than a hundred hands.

This business has all been developed—you might say evolved—by the brainy efforts of one man, who, starting as a journeyman and working his trade at the bench with his own good hands, has now become the owner of it all and the employer of satisfied labor; satisfied, because no troublous question of the sort now

or factory. And it has always been in force in this particular one.

Many post-offices fitted up in this factory are equipped with keyless boxes, using a very simple, but perfectly safe, combination lock. You cannot lose your key; it is a part of the lock, and unless your "forgetter" (as Hosea Carter used to call it) is working overtime, you can always open the box in a moment of time. This patent is one of many controlled by the maker. He has equipped thou-

sands of post-offices in all parts of the United States, and in many foreign countries as well.

The life and mainspring of this unique business enterprise is John McLane, whose parents brought him (then a child of two years) from Scotland to Manchester in 1854. In our largest city he had his school life, and was early apprenticed in a cabinet shop. And in all of his phenomenal success he has always had a sympathetic spot for the young business just starting out to win. Many of these hustling young concerns can date their start from the day when

perous industries have the benefit of his sagacity and sound business principles; notably the Milford Granite company, in which he is a director and heavy owner. For many years he has been president of the Souhegan National bank, located in Milford, and which is just completing a beautiful new building for its office quarters. Pretty good, isn't it, for a boy who struck the town less than thirty years ago with only an honest purpose combined with a set of cabinet maker's tools and a knowledge of their use?

His success does not come as the



Post-office at Franklin Falls.

John McLane gave them the practical benefit of his mind and hand. He always "harks back" to his own young days, when aiding hands would have meant so much. Especially has this been the case in his chosen town of Milford, where several pros-

result of speculation in land, or wheat, or copper, or in any other than the perfectly honest way of legitimate business in his constantly-growing shop. Mr. McLane is also one of the directors of the New Hampshire Fire Insurance company, which has long



Residence of Hon. John McLane.

conducted a prosperous and very large business throughout our own and neighboring states.

In 1880 Mr. McLane married Miss Ellen L. Tuck, daughter of Eben Baker and Lydia (Frye) Tuck, and foster-daughter of the late Hon. Clinton S. Averill of Milford, with whom she made her home. She was educated in Milford schools and at the Oread Collegiate institute, Worcester, Mass. Mrs. McLane's ancestors were among New England's old Revolutionary stock, and she has followed the instincts inseparable with such blood, and which demand that the person do something and, in the homely New England phrase, amount to something. For three years prior to her marriage she was a teacher upon the staff of the Nashua high school, and she has always main-

tained a lively interest in educational and philanthropic work. She was one of the charter members of the Milford Woman's club, and has been its president; has been regent of the Milford chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and at present is the vice state regent, and was a member of the board of lady managers of the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo in 1901. She is also a member of the auxiliary branches of the secret orders in which her husband holds membership, and is known socially in the best circles in the principal cities of New England.

Mr. and Mrs. McLane have four children, the oldest, Clinton Averill, a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1903. The daughter of the household, Hazel Ellen, prepared for college at Miss Baldwin's school at Bryn



THE LIBRARY.

Mawr, Pa.; and the second son, John R. is in Dartmouth. The youngest, Charles Malcolm, is at school in Milford. The McLane home in Milford is a beautiful and spacious mansion of unpretentious exterior and many rooms; all are finished and furnished in the very extreme of that good taste which ever caters to comfort. There is not a room in the house which is

tory and work of Masonry, for Mr. McLane is an ardent leader in Masonic honors in New Hampshire. He was made a Mason in Benevolent lodge, No. 7, of Milford, and there he early "passed the chairs." He is a member of King Solomon chapter, Royal Arch Masons, No. 17, of Milford, and has filled its offices. He is a member of St. George commandery, Knights



The Dining-room.

not, in the best and truest sense, a living room; and the dining-room, with its paneled ceiling, fine old wainscot and quaintly glazed doors, is a gem. In one wing is a well equipped room for that finest of games—billiards—where the McLanes while away many a leisure hour. The library is such in fact as well as in name, for its roomy and convenient shelves are well filled with standard literature and also with a great number of works upon the his-

Templar of Nashua; and of Edward A. Raymond consistory, Scottish Rite Masons, of Nashua, and is at present its illustrious commander-in-chief. In the grand lodge of New Hampshire Mr. McLane has for many years been a prominent figure, and there in 1898 he rose to the position of grand master, to which office he brought devotion to the welfare of the fraternity, dignity, culture in Masonic lore, and affability in keeping with the long line of excellent men who had pre-

ceded him. In 1900 he received the coveted thirty-third degree as a representative of this district.

Mr. McLane is also an Odd Fellow and a Patron of Husbandry; a member of the White Mountain Travelers' association; of the Amoskeag Veterans; of the Derryfield club of Manchester, and the Wonolancet club of Concord. He also claims membership in the Boston club, the oldest dining club in the country, and of the New Hampshire club of Boston, which he has served acceptably as president.

Mr. McLane is not a member of any church, but, following the traditions of the covenant in his blood, he attends the Congregational church of Milford, contributing liberally also to all religious and charitable work in the town.

Mr. McLane is a Republican, it is perhaps unnecessary to state, and was a member of the house in 1885-'86, and again in 1887-'88. In 1890 he was elected to the state senate, and was chosen to preside over that body. The senate of that year was an ex-

ceptionally able one, and it is now recalled with interest that among its members were Gen. Henry M. Baker and Dr. Geo. W. Pierce, of Winchester, both of whom have within a year been mentioned for United States senator, and one of whom may be an active candidate for the place. Other members were the late Hon. Chas. A. Sinclair, Dr. M. B. Sullivan, Col. Richard M. Scammon, Hon. Perry H. Dow, and Hon. Horatio Fradd, of Manchester; Dr. Collins, of Nashua; Ex-mayor Felker, of Rochester; John G. Tallant and George A. Cummings, of Concord; Hon. Alvah W. Sullo-way, of Franklin, and others. It was an honor of no mean proportions to be chosen to preside over such a body of men, and that Mr. McLane did it impartially and satisfactorily goes without saying. He has this year been nominated as his party's candidate for governor of New Hampshire, an office to which he will add honor and dignity; and to the fulfillment of its arduous duties will bring abilities of the highest order.



SWEET FIELDS AND SKIES.

By Bela Chapin.

How sweet it is to walk in flowery fields
 When summer comes to gladden and to bless,
 When autumn comes and nature richly yields
 Real scenes of beauty and of loveliness.

The verdant earth, the azure sky above,
 The white clouds floating in the air between,
 And all things are so fair, who does not love
 To live and with delight admire each scene?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Wide Tires.

There was a law passed by the last legislature regarding wide tires on certain vehicles.

Selectmen in towns and assessors in cities may abate a portion of the tax assessed against owners of freight, express, and farm wagons, carts, coaches or carriages constructed before January 1, 1900, which are owned and in use in their city or town for the transportation of goods, wares, merchandise, produce, etc., having tires of less than three inches in width, *provided* the owner will change the wheels on said vehicles so that they may have wider tires; this to be done under certain conditions, etc.

The importance of using vehicles for drawing heavy loads with wide tires is not to be underestimated. A heavy load on a narrow tire cuts into the surface of a road and may ruin the best road that can be built, while a wide tire will work exactly the opposite, it will roll the road, harden the surface, and may greatly improve a road that otherwise might be poor.

When wide tires are generally adopted towns and cities will find that their roads are kept in better repair. Even at present it is generally admitted that there are many advantages in the use of wide tires, but their general adoption is very slow.

Some foreign countries, particularly France and Germany, will not tolerate narrow tires at all.

* *

Stones in Highways.

With the movement for highway improvement in this state should be

considered the loose stones in our roads and the road agent should take special care that they are removed and properly disposed of.

Loose stones are very unpleasant things to drive over.

Loose stones are a continual source of danger and more than one serious accident has been caused by their being left in the roadway.

Teamsters very often take a stone from the side of the road with which to trig the wheel of their team. This is done to give the team a rest when going up hill. The team is started and the stone left in the road for the next team to stumble over.

The law says this shall not be done and provides for a fine of not more than ten dollars for each offense.

The following is a copy of the law as passed by the last legislature.

SECTION 1. Every highway agent and street commissioner in this state shall cause all loose stones lying within the traveled part of every highway in his town or city to be removed at least once in every sixty days from the first of May to the first of October in each year, and stones so removed shall not be left in the gutter, nor upon the side of the traveled part of the highway so as to be liable to work back or be brought back into the traveled part thereof for [by] the use of road-machines or other machines used in repairing highways.

SEC. 2. No person shall deposit, throw or place loose stones in the traveled part of any highway or upon the side thereof, where they may be

liable to work back or be brought back into the traveled part thereof by the use of road-machines or other machines used in repairing highways.

SEC. 3. Any agent, street commissioner, or other person, who shall violate the provisions of this act, shall be punished by a fine of not more than ten dollars for each offense, which fine shall be paid for the use of the town in which the offense shall be committed.

SEC. 4. All acts and parts of acts inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed and this act shall take effect upon its passage.

[Approved March 18, 1903.]

* *

Conditions of Roads in the White Mountains.

When, on a recorded trip, automobiles can make an average of over twenty-three miles an hour, the roads are certainly not in very poor condition. The trip made in the White Mountains July 14th was made with this remarkable time. The procession started from the Mt. Pleasant House with about twenty cars and included among the number all kinds, from six horse-power run-a-bouts to forty horse-power touring cars. The party left Bretton Woods at 7 o'clock in the morning going to Whitefield by way of Twin Mountain, then to Lancaster, Littleton, Sugar Hill, Franconia, Profile House, Bethlehem, and back to Bretton Woods, the actual running time was better than twenty-three miles per hour, and it was not the intention of the party to make a record against time but only to have a pleasure tour, visiting these beauti-

ful and noted places and receiving the hospitality of their people.

The trip was made with no accidents and all of the cars made the entire run and returned to the Mt. Pleasant and Mt. Washington hotels at Bretton Woods none the worse for the long trip over the mountain roads.

That the roads were not bad, every one acknowledged and they were found in far better condition than was expected, but there is great opportunity for improvement. In places, at watercourses and culverts, the approaches are bad, and in many cases, the plank are uneven. There are some sandy stretches that should be improved and there were, in some instances, many loose stones.

There is no excuse for loose stones in our roadways and the sooner our people begin to vigorously protest against the negligence of road-agents in this particular, the better it will be for everybody concerned. However, on the whole, there was many expressions of satisfaction at the good condition of these roads, and our visiting automobilists are well pleased with conditions and their reception in the in the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

* *

Road Criticism.

Everybody is interested in roads and everybody needs good roads and most everybody knows it. There is much talk about having good roads and also about the poor condition of roads generally.

The time is coming, and that at no distant date, when instead of criticism being general it will be specific—for instance it will be said in the town of blank certain of the roads or all of

the roads are good, while in the other town the roads are bad and it's a good place to keep away from. This will certainly be so, and these roads will be advertised and talked about by automobile associations, good road clubs and associations, and the newspapers, and the towns that are careless, negligent, and behind the times are surely going to suffer.

The people in New Hampshire can not wake up any too quick for their own good in this matter; a little permanent improvement each year will soon make a good showing, and conditions will become better. Don't forget though, that after building a good piece of road it will need some care and attention. Roads are just like a piece of machinery, which must be wiped over and oiled, and any road needs attention just the same. Don't forget the little things and the old saw "a stitch in time saves nine."

Southern Industry published in Johnstown, Fla., says "Don't forget that good roads will bring people to your section more quickly than any other means, and don't forget that without them, if they are brought through other means, it will be hard to keep them."

They are booming Florida, and if good roads are good for Florida they are good for New Hampshire.

"Every judicious improvement in the establishment of roads and bridges increases the value of land, enhances the price of commodities and augments the public wealth."—*Dewitt Clinton*.

"The roads of a country are accurate and certain tests of the degree of its

civilization. This construction is one of the first indications of the emergence of a people from a savage state; and this improvement keeps pace with the advances of the nation in numbers, wealth, industry, and science. Roads are the veins and arteries of the body politic, for through them flow the agricultural productions and the commercial supplies which are the life-blood of the state."—*Gillespie*.

* *

The Brown-tail Moth.

In a press bulletin just issued by the New Hampshire College Agricultural Experiment Station, the entomologist, Prof. Clarence M. Weed, writes that there has been recently a great influx of adult Brown-tail moths into south eastern New Hampshire. On July 9th, and a few following days, when the moths attracted such extraordinary attention in Boston and vicinity, great swarms of them appeared in Nashua, Portsmouth, Newmarket, and other places. They were so abundant as to attract very general notice from citizens, and caused considerable comment in the newspapers. The most northern point from which authentic specimens of the moth have been received is Rochester.

There seems to be no doubt that the majority of these moths came from outside the state, rather than having developed from caterpillars feeding within our borders. A careful survey of the region was made last spring and, with the exception of the tall elm trees in Portsmouth, the winter nests of the caterpillars present were very generally destroyed. There certainly were not sufficient caterpillars present to produce the great swarms of moths that appeared.

The advent of these moths over so wide a region is certainly a most unfortunate occurrence. It doubtless means that hundreds of thousands of eggs have been laid upon the fruit, shade, and forest trees of south eastern New Hampshire. These eggs are deposited in clusters of two hundred or more each on the leaves, generally near the ends of the branches. During the latter part of summer these eggs will hatch into small caterpillars which will feed in colonies upon the leaves, each colony forming gradually a protective mass of silken threads and leaves which will remain upon the trees through the winter, the small caterpillars being sheltered within it.

Next spring the little caterpillars will come forth from the leafy nests when they wish to feed, crawling down the twig to reach the nearest foilage. They return to the nests at night and when not feeding. They continue to feed and grow until about the middle of June. Each caterpillar then spins around itself a silken cocoon, the cocoon generally being attached to some convenient shelter, commonly the leaves of the food-plant. Inside of these cocoons the caterpillars change to pupæ, and three or four weeks later again change to the peculiar whitish moths, with a tuft of brown hairs at the end of the body of the females, which gives them their common name.

One of the most serious effects of the presence of the Brown-tail moth in a community is that of the peculiar skin disease it may produce. This is called the Brown-tail moth rash. Some of the hairs of the full-grown caterpillars are furnished with minute barbs. When the caterpillars moult or cast their skin as they do during their growth, these barbed hairs are shed with the skin, and as the skins become dry and are blown about by the wind the hairs become quite generally disseminated. When these hairs alight upon the human skin they cause an irritation which, upon rubbing, is likely to develop into a local inflammation.

The caterpillars also cause serious injury by defoliating trees. They feed upon a great variety of fruit and shade trees. It is comparatively easy for a fruit grower to keep his orchard trees free from the winter nests of the pests but upon the great area of woodlands in New Hampshire the problem will be a difficult and perplexing one.

There is comparatively little that can be done at this season in the way of remedies. Any colonies of small caterpillars noticed late in August or in September should be killed. Then when the leaves fall every community should take concerted action to see that the winter nests are removed and burned.



THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE,
AND STATE PROGRESS

VOLUME XXXVII

CONCORD, N. H.

PUBLISHED BY THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY

1904

PUBLISHED, 1904
BY THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY
CONCORD, N. H.

*Printed and Illustrated by the
Rumford Printing Company (Rumford Press)
Concord, New Hampshire, U. S. A.*

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXXVII.

July—December, 1904.

	PAGE
Ayres, Philip W., THE FOREST SITUATION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE AND HOW TO CHANGE IT	65
BAYNES, ERNEST HAROLD, George I. Putnam	49
Beede, Eva J., MIDSUMMER (<i>poem</i>)	87
Blake, Amos J., SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF COL. AMOS A. PARKER	104
Boody, Louis Milton, THE FRONT FENCE	43
Brown, Gilbert Patten, JOHN STARK, THE HERO OF BENNINGTON	73
Buffum, Jesse H., DEMPSEY'S TRICK	68
Carr, Laura Garland, A FACT (<i>poem</i>)	72
Chesley, Charles Henry, ON THE TIDE (<i>poem</i>)	17
Clough, William O., CRAYON PORTRAIT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN	101
Colby, H. B., A GLASS OF ALE	3
CHARLES C. HAYES	15
DEMPSEY'S TRICK, Jesse H. Buffum	68
EDITORIAL NOTES:	
AN AUTOMOBILE LAW	88
ROAD IMPROVEMENTS UNDER STATE SUPERVISION	89
SOME LESSONS FROM THE BERLIN, N. H., FIRE	133
ROAD IMPROVEMENT IN SOME OF OUR SMALLER TOWNS	134
FACT, A (<i>poem</i>), Laura Garland Carr	72
Farr, Ellen Burpee, OUR "OLD HOME WEEK" (<i>poem</i>)	57
FOREST SITUATION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE, THE, AND HOW TO CHANGE IT, Philip W. Ayres	65
FRONT FENCE, THE, Louis Milton Boody	43
GLASS OF ALE, A, H. B. Colby	3
H., A. H., THE HOPE PLANT (<i>poem</i>)	76
HAYES, CHARLES C., H. B. C.	15
HOPE PLANT, THE (<i>poem</i>), A. H. H.	76
Leslie, H. G., M. D., SHORELINE SKETCHES—THANKSGIVING	59
LINCOLN, ABRAHAM, CRAYON PORTRAIT OF, William O. Clough	101

MIDSUMMER (<i>poem</i>), Eva J. Beede	87
ON THE TIDE (<i>poem</i>), Charles Henry Chesley	17
OUR "OLD HOME WEEK" (<i>poem</i>), Ellen Burpee Farr	57
PARKER, COL. AMOS A., SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF, Amos J.	
Blake, Esq.	104
Putnam, George I., ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES	49
ROBERTS, COL. JAMES, OF BERWICK, MAINE, John Scales	37
SANBORN, F. B., OF CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS, HISTORY AND POETRY FROM THE	
LIFE OF	19, 77, 111
Scales, John, COL. JAMES ROBERTS OF BERWICK, MAINE	37
SHORELINE SKETCHES—THANKSGIVING, H. G. Leslie, M. D.	59
STARK, JOHN, THE HERO OF BENNINGTON, Gilbert Patten Brown	73
STATE HIGHWAY WORK IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS, John W. Storrs	95
Storrs, John W., STATE HIGHWAY WORK IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS	59
T., A., VANITAS VANITATUM (<i>poem</i>)	43
VANITAS VANITATUM (<i>poem</i>), A. T.	43

THE GRANITE MOUNTAIN A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

Devoted to Literature, Biography, History, and State Progress

Contents

VOL. XXXVII

OCTOBER-DECEMBER, 1904

Nos. 4-6

ABRAHAM LINCOLN	Frontispiece	94
STATE HIGHWAY WORK IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS, John W. Storts, C. E.		95
CRAYON PORTRAIT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, William O. Clough		101
SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF COL. AMOS A. PARKER, Amos J. Blake, Esq.		104
HISTORY AND POETRY FROM THE LIFE OF F. B. SANBORN OF CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS (<i>Chapter III</i>)		111
EDITORIAL NOTES		133



Subscription: \$2.00 per year; \$1.50 if paid in advance; 20 cents per copy.

Entered at the post-office at Concord, N. H., as second-class matter.

Illustrated, printed, and electrotyped by the Rumford Printing Co., Concord, N. H.

The World's Fair Made Perpetual

The Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis, with its marvelous assemblage of all mankind was so magnificent in extent and detail as to suggest its continuance. Such continuance with its world of exhibits, its architecture and its wonderful scenery was not practical. The fleeting show planned for transient pleasure and universal instruction was destined to fade and vanish with the close of the Exposition.

But the enterprising firm of N. D. Thompson Publishing Company, St. Louis, foreseeing what would appeal to the world as a calamity, undertook by artistic photography, engraving, printing and binding, to catch the shadows before they vanished.

The result is a magnificent quarto volume in which is reproduced buildings, plazas, waterways, monuments, cascades, triumphs of sculpture and art, and a wonderful variety of curious scenes and peoples never before assembled in this or any other country, or approached in any previous Exposition. The book contains

500 Square Feet of Fine Art Engravings

with classic descriptions, facts and statistics, by Walter B. Stevens, Secretary of the Exposition, who has made the Fair a profound study.

The great Exposition is thus continued for every home and every fireside.

The price of this book is \$5.75, but we have arranged to sell it

IN COMBINATION WITH THE GRANITE MONTHLY

for twelve months, paid in advance,

For \$3.00

Or \$1.00 down and 25 cents per month

for ten months.

We have agents at work on this proposition now, and they are doing well. We want more agents immediately.

Address, A. S. NEWMAN, .

Manchester, N. H.



THE CLOCK TOWER, FRANK JONES BREWING CO., PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXXVII.

JULY, 1904.

No. 1.



View From Clock Tower.

A GLASS OF ALE.

With pictures from the plant of the Frank Jones Brewing Company, Portsmouth, N. H.

By H. B. Colby.

Ale is a decoction of barley to which is added a certain quantity of hops and yeast, and is then allowed to ferment to a given degree, when it is drawn off into barrels and permitted to age perfectly before it is ready for the use of the consumer.

It has been made in some form or other since the very earliest ages of which we have any reliable record; for we find that the Egyptians made a decoction of barley which was used as a beverage more than five thousand years ago, according to the estimates of the most eminent Egyptologists of the present day. It played a most important part in their mythology and is mentioned in the "Book of the Dead," which is the record of the ancient Egyptian kings, and which book is at the least five thousand years old.

It would appear from these records that barley must have furnished a national beverage for many years before that book's earliest date. It is also related that Osiris, about 2017 B. C., found "barley-wine" in the Egyptian city of Pelusium; again, we are told, in another place, that about 3000 B. C., in the Nile land, four kinds of beer were known.

Herodotus (484 B. C.) speaks only of a barley-wine known to the Egyptians, and even asserts that the grape was not found on the soil of Egypt. A native of Greece, where the grape has been cultivated since dim ages of the past and where wine drinking was ever the universal custom, Herodotus was plainly an entire stranger to the Egyptian juice of barley. He relates: "Their beverage



Private Railway in Brewery Yard.

is a wine prepared by them from barley, there being no grapes in their country." Pliny (23 A. D.), speaking of the Egyptian drink, says that it is made from grain soaked in water; and, as a wine-drinking Roman, he deplors the fact that so much skill is wasted in the production of so light a beverage. That it was made from malted grain is not alone shown by the various designations of barley, but also by the *discovery of barley-malt in the ruins of ancient Egypt*. In this connection we find no mention at all of hops, so it is most probable that they used pungent roots and certain spices for the flavors to suit the popular taste.

The formulas for the making of barley-wine, and many variations of the same, were evidently carried gradually from one country to another, by occasional travelers and by the incessant invasions of warring armies, and in due course of time

reached England, where its manufacture attained such absolute perfection of brewing that the "Ale of Merrie England" has been for many years the standard of quality. By the beginning of the reign of Henry II the English were greatly addicted to the use of ale. The waters of Burton-on-Trent began to be famous in the thirteenth century. The secret of their being so especially adapted for brewing purposes was first discovered by some monks, who have ever been celebrated in poetry and painting as good and great drinkers, and the monasteries were remarkable for the strength and purity of their ales, brewed from malt prepared by the monks with great care and skill.

A record still extant and bearing date of 1295 (think of it), bears witness of a re-lease of certain lands and tenements in the adjacent neighborhood of Wetmore to the abbot and convent of Burton-on-Trent at a daily

rental, during the life of the lessor, of two white loaves from the monastery, two gallons of conventual beer, and one penny, besides seven gallons of beer for the men. The brewers of Burton-on-Trent are more famous to-day than ever before. Michael Thomas Bass, who died in 1884, was noted for his industry, integrity, ability, and public liberality (especially to religious and educational works). For thirty-three years he also represented Derby in the British parliament. Michael Arthur, his eldest son, succeeded him in the management of the business. His parliamentary career commenced in 1865 and he was created a peer, under the title of Lord Burton, during the last Gladstone administration.

Beer was brought from old England to New England by the passengers on the *Mayflower*, and we find in Young's "Chronicles of the Pilgrims," that, after a two days' pursuit of Indians on Cape Cod, they stood much in need of fresh water,

"for we brought neither beer nor water with us from the ship, and our only victuals was biscuit and Holland cheese and a little bottle of brandy." And later when on board ship they were debating as to the advisability of establishing a permanent settlement on Cape Cod, the same record says: "We had yet some beer, butter, flesh, and other victuals left, which would quickly be all gone; and then we should have nothing to comfort us. . . . So in the morning, after we had called on God for direction, we came to this resolution—to go presently ashore again and to take a better view of two places which we thought most fitting for us; for we could not now take time for further search or consideration, our victuals being much spent, especially our beer, and it being now the 19th of December." Later we find: "Monday, the 25th, 1620, being Christmas day, we began to drink water aboard. But, at night, the master caused us to have some beer, but on shore none at all."



Store where Ale is Matured.



A Floor in the Malt House.

A year later, one of the Pilgrims writing to a friend in England, tells him, in shipping goods for the colony: "Let your casks for beer be iron-bound." But so far as I can find out there is no record of the arrival of this beer in any kind of casks. One John Jenny, a brewer by trade, came to Plymouth in 1623, and was the first of the craft to arrive in New England; he worked a corn mill but it is not recorded that he ever brewed in the colony. The colonists of Massachusetts Bay were more successful in their shipments from the old country, for, early in 1629, the British Court of Assistants sent to them, on the *Talbot*, forty-five tuns of beer and four hundredweight of hops. Thirty quarters of malt were sent afterwards in another ship. Samuel Wentworth of Portsmouth obtained the first license to brew beer in New Hampshire in 1670, but the difficulty in obtaining barley caused the trade to languish for many years.

In 1854 John Swindels, an Englishman, came to Portsmouth, N. H., and

started a brewery on Bridge St., but soon moved to Market St. Swindels was a thorough master of the art of brewing and made a good quality of ale, but he lacked the business capacity essential to success, so in 1856 he sold an interest in the brewery to Frank Jones, and in 1861 Mr. Jones purchased the balance of the business and started The Frank Jones Brewing Co., which began with an annual output of only five thousand three hundred barrels, and is to-day one of the largest ale and porter plants in the United States.

Frank Jones was born in Barrington, September 15, 1832, and was the fifth of seven children of Thomas and Mary (Priest) Jones. Thomas Jones, a thrifty and well-to-do farmer of Barrington, was one of fourteen children of Peltiah Jones, a successful sea captain who, born in Wales and emigrating to this country with his parents in infancy (his father dying on the passage), was in early life placed by his mother in the service of the well-known Portsmouth navigator,

Captain Sheafe, by whom he was trained in the occupation which he followed for many years, becoming a ship owner as well as master. The War of 1812 made navigation dangerous, and, during its progress, he availed himself of a favorable opportunity to sell both ship and cargo, and with the proceeds purchased the farm in Barrington, which became known as the Jones homestead, and subsequently came into the possession of Thomas, who, inheriting the Welsh characteristics of perseverance and sagacity, aided by the Scotch thrift and intelligence of his wife, a daughter of Capt. Joseph Priest of Nottingham, added largely to his possessions, and accumulated a handsome property for a New Hampshire farmer of that day. With the characteristic independence of the New England youth his sons started out early in

he obtained his father's consent to strike out for himself and, putting his clothing in a bundle, he started on foot for Portsmouth, a city with which he was already somewhat familiar, having driven in more than once with charcoal, wood, or farm products for the city market, in the disposal of which he learned his first lessons in trade and business life. Here his elder brother, Hiram, was already well established in the stove and hardware business, with several men in his employ, most of whom engaged in peddling his lighter wares through the surrounding towns. Frank went to work for his brother, and shortly made a contract with him for three years' service, receiving a thousand dollars for the full time, most of which he spent as a peddler. The knowledge of human nature, and the varied characteristics of men,



A Mash-tun.

life to make their own way in the world. It was the desire of his parents that Frank should remain at home upon the farm; but the young man's ambitious spirit was not satisfied in any such circumscribed sphere of action. In his seventeenth year

which he gained during his three years' experience, proved of vast advantage in his future business career. His father had endeavored to secure his return home, but his brother's promise to receive him as a partner in the business at the expiration of the



A Copper.

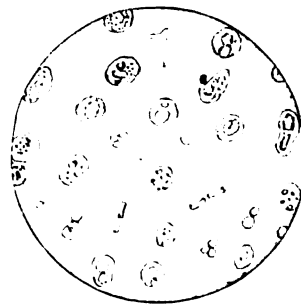
contract was a temptation too strong to be resisted. When reminded of his promise, after his contract had expired, his brother tried to persuade him to continue in his employ, offering him a cash present of one thousand dollars and a thousand dollars a year for a term of five years. This, at that time, was a most tempting offer for a youth of twenty years, and he thought at first to accept it; but, upon returning to the store, after a brief visit to his parents, he was forcibly struck with the thought that if his brother could afford to make him such an offer the business was sufficiently profitable to make an interest therein desirable, and he determined to insist on the original agreement,

which was accordingly carried out, and he became a partner with his brother in a large and well established business in January, 1853. Already thoroughly conversant with the practical details of the business, he devoted himself thereto with all the energy of his nature, and the following autumn his brother, being in ill health, sold him his interest, leaving him, at twenty-one years of age, the sole proprietor. He continued the business with eminent success until 1861, when he sold out, for the purpose (as we have already stated) of devoting his undivided energies to the management of the brewery.

Under his guiding hand the business grew more prosperous and lucra-



Good Yeast.



Poor Yeast.

tive, and many improvements and additions were projected and carried out by Mr. Jones. To bring and keep the quality of his ale up to the highest point of excellence was Mr. Jones' object from the outset, and he consequently determined to produce his own malt. So, in 1863, the Company built a large malt house, with a capacity of eighty thousand bushels. The business increased steadily and they enlarged this house in 1868;

ter in the United States were built, and other improvements have since been made on a like scale, important among which should be mentioned the extensive bottling works erected in 1900, and adjoining the brewery.

A visit to the plant of this company will take one over an enormous acreage of floor space, every bit of which is absolutely as neat and clean as it is possible to obtain by the copious scaldings of boiling hot water, and



The Cooler.

then in 1871, to keep up with their orders, it was found necessary to build a new brew house, which was constructed and arranged throughout in the most thorough and perfect manner, and furnished with the best improved appliances known to the business. In 1878 a cooperage department was added, and the following year still another and much larger malt house was erected. During the early eighties the largest cellars for the storage of ale and por-

thorough scrubbing. Up in the top of one of the malt houses you will see great vats in which the barley is steeped, or soaked, in order to start the germinating process. In steeping, the grain swells about one fifth in bulk, and one half in weight. It is then spread on floors and germination begins.

Barley is the seed of several species of *Hordeum*, and belongs to the tribe of grasses called by botanists *Graminaceae*. It has been cultivated since



Fermenting Tuns.

the earliest times. Good barley should have a thin, clean, wrinkled husk, closely adhering to a plump, well-fed kernel, which, when broken, appears white and sweet, with a germ full, and of a pale yellow color. It is, of all cereals, the best adapted for malting, containing more starch and less gluten than other grain, and about seven per cent. of ready-formed grape-sugar. Great care must be exercised in buying in order that the barley may be of even-sized grains and free from clay, stones, and other seeds. Outside of this country the brewer has to scour Europe, Asia, Africa, South America, and the United States for his barley and hops; but the Pacific and Western states and the state of New York supply the American brewer with all that he requires.

The maltster's object is to obtain as much saccharine matter as possible, with the smallest loss of substance, by

converting the starch of the barley into sugar, and thus preparing it for the brewery. As germination starts, the stem begins to grow under the husk from the same end as the root, but, instead of piercing the husk, turns around and proceeds under it to the other end of the grain. This would develop into the green leaf were its progress not stopped. Best ales are made from malt in which the stem is allowed to grow to almost the length of the kernel and is nearly ready to burst through as a veritable sprout; at this time there will be found five rootlets curling from the end of the grain. When germination has reached this stage it is stopped by removing the barley to another room, having a metal floor pierced with many fine holes which admit a constant current of hot air, thus drying the grain quickly. The Frank Jones Co. malt houses use over four thousand bushels of barley every week.

The malt, being sufficiently dried, is then sifted, and crushed in a mill that resembles those used in making "roller process" flour, after which it is conveyed to the mash-tun and is there covered with water heated to a very high temperature. Good water, hard, and free from organic matter, is an absolute necessity in the brewing of good ale. The supposed value of the Burton waters is due to the fact that they are not surface waters at all, but are drawn from wells twenty to one hundred and twenty feet deep, supplied from springs. Now that is exactly the case in Portsmouth, and The Frank Jones Brewery has its own auxiliary pumping station ready in an emergency.

The water having been heated and added to the malt in the mash-tun (the contents of which are now known as "mash") the mash is drawn off into the copper; here the

hops are added and the materials for the brew (now known as "wort") are ready. Hops were first used in brewing in the ninth century, and were introduced into England from Flanders. They are added to impart the bitter flavor and also as a preservative. A good brewer carefully times his brew at the proper temperature, for too much or too little brewing is as bad for ale as for tea. The wort is now drawn off and rapidly cooled by falling in a steady stream over the pipes shown in the cut. These pipes are ice cold, being filled constantly by the pumps of the refrigerating plant. The wort passes from the cooler to the fermenting tuns, where the yeast is added and fermentation at once commences. The yeast is a very important factor in brewing operations and great care is taken to have it pure and of the right formation. Microscopic exam-



Filling Casks in Racking Room.



Where the Casks are Washed.

ination is the test for this and two kinds are here shown. As fermentation progresses, a great mass of foam is thrown up to a thickness of some three feet on the top of the ale and is repeatedly skimmed off until the operation is completed, when the ale is drawn off into a tank of metal, and compressed air admitted to the top to force it into the casks in the "racking room." The casks are also filled with air at the same pressure, so that as the ale comes in the air goes out, and there is no foaming; consequently the barrel may be filled full.

The Frank Jones Brewing Company make most of the casks which they use, and maintain a large and well appointed cooper shop for this purpose. When a cask is returned empty, it is carefully inspected, and, if sweet, is cleansed in the washing room, thoroughly scalded and rinsed before refilling; but if it is found to be foul, then it goes to the cooper shop and a head is taken out to cleanse the inside thoroughly.

In order that the ale in cask may be systematically and intelligently matured, stores are required in which



Farm Teams Waiting in the Brewery Yard for Grains.



Store for Maturing Bottled Ale.

one even temperature can be kept all the year round. This means that each store must contain a heating apparatus for use in winter and a refrigerating one for use in summer. In these vaults are stored thousands of casks at the same even temperature every day of the year. Experience has proved that 54 degrees Fahr. is the natural temperature for the life of ale. There are several useful by-products in the process which are valuable, among which are the grains which are bought by the farmers in the vicinity for feed; the spent hops, for manure; and screenings or skimmings of barley, for chicken food.

When the several brands of ale are properly matured, the casks are shipped to the different agents for sale, or else are taken to the adjoining bottling department and bottled for export or for family use. The bottling plant is equipped with the most

modern labor-saving machinery for cleansing the bottles, filling, and sealing them.

In every department of this immense brewing plant the utmost care is taken to the end that its product shall be the best that money and brains can produce. Cleanliness is the first order for every man on the place, and the men in charge of the various operations are every one experts. Only the best modern machinery is used, and the buyers of the grain and hops to be consumed are searching always for the best that can be bought.

The result is that most people consider Frank Jones' Ales even superior to the celebrated imported products. The output is steadily increasing, being last year nearly a quarter of a million barrels, and will probably exceed that amount considerably the present year.



CHARLES C. HAYES.

CHARLES C. HAYES.

H. B. C.

At a recent political meeting held in Manchester, the Democratic candidate for mayor was briefly introduced by a man, who, after the nominee had made his speech of acceptance, was himself loudly called upon for a speech. The current papers said that he made "his usual graceful speech, which was composed of solid facts, combined in logical sequence; no vituperation; just a fair-minded presentation of facts and figures with which he was perfectly familiar."

This man was Charles Carrol Hayes, one of the leading business men of Manchester.

He is a native of New London. His early years were spent in that beautiful country town and in Salisbury, where his parents moved in 1861 and where his father, the late Hon. John M. Hayes, conducted a general store during, and after, the Civil War. In 1869 the family moved to Manchester, which has since been the residence of the subject of this sketch. Mr. Hayes obtained his education in the district schools of New London and Salisbury and the public schools of Manchester, graduating from the Manchester High school in 1875 with a good record for scholarship and industry.

After graduation he made a trip through the West and shortly after his return he entered the employ of John M. Chandler & Co., then conducting the "Old Family General

Store," known far and wide in the early days of Manchester under the management of Kidder & Chandler (the late distinguished Mason and Odd Fellow, Joseph Kidder, being the original head of the firm). The business of this firm was very extensive and it brought the young clerk a wide acquaintance with the farmers of the surrounding towns, for the "Old Family Store" was almost a landmark for the farmers from miles around, who were accustomed to make it their headquarters on their trading trips to Manchester. Remaining here about three years, Mr. Hayes entered into business for himself, purchasing a grocery store at the corner of Elm and Mechanic streets, which he conducted successfully for three and a half years, when he disposed of it and entered upon the real estate, insurance, loan, and surety bond business, in which he is at present engaged. Having his office at first in the Opera block, Mr. Hayes moved in 1894 to the magnificent, newly erected Kennard building, and in the new structure of the same name he has his office at the present time; he is also the agent for the building. The integrity, business acumen, and enterprise of Mr. Hayes has resulted in building up a profitable and satisfactory business of a sterling reputation among people of all classes.

Politically, Charles C. Hayes is a

Democrat, and of the most sturdy sort, as was his father before him. But such is the confidence reposed in him by even his political opponents that he has always run largely ahead of his ticket when named for public office. In 1894 and again in 1896 he was the candidate of his party for mayor of Manchester against the popular William C. Clarke. On the latter occasion he polled a vote larger by fifty per cent. than that thrown for his ticket, being defeated by only 700 votes when the average Republican majority for other officers was over 2,600. This was in the Presidential year of 1896, when, it will be remembered, the silver issue contributed so largely to demoralize the Democratic party, and when the largest degree of personal popularity was necessary to hold the average Democratic strength, not to mention gaining votes from the opposition. This year he has been named by his party for treasurer of Hillsborough county, and there is little doubt among any who know him but that his record will largely reduce, if it does not extinguish, the usual large Republican majority for that office. In the councils of his party Mr. Hayes is an influential figure. While making no aspirations to the fame of a "spell-binder," he is a clear, logical, and forcible speaker, and is found on the platform declaring the truth as he sees it, with dignity and effect, whenever occasion requires.

In the various business concerns of Manchester Mr. Hayes is largely interested as a public-spirited and enterprising citizen. A charter member of the Board of Trade, he was the president of that representative organization in 1894 and 1895, and has

been its treasurer since the death of the late Henry Chandler. In the development of the shoe industry, which is second among the great industries of Manchester, where its employees number several thousands, he is actively interested, and is treasurer of the Rimmon Manufacturing company, owning the factory operated by H. B. Reed & Co., and is clerk of the Manchester Shoe Manufacturing Co., which owns the huge building occupied by Kimball Bros., who are among the largest manufacturers in their line in the country. Mr. Hayes is a stockholder in numerous other manufacturing enterprises on which the abundant prosperity of Manchester is founded. No project looking toward the advancement of the city of his adoption fails to secure his sympathetic assistance.

It is inevitable that a man of Mr. Hayes' companionable nature should be attracted by that form of modern civilization which finds its expression in the Fraternal Order, and he early became a member of the Masonic fraternity, to whose teachings there is no more devoted adherent in our state. He took the degrees, which made him a Master Mason, in Washington lodge, No. 61, in 1877, and subsequently passed through the significant rites of Mt. Horeb Royal Arch Chapter, Adoniram Council of Royal and Select Masters, and Trinity Commandery, Knights Templar, of Manchester. He was also advanced through the degrees of Edward A. Raymond Consistory of the Scottish Rite of Nashua, and received the 33d degree of Masonry, September 21, 1897, at Boston, Mass. In all the beneficent work of this grand fraternity he bears an honored and prom-

inent part, for he is a friend and supporter of that magnificent charity, the Masonic Home at Manchester, being at the present time a trustee of that institution. The offices he has held in the Masonic order embrace those of Worshipful Master of Washington lodge, Thrice Illustrious Master of Adoniram Council, Eminent Commander of Trinity Commandery, Most Worshipful Grand Master of Masons in New Hampshire in 1894-'95, and Right Eminent Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery, Knights Templar of New Hampshire (in 1893), of which body he is now Grand Treasurer.

In addition to his Masonic connections, he is a member of Amoskeag grange, Patrons of Husbandry. Mr. Hayes early affiliated with the Baptist denomination and was president of the First Baptist Religious society of Manchester for the thirteen years ending in December, 1903, and was identified with its board for twenty years.

In a thriving city like Manchester there is no end to the directions in which the activities of a public-spirited and energetic citizen can manifest themselves, and, in addition to the bodies already mentioned, Mr.

Hayes holds membership in the Derryfield and Calumet clubs, and is a trustee of the Mechanics' Savings bank.

Mr. Hayes has been twice married, first, in 1885, to Miss Belle J. Kennard (daughter of John and Hannah B. Kennard), who died August 1, 1890, leaving three children, John Carrol, Louise K., and Annie Belle. In 1900 he married Miss Carrie W. Anderson. They have one daughter, Marion.

In all the relations of life Charles C. Hayes represents the best type of the public-spirited, conscientious citizen, and his name stands for honesty, conservatism, and good sense in the management of public and private affairs. Whenever he has been a candidate for public office, his opponent has realized at the close of the canvass that there has been a contest, and the large votes cast for Mr. Hayes show clearly enough the impress that his character has made upon the community in which he has lived so many years. Thoroughly loyal to his city and his state, true to his principles, to his friends and himself, Charles C. Hayes deserves the respect in which he is held.

ON THE TIDE.

By Charles Henry Chesley.

We idly drift down the marshy coves,
And round the ledges where the breakers foam,
The white-winged gulls fly overhead in droves
And wildly sing our hearts: "The sea is home."



THE OLD HOUSE (BUILT 1743).



F. B. Sanborn (1904).

HISTORY AND POETRY FROM THE LIFE OF F. B. SANBORN OF CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

CHAPTER I.—CHILDHOOD.

At the request of the editor of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, who desires to preserve and publish in this magazine all that relates to the colony and state where we were born, I begin these recollections of a long life, in which will be mingled many a strand from earlier times than ours, and many another life which has crossed mine, or flowed beside it to that wide ocean of Eternity, towards which every human existence tends, in its short course through this inscrutable world. We are sent into it without our will, and we stay here a longer or

shorter time, with no consent of our own, for the most part; and the influence of our small contribution of vitality and activity, to the infinitude of life around us, we can neither compute nor avoid in the final reckoning of human accountability. I can at least say that mine has never been consciously directed, save in the sallies of youth, towards aught but the good of others, as I then understood it; though it may well be that what I thought for their best was in its effect far otherwise.

My vitality, but, I hope, not my infant accountability, began in a brisk winter day, December 15, 1831, in



The Old B. Sanborn House. (In Front of Munt Hill)

the southwest lower room of the old house, built in 1743, which is represented in the view of it here given. My mother, Lydia Leavitt by her maiden name, was then approaching thirty-two, having been born at her father's house, under the four elms, (Thomas Leavitt's) in March, 1800, coincident with the new century, and married at the age of twenty. My father, Aaron Sanborn, was then thirty-nine (born November 26, 1793); and I was the fourth of his children who survived—an infant, his first-born, dying in 1820-'21. His oldest son, my eldest living brother, to whom I was much indebted for my early education, Charles Henry Sanborn, became a physician after many experiences and some adventures, and practised for more than forty years in the old township of Hampton, which was founded in 1638 by our earliest American ancestor, Reverend Stephen Bachiler, an Oxford graduate of 1586, and the latest of our immediate line to receive a university degree, until 1855 and 1856, when Charles and I took our Harvard diplomas of A. B. and M. D., 270 years later than our clerical forefather. In 1867 our youngest brother, Joseph Leavitt

Sanborn (born in October, 1843), took his Harvard degree. In his education Dr. Charles and I co-operated, and also his two sisters and elder brother, Lewis Thomas Sanborn (born October 11, 1834; died June 26, 1904), under whose particular care he was after my leaving New Hampshire in 1854-'55. These sisters were Sarah Elizabeth (born May 23, 1823; died at Hampton Falls, Feb. 25, 1903) and Helen Maria (born March 17, 1830, and still living in our old home). Our ancestors, with the exception of Mr. Bachiler and his eldest grandson of the Sanborn line, John, were all born in the first broad township of Hampton, including what are now that town and Hampton Falls, North Hampton, Seabrook, Southampton, and a good part of Kensington. Most of them, excepting the second John Sanborn and his brother Joseph (of the Sanborn line) were born on the farm of which our old house was near the center, and the Benjamin Sanborn house (represented above) was at the western limit. Another Sanborn house stood not far from the barn of Dr. Sanborn's place, and was long the residence of Deacon Benjamin, one of the first of many Hamp-

ton Falls deacons; while a still older house, most likely of hewn logs, stood near the "Pepperidge Bush," which was a landmark for centuries, half way down the hill to the northwest, on the old Exeter road.

The original Sanborn farm, taken up, as I suppose, before 1680, adjoined the farm of Nathaniel Bachelder, a grandson of Parson Stephen, now occupied (in part) by my cousin, Warren Brown, the historian of the parish and town of Hampton Falls. It was much more extensive than that lately left by my brother, Lewis, and seems to have reached from the corner where the "Old Mill Road" comes out upon the "Back Road" to Hampton, westward about 220 rods, to the Indian hill behind the Benjamin Sanborn house, on which, traditionally, was the wigwam of an Indian — always known as "Munt Hill," meaning "Mound Hill," as I fancy. This neighborhood center of Sanborns, Bachelders, and Prescotts

was originally a blockhouse fort against Indian assault, then a schoolhouse, and finally the meeting-house of 1768, here represented. One by one the families removed, and others came in (always excepting the Sanborns and a branch of the Bachelders), so that, at my birth, the neighborhood was made up of Sanborns in two houses, the Browns in two, the Lanes (a connection of the Sanborns by the marriage of Deacon Lane to my grandfather's aunt, Mary Sanborn), and the Perkinses, Wellses, and Healeys, who had come upon the lands of Deacon Sanborn, and of the Greens and Prescotts and Cliffords gone elsewhere. Temporarily the parsonage was empty of a minister (Parson Abbot having gone upon his farm at Windham) and my uncle, Joseph, with his wife and two children were there, tenants of the parish. A few years after my birth they removed to what is now the oldest house in town—an ancient Cram homestead—my uncle's wife



The Old Meeting-house.



Interior of the Old Meeting-house.

being Betsey Cram, a sister of Porter and Joseph Cram, who were an important influence in my boyhood and youth, as will be seen. Of this house the artist presents a view in connection with the story of my first escape. In my native hamlet I was one of some twenty children--six Sanborns, one Sanborn-Stevens, adopted by my grandfather; six Healeys, cousins of Mrs. Dall; three Browns, two Lanes, two Wellses, and one Perkins--the other Browns and Perkinses having grown up and gone into the world to make their way. At present there are but four children where the twenty-one of 1833 gamboled and went to school at the red or the brick school-house. My systematic instruction began in the red house, on the ridge leading to my Grandfather Leavitt's hill and meadow farm, and half way between his house and my father's. My sisters took me there before I was

four, and at the age of four and a half I was the pupil of dear Mary Lawrence, who gave me my first reward of merit, and bestowed on me her sweet smile, which I still remember. She was the daughter of Dr. Lawrence of Hampton, and taught only in summers--the winter schools, frequented by the big boys, requiring the muscles of a schoolmaster, who sometimes wielded the rod with manly vigor. I was soon transferred to the brick schoolhouse on the Exeter road, and there continued my education, summer and winter, till at the age of eleven I had begun algebra, and was learning a little Latin from my brother Charles, who read Cæsar, Virgil, and Cicero at the age of twenty, self-instructed, so far as I know.

But I have a few recollections earlier than even my alphabetical school years; indeed, I must have

had the alphabet when I went to Mary Lawrence; for I then read in words of two or three syllables, and could understand the pictured fables in the spelling-book that had superseded Webster's. His "rude boy" stealing apples still survived in the newer book, and could be seen in the coarser printed Webster, carefully preserved among other old schoolbooks in the garret. Of this garret I have early souvenirs; but one of my earliest recollections is of another garret, with very steep stairs, up which my short legs, at three years old, could hardly mount. I remember myself in a short plaid gown, toiling up this mountain pathway, along with another child (Arthur Godfrey, perhaps), and not till many years after did I recognize this same stairway in the old Benjamin Sanborn house, then owned by Cousin Nancy, in which my Aunt Dorothy, soon to be mentioned, was brought up by her grandmother as a companion to her younger cousin, early left an orphan. This incident I place in 1835; but before that I was the hero of another adventure, of which my mother told me, for I cannot recall it. In 1834, when I was a little beyond two years and a half, if so much, our house was struck by lightning, and the bolt ran down the big chimney, and diverted itself a little in the "back chamber," where I was playing alone, near the chimney. My sister ran up to see what had happened to me, but I was found placidly playing with a stick, seated on the floor, and declaring that the great noise had been made by my pounding on the floor with my stick. I believed myself already capable of making some stir in the world.

My father was one of five children

by the two marriages of my Grandfather Sanborn with two cousins named Blake. By the first was born one daughter, Dolly (shortened from Dorothy), who never married; by the second, two sons and two daughters, of whom only the younger daughter, Sally, married. The two brothers, Joseph, named for the builder of the house, and Aaron (a new name in the family), had been diligent pupils in the district school, and received prizes for their skill in mathematics,—small American editions of "Pope's Essay on Man," to which his Universal Prayer was annexed. These, together with the "ciphering books" that had won the prize, remained in an old chest in the west garret, which contained a medley of ancient literature. Upon these my thirst for reading exercised itself for half a dozen years,—almanacs and school-books, old copies of the *New Hampshire Patriot* of Isaac Hill, and more recent copies of the first Universalist newspaper in Boston, Thomas Whittemore's *Trumpet*.

But there was more solid food in a "Social Library" founded by Parson Abbot, who had succeeded Dr. Langdon as the town minister when my father was five years old, and induced his parishioners to take shares in it. Ordinarily it was kept in the parsonage, across the green from my grandfather's house, where now stands the house, about the same size, of my late brother Lewis. Before I was eight years old I began to read those books, particularly "Mavor's Voyages" and "Plutarch's Lives," the latter in Langhorne's version, with quotations from Homer given in the words of Pope, and with other poetic passages (in the footnotes) from Dr.



The Old Cram House.

Johnson and his contemporaries.¹ For fiction we had the "Popular Tales" of Miss Edgeworth and the "Moral Tales" of Hannah More; while sermons and biographies, Goldsmith's "Animated Nature," and an occasional volume of poems,—Southey's "Joan of Arc," I remember, for there I first saw Greek verse in the unknown alphabet, and the effusions of Colonel Humphreys and Robert Treat Paine.

My Uncle Joseph, a grave and kindly man, who had lived for a few years in the parsonage after Parson Abbot vacated it in 1827, was now living, a confirmed invalid, in the old Cram house, here represented, and probably built before 1700. He died in December, 1836, before I was five years old, and his funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Stephen Farley, the father of Harriet Farley, one of

the founders, and for years the editor, of the once famous *Lowell Offering*, written by factory girls, of whom Harriet was one. I was sent to the Exeter Road school in the summer of 1836, a mile from our house, and more than half a mile from my uncle's; but, beguiled by some boy or girl, I ran up there after school, against the injunctions of my sister Helen, who had the care of me. I remember this incident for two reasons,—it was the only time I recall seeing this uncle, and I was much afraid of being whipped for my escapade. My uncle sat in the long dining-room, in his sick chair, and spoke to me in a pleasant manner, while my aunt and cousins were in and out of the quaint old room. I became well acquainted with the house afterward, but this was the only time I saw my uncle in it. My

sister Sarah, whose portrait at a much later date is here given, came up to take me home, and, I suppose, held out prospects of punishment by my father, for when I saw him, and he sent me to wash my feet on the bench at the back door, I had great fears that a whipping would follow. It did not, but my mother put her tired son to bed with many injunctions not to do such a thing again.

At this time, as near as I remember, I was a chubby boy, with long light hair, which my Grandmother Leavitt used to stroke with her soft hand, and call me her "little Dr. Franklin." I often visited her and my corpulent grandfather, 'Squire Tom Leavitt, living in the white house near the hill, under the four elms, and with his hives of bees beside the well, in full view from his east door, near which he sat in his justice's chair and read his newspapers, or heard cases brought before him as justice of the peace, an office he held by constant appointment from his first commission by Gov. John Langdon in 1805 till his death in 1852. His three sons had married and left home, and two of his daughters, my mother being the eldest; so that his house was kept by my Aunt Hannah, then about twenty, assisted by her mother, who soon became so much an invalid that she could do little except entertain visitors with her pleasant conversation. The farm was carried on by a hired man,—at first David Forsyth, a Yankee, but soon by a north of Ireland Scotchman, John Cochrane, who remained for many years.

With this pleasant homestead many of my most delightful recollections connect themselves. I was a favorite

with all, and allowed the range of the house, and the orchard, which in summer and autumn abounded in fruit. There were the bee-hives, from which we got delicious honey, and there were specialties in my aunt's cooking which pleased me more than what I had every day at home. I was first carried there, so far as I remember, in the winter, with my father and mother,—I sit-



Sarah Elizabeth Sanborn.

ting wrapped up in the bottom of the sleigh,—and as we glided along, drawn by the horse of my own age, or a little older, I noticed how the stone walls seemed to run away backwards as we passed by. Occasionally I spent the night at this house, and distinctly recall the high-post bedstead, into the luxurious featherbed of which I had to climb by a chair. There, too, I met my cousins from Boston, half a dozen city girls and boys, who spent some part of their vacations at their grandfather's,—



RESIDENCE OF T. LEAVITT, HAMPTON FALLS.

one of them a boy a little older than myself, with whom I learned to swim in the small stream at the foot of the hill.

I was often sent to carry the newspaper to my political grandfather, who, in return, sent us his agricultural weekly, for he was a farmer with specialties, such as the breeding of Durham cattle and bee culture.

preferred to sit, and in front of which he died in December, 1901. In the corner opposite the fire stood the tall old clock, and there was the bookcase near by, in which I found and learned by heart two or three of the plays of Shakespeare, and from which I took my great-grandmother's "Scots Worthies," with its biographies of Knox and his associate Calvinists,



Thomas Leavitt, Esq.



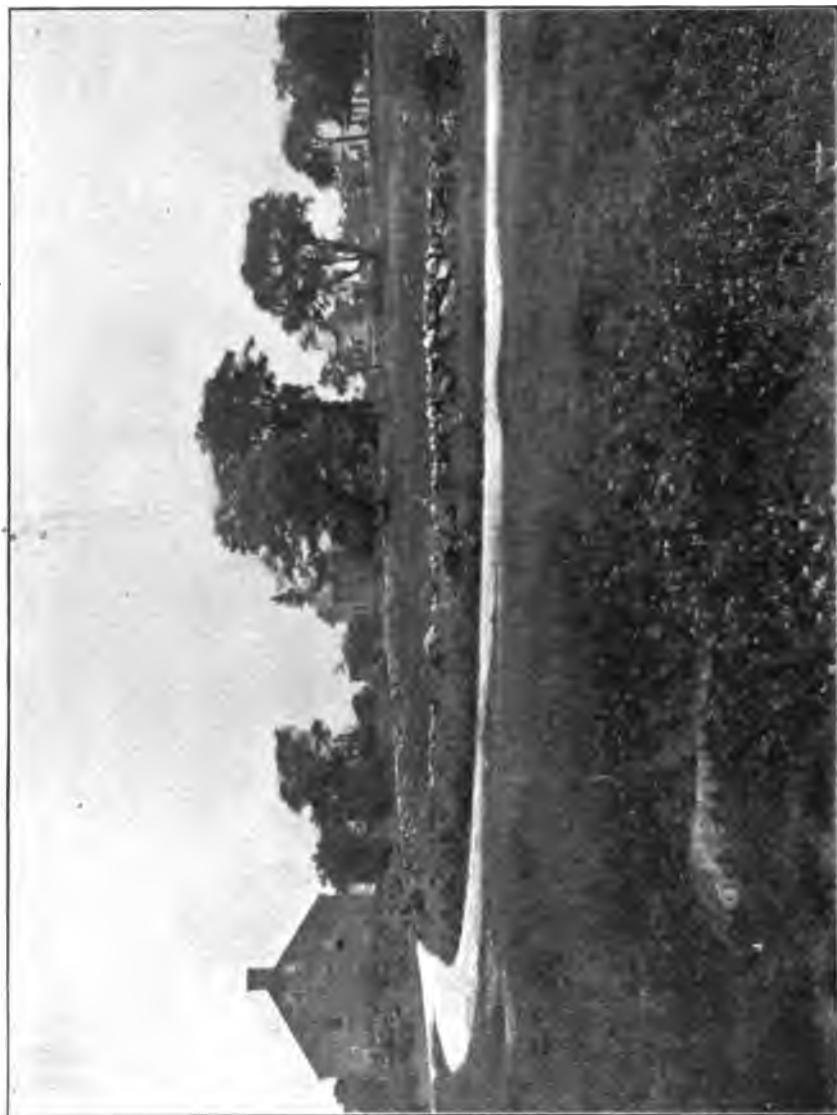
Hannah (Melcher) Leavitt.

(1808)

He understood the latter better than anybody in town, and dealt with his bees in a way that astonished boys, who did not dare to go near the hives for fear of being stung. In the winter he lived by an open fire in a Franklin stove, which came to me afterwards, and furnished my poet-friend Ellery Channing, during the ten years and more that he lived in my house, the cheerful blaze by which he

and the scandalous pamphlet of Howie of Lochgoin, "God's Judgments on Persecutors," aimed specially at the Stuart kings and their instruments of oppression in Scotland.

The poetry in our Social Library did not much attract me as a child, nor was it very good, but at a neighbor's I found the poems of Burns, and my brother Charles had an Amer-



THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE HAMPTON FALLS MEETING-HOUSE AS IT APPEARS IN 1904.

ican edition of Moore's "Melodies," on which I feasted, as I did on a borrowed edition of Campbell's poems. These introduced me to Walter Scott, and one of my own first purchases was a Philadelphia edition of the "Waverley Novels," which I read at the age of twelve with the greatest delight. I had read the "Scottish Chiefs" of Miss Porter earlier, and an edition of "Don Quixote" in four volumes, printed at Exeter in small type, but easily read by young eyes. Mrs. Radcliffe's "Romance of the Forest" was another novel of which I read the first volume only, and did not learn till many years after how the story came out, for my brother, at a muster-field, where books were sold by a peddler, bought two copies of the first volume, supposing he had the whole book, and was never able to match them with the second.

All this time I was going to the district school, and learning all that successive teachers—young women in summer, and young men in winter—could impart to a boy who took to studies of all kinds like a duck to water. From my brother Charles I had got a smattering of Latin before I was ten, and at the age of eleven, a lively young schoolmaster, D. W. Barber, began to teach me Greek in the town school. I learned the alphabet and the declension of the Greek article, but then my careful father declared me too young for that study, and I unwillingly gave it up. At the same time I was learning all the common activities of farming—riding the horse to plow and rake hay, driving oxen, planting and hoeing corn and potatoes, raking hay and weeding the garden, taking care of the barn, chop-

ping wood, and a dozen other things which a boy could do. The work did not press, usually, and there was plenty of time to learn shooting, at first with bow and arrow and afterward with guns, and for playing the simple games that country boys then understood. Baseball, for instance,—not then the angry and gambling game it has since become,—and the easier games of "one old cat," "two old cat," and "drive," played with balls; and "truck," played with a solid wooden wheel, rolled over the ground.

In such games girls did not join; and the game of cricket, which has long prevailed in England, and in which girls in school now take part there, never was domesticated in New England. But there were many less active games in which girls in Hampton Falls participated. Such were "Hy Spy," a hiding sport, where one boy or girl stood at a tree, the side of a building, or elsewhere, with eyes covered, while the rest of the children sought hiding places during the half minute that the spy was counting a hundred. Then they were searched for, and when seen the one who was "it" called out, "I spy," and both ran for the "gool," which was the tree, etc., where the spy had stood. If the spy got there first, or touched the one espied, he or she was "it," and the game took a new turn. This word "gool" for "goal," figured in another game, called indifferently "gool," "tag," or "co-ram;" in this two spots were marked and called "gools," between which the children must run, and could be "tagged" or touched anywhere off the gools. To decide who should be the first catcher in such sports, a

mystic rhyme was recited ; sometimes this :

Eena, meena, mona mike,
Pestalahni, bony, strike,
Huldy, guldly, Boo !

A child was pointed at with each word, and the first catcher was the one on whom the fatal " Boo " fell. Another and more elaborate incantation was this :

Wier, brier, limber lock,
Five mice all in a flock
Sit by the spring, and sing
O-U-T !

The last letter fell to the one who was to be " it " in any game. Still another rhyme began,

Intery, mintery, cutery corn,
Apple-seed, apple-thorn,

to which the rhyme just cited could be added. In other games, like " Thread the Needle " or kissing games, these rhymes were chanted by the little girls, who had better notions of song than the boys,—

Uncle John is very sick,
What will you please to give him ?
Three good wishes,
Three good kisses,
And a pint of ginger.

Or else this,—

William Healey, so they say,
Goes a-courting night and day,
Sword and pistol by his side,
And Fanny Brown shall be his bride.

In each case the boy was to catch the girl and kiss her if he could. In " Thread the Needle," which, like most of these sports, was very ancient and traditional, like these rhymes (though the latter had been much changed in passing from one generation to another, never being written down), the boys and girls formed an alley by standing opposite and holding hands above the head of the girl who

walked down this laughing alley, as this verse was chanted—

This needle's eye no one can pass,
The thread it runs so true ;
It has caught many a pretty fair lass,
And now it has caught you.

At which last word the linked arms of the last couple dropped down over the head of the last girl, and she was subject to be kissed by the boy of that couple. These sports indicate how early the natural relation of the two sexes began to show itself in the simple community ; for the boys and girls who taught me to play them could not have been more than seven years old when I learned the rhymes. A little later came the sedentary games for long evenings,—checkers, morrice (which we called " moral "), fox-and-geese, and the simplest forms of card-playing. Chess came in later, and I was twelve at least when I learned that game of skill from the minister's son in the parsonage across the green. Whist came about the same time with chess, and was diligently pursued for several winters, the boys meeting round at each other's houses and playing in the family sitting-room, under the eyes of the older people. This, in my case, was the " clock room," where still stands the tall clock, one hundred and thirty years old now, which was made by Daniel Balch of Newburyport, and has kept good time for five generations of Sanborns in the same corner. In other houses we played in the long kitchen, which was apt to be the family sitting-room in winter, because better heated than the rest of the house, before airtight stoves or furnaces came into use. The parlor, or " best room," was seldom opened to the children, except when " company " came to

dinner or tea, or for the "nooning" on Sundays, at which time our house, being near the church, became the resort of cousins, aunts, and distant parishioners.

Already in my early boyhood, or before, had begun that religious disintegration which gradually changed the ancient unity of the town or parish into a group of warring sects, disputing more or less zealously about infant baptism, original sin, eternal punishment, the Trinity, and the other points of contention among believers nominally Christian, and more or less accepting the Bible as the literal word of God, both Old and New Testaments.

The last town clergyman who held the whole population together around his tall pulpit in Hampton Falls, was Dr. Samuel Langdon, who came there from the presidency of Harvard university in 1780, shaking off the dust of that ungrateful "society," as he termed it, and burdened with the debts contracted in the service of the clergy and people of Massachusetts, which the new commonwealth for several years neglected to pay, and never did pay in full. He was the most learned person who ever lived and died in the town, and one of the most useful; though his immediate successor, Rev. Jacob Abbot, who succeeded him as my grandfather's nearest neighbor, served the community longer, and with rather more of the modern spirit. Dr. Langdon was of the later eighteenth century, parson Abbot of the earlier nineteenth; both liberal, philanthropic, and devoted to good literature.

Before Dr. Langdon's death, in November, 1797, the revolting Baptists had begun to secede from the

orthodox Congregationalists in other towns, but hardly in Hampton Falls; while the Quakers, much more numerous then, in the towns which made up old Hampton, than they are now, or have been in my time, had long absented themselves from the parish meeting-houses.

Dr. Langdon brought together in the church edifice, near his parsonage, more than seventy families, and



Doctor Langdon's Headstone in Hampton Falls.

must have had, on pleasant Sundays, if the weather was not too freezing for the unwarmed house, at least three hundred hearers for his learned sermons, expounding Romans or Revelations. But it was rumored that he was no Calvinist; and if he chose his successor, as probably he did, he must have known that young Mr. Abbot was Arminian, and did not insist on endless damnation for a majority of his parishioners. At any rate, such proved to be the fact, and very soon the Baptists began to hold meetings by themselves, and protest against

the ministerial tax collected by the town authority and paid over to parson Abbot. A wealthy family of Browns led off in this secession, which in course of twenty years again divided, the original seceders calling themselves "Christian" Baptists, and leaving the Calvinists to organize a church later at the "Hill" (as the small village was called), and to connect it with a special school, maintained by Baptists and known, during

or twenty years. My other grandfather, Sanborn, and his elder son, Joseph, also joined this society, and the latter was its treasurer in 1832, when the town's property in the parsonage lands was sold, and the money (about \$3,000) divided between the four societies then existing. Something more than a fifth part went to the Universalists, and the rest was divided almost equally between the still united Congregationalists and the



The Unitarian Church, Hampton Falls.

the twenty-odd years of its existence, as "Rockingham Academy."

The secession of the Freewill or Christian Baptists took place in 1805, and included several who took that mode of signifying their general dissent from the "standing order" of New England churches, without attaching any special significance to the rite of baptism. Among these was my grandfather Leavitt, who, ten years later, headed a movement for a Universalist society in the town, to which he and his son-in-law, my father, attached themselves for a dozen

two Baptist churches, the Christians getting more than twice as much as the "Calvin-Baptists." Now, seventy years later, the Universalists have merged in the Unitarians, the two Baptist societies mostly in the Calvinists, while the Congregationalists have divided into Unitarian and Trinitarian, neither of them strong societies. In my boyhood the Universalists had ceased to hold meetings, and their church library had been divided among the members, my father receiving as his share a two-volume history of Universalism, a Life of John

Murray (the Irish Methodist who first preached universal salvation in Rockingham county), and the sermons of Elhanan Winchester, a "Restorationist"; who, after preaching in New England awhile went over to London and founded what became the Finsbury Square Chapel, where W. J. Fox, and after him my friend, Moncure Conway, preached for long years.

There were other books from this source; but these attracted my boyish interest, and by reading them—never having heard a sermon on the subject—I became, at the age of nine, a convinced Universalist. But I continued to frequent other churches,—the Unitarian, near home, and the Christian Baptists where now the town library is. In the former I heard good preaching, by educated men, whose books I had read, or was to read. Among the Baptists I heard spontaneous religious utterances, oftentimes from women; while their ministers, or "elders," were without much education, but often of good natural eloquence. At home I had read the Bible from earliest years, so that I could perhaps have said at the age of twelve that I had read all its books through twice; of course without much understanding of the mystical or theological parts.

To a certain degree, these sectarian divisions in religion represented political opinions also. The "standing order" of Congregationalists had been patriots in the Revolution, Federalists under Washington and Adams, and had become "Whigs" under the classification that I first remember. The seceding sects, therefore, being at variance with the parish ministers, took an opposite side in politics; as the Or-

thodox were Federalists, the Baptists, Methodists, and Universalists became Jeffersonian Democrats,—in my time followers of Jackson and Van Buren. Thus, in Hampton Falls, until the Texas question made an issue among these Democrats, the Christian Baptists and Universalists, and some of the Unitarians, were mostly Democrats, while the Calvinists and most of the Unitarians were Whigs, and supported Harrison in the first presidential election that I remember. Even in 1839, at the age of seven, I was taking an interest in politics, as my father, grandfather, and elder brother did. Charles, afterwards Dr. Sanborn, subscribed, in his eighteenth year, to the *Congressional Globe*, of the elder Blair, and in that quarto record of congressional proceedings I became familiar with the names of all the senators and congressmen, and knew to which party they belonged. I even recall, though I was but little more than seven, the excitement caused by the shooting of Cilley, Hawthorne's classmate, a Maine congressman, by Graves of Kentucky, in a quarrel originating with Colonel Webb of the *New York Courier and Enquirer*; and I followed with interest the contest for the speakership in December, 1839, which ended with the election of Hunter of Virginia.

Then came on the noisy log-cabin campaign between Van Buren in power, but burdened with the lack of prosperity in the country, and Harrison, a military candidate (who united in his rather insignificant person, the elements of general discontent), and the powerful leaders of the capitalist party of Whigs, such as Webster and Clay, Wilson of New

Hampshire, and Evans of Maine. Knowing nothing of the principles involved (if there were any) I was a warm partisan of Van Buren, while the two sons of the new Unitarian minister in the parsonage, Charles and Henry Shaw, were ardent Whigs. With Henry I had a bet pending on the result,—no less than the old “fourpence ha’ penny,” valued at six cents and a quarter, in those days of Spanish and Mexican coins. I lost the bet, of course, but my exultation was great the next summer, when Tyler of Virginia, the accidental president, vetoed the currency and tariff bills of Henry Clay, divided his party, and let the Democrats come into power in the next congress,—even carrying Massachusetts, or a good part of it. New Hampshire valiantly supported Van Buren, who, on the currency and tariff questions, was right, as I now view it, and steadily sent a solid Democratic delegation to congress, in both branches.

I saw little of the leaders in these party contests, but Moses Norris, who went to congress in 1843, was a nephew of my Grandfather Leavitt, and I remember seeing him in the winter of 1842-’43, when he was a candidate, coming to our door in his uncle’s sleigh to make a call on my mother. It must have been in the summer of 1843 that I first saw his associate, Franklin Pierce, afterwards president, and I remember distinctly how he looked and was dressed. It was in the court house at Exeter, where a criminal trial was going on, and Pierce had come down from Concord to defend Sam George, a wild youth of Seabrook, who was charged with burning his uncle’s

barn. Of the merits in the case I know nothing, and it is possible that Pierce, who was district attorney for New Hampshire about that time, may have been prosecuting George in the United States court, but I think not. All that I recall is the elegant figure and pleasing face of the leading Democrat of the state then, and for a dozen years more. He was wearing the fashionable dress of the period, remembered now chiefly because Webster gave it a dignity,—the blue coat with brass buttons and the nankeen trousers strapped over the slender boot. His aspect was what Hawthorne afterwards described in his campaign life of General Pierce: “vivacious, slender, of a fair complexion, with light hair that had a curl in it; his cheerfulness made a kind of sunshine, yet, with all the invariable gentleness of his demeanor, he perfectly gave the impression of a high and fearless spirit.” Norris was of another make, tall and large and dark, of strength almost gigantic, and naturally a leader, without the graces of leadership. Neither of them get full credit now for their talents, because they were exerted in the cause of human slavery, its extension and perpetuation, yet both were men of great humanity, who would rather do a generous action than a cruel one.

The contest over the slavery question in New Hampshire began in the winter of 1844-’45, and in my very neighborhood, for it was the Democratic member of congress from Rockingham and Strafford, John P. Hale of Dover, who revolted against the dictation of Pierce, Atherton, and Norris in regard to the annexa-

tion of Texas. New Hampshire had declared against slavery in 1820, when both political parties had united in passing resolutions in the state legislature, declaring slavery wrong and inconsistent with democratic institutions. The annexation of Texas was favored chiefly by the slaveholders and their political allies, and the extension and protection of slavery was sought to be guaranteed by this expansion of our territory, at the risk of war with Mexico. The New Hampshire Democrats, following the lead of Van Buren, had passed resolutions against annexation, but the South had carried its point in 1844, nominated a Tennessee slaveholder for president, rejecting Van Buren, and their national platform favored annexing Texas. Mr. Hale, who had been nominated by the Democrats for reelection to congress, came out with a letter explaining his vote against annexation.

The "Concord Regency," headed by Pierce, demanded that he should be dropped from the general ticket and another man nominated. When this was done, a few men in Exeter, Portsmouth, the Hamptons, and that neighborhood, called a public meeting, which took place at Exeter in February, 1845, and declared that "Independent Democrats" would support Hale. They did so, to such an extent that Woodbury, the substituted nominee, could not be elected, and there was a vacancy in the delegation till a coalition of Whigs and Independents carried the state in the election of 1846.

This contest brought my brother Charles, then twenty-three years old, into political activity, and made him one of the younger leaders of the In-

dependent Democracy in that part of New Hampshire. He had till then been occupied wholly with farm labors or with teaching, but had been a wide reader of political and social literature, and had many friends and followers in the towns where he was known.

Though but thirteen years old, I sympathized entirely with him in his views. I had been much indebted



Charles Henry Sanborn (1846).

to him for aiding my education, out of school, and teaching me much in the use of tools and the art of shooting, in both of which he had made himself more expert than I ever became. He was a good cabinet maker, self-instructed, a good draughtsman, and in other ways handy, which I was not, though willing to learn. He had taught himself Latin and French, and otherwise had qualified himself beyond what was common among the youth of his time and place; and he had

an ambition, afterwards gratified, to practice a profession. His experiences of the heart had been unhappy; the sweet girl to whom he was attached having died before they could be married.

In 1846 he became an assistant in the office of the anti-slavery secretary of state in Concord, and also aided



F. B. Sanborn (1849), *Æt.* 17½.

in editing the party newspaper, the *Independent Democrat*, which did much to turn New Hampshire from the pro-slavery Democracy to what was afterwards organized as the Republican party.

His portrait, here engraved, was taken in Concord at that time. It represents him at the age of (nearly) twenty-five, seriously handsome, and much resembling his mother's family,

the Leavitts. My own first portrait was taken three years later, when I was seventeen, and both were called good likenesses at the time.

It will be seen that the portrait above is that of a scholar, or, perchance, a poet, rather than a financier. My finances up to the age of seventeen were slender, and were chiefly expended for books or magazines. They were derived from small payments made to me for small labors on the neighboring farms, or the care of Widow Perkins' barn and woodshed; which I had for the most part until I entered college. To this were added small tips from visiting cousins or other persons who shared the ample hospitalities of my father and my two grandfathers; and the sales which I occasionally made of walnuts gathered in October. When in my twelfth year I visited Boston for the first time, my pocket money must have been supplied by my father; and was expended in part for an American edition of "*Hudibras*," which I bought at a book-stall near the Faneuil Hall market. I had made the acquaintance of this humorous poem by some citations in "*Newman's Rhetoric*"; but was much disappointed in the story, which seemed to me, after "*Don Quixote*," flat and tiresome. On this visit I saw Adelaide Phillips (subsequently a famous singer) in a child's part at the Boston Museum, long owned by Moses Kimball who was my associate in later years.

[To be continued.]



COL. JAMES ROBERTS OF BERWICK, MAINE.

By John Scales.

Col. James Roberts was the son of Joshua and Ruth (Smith) Roberts. He was born in Berwick, Me., 31 May, 1745. His father came to Berwick from York, where he was born and his ancestors had lived for several generations. His mother was the daughter of John and Elizabeth Smith of Berwick. It is not known that he was any relation to the Roberts family of Dover.

When a boy, James Roberts was a pupil of the famous schoolmaster, John Sullivan of Somersworth, and a schoolmate of John Sullivan, the distinguished general in the Revolutionary War, and of James Sullivan, governor of Massachusetts. Under the instruction of such a teacher, Mr. Roberts must have acquired a good education for that period. When he was twenty-two years old he married Martha Woodsum (9 July, 1767), and to them were born several children. The eldest of these, Mary, born 12 May, 1769, married Thomas Wentworth, 16 Feb., 1790; and their Martha, born 4 April, 1795, married John Ham of Dover (second wife), 14 May, 1837. Their only son is John Thomas Wentworth Ham of Dover, N. H., who was born 1 July, 1838.

The battles of Lexington and Concord were fought 19 April, 1775. The news of this affair reached Berwick the next day and of course caused great excitement. All the able-bodied men were anxious to vol-

unteer to form companies to march to Boston at once, but of course it required some little time to organize and equip the men. The second Provincial Congress of Massachusetts issued a call, 23 April, 1775, for troops, and York county, in which is Berwick, responded promptly and raised the first regiment of foot soldiers that was furnished by the district of Maine, then under Massachusetts rule. The town of Berwick raised two companies of 64 men each for this regiment. This shows the patriotic spirit that prevailed in the town.

One of these companies was commanded by Ebenezer Sullivan, the youngest son of Master John Sullivan and brother of the general. The other company was commanded by Philip Hubbard, and James Roberts, who was his second lieutenant, was very efficient and active in enlisting men for the company, which, when completely organized, was as follows:

CAPT. PHILIP HUBBARD'S COMPANY.

Col. James Scammon's Regiment of Foot, York County, District of Maine.

Captain Hubbard was commissioned June 2, 1775, and his descendants still have the original document. When he entered the service he was about fifty-seven years old and had had considerable experience in the French and Indian wars. The following is the muster

roll of the company, with time of enlistment, under command of Captain Hubbard, in August, 1775:

Philip Hubbard, Captain, Berwick; May 2.

Jedediah Goodwin, 1st Lieut., Berwick; May 2.

James Roberts, 2d Lieut., Berwick; May 2.

Simeon Lord, Sergt., Berwick; May 2.

Joshua Nason, Sergt., Berwick; May 2.

Richard Plummer, Sergt., Berwick; May 2.

Tristram Fall, Sergt., Berwick; May 2.

Samuel Hubbard, Corporal, Berwick; May 2.

Freethy Spencer, Corporal, Berwick; May 5.

Samuel Worcester, Corporal, Berwick; May 5.

Joseph Hubbard, Corporal, Berwick; May 5.

Samuel Stevens, Drummer, Lebanon; May 20.

Privates:

Moses Hubbard, Berwick; May 5.

Aaron Goodwin, Berwick, May 5.

Moses Spencer, Berwick; May 5.

John Shorey, Berwick; May 5.

Benj. Row, Berwick; May 5.

Daniel Lord, Berwick; May 5.

Stephen Wood, Berwick, May 5.

Daniel Hubbard, Berwick; May 5.

Jeremiah Lord, Berwick; May 5.

Wm. Stone, Berwick; May 5.

Daniel Grant, Berwick; May 5.

James Wentworth, Rochester; May 5.

Richard Perkins, Lebanon; May 5.

Benjamin Horsham, Berwick; May 5.

Elisha James, Lebanon; May 5.

Wm. Davis, Berwick; May 5.

Benj. Goodwin, Berwick; May 5.

James Grant, Berwick; May 5.

Daniel Wadlin, Berwick, May 5.

Bartholomew Nason, Berwick; May 8.

Ichabod Smith, Berwick; May 8.

Abel Getchell, Berwick; May 8.

Walter Abbott, Berwick; May 8.

Morrill Hobbs, Berwick; May 8.

Benj. Weymouth, Berwick; May 8.

Theophilus Abbott, Berwick; May 8.

Daniel Abbott, Berwick; May 8.

Simeon Lord, Jr., Berwick; May 8.

Aaron Hubbard, Berwick; May 8.

Moses Courson, Lebanon; May 15.

Dodifer Garland, Rochester; May 15.

Jonathan Garland, Rochester; May 15.

Nathaniel Blewett, Berwick; May 15.

Daniel Hodgdon, Berwick; May 15.

Moses How, Berwick; May 15.

John Davis, Berwick; May 15.

Ralph Farnum, Lebanon; May 15.

Thomas Downs, Berwick; May 15.

Londrast Hearst, Berwick; May 15.

John Pugsley, Berwick; May 20.

Francis Peirce, Berwick; May 20.

James Smith, Berwick; May 20.

Ichabod Downs, Berwick; May 20.

John Cousens, Berwick; May 20.

Jonathan Buroughs, Berwick; May 20.

Paul Welch, Berwick; May 20.

John Peirce, Berwick; May 20.

Joseph Goodwin, Berwick; May 20.

Gilbert Perkins, Lebanon; June 28.

Silas White, Lebanon; Aug. 12.

Moses Lord, Berwick; July 11.

Philip Hubbard, Jr., Berwick; July 20.

The original roll, from which the above was copied, is in the Massachusetts Archives, Vol. 15, page 33. Total, 64 men. All had guns and all but one were supplied by themselves. Only twenty-four cartridge boxes returned in the company and no bayonets.

There is one remarkable and noteworthy fact in connection with this company, and that is that Ralph Farnum (Farnham) of Lebanon, who enlisted May 15, was the last survivor of the soldiers who participated in the battle of Bunker Hill. He lived to be one hundred and two years old and visited Boston and Bunker Hill after he had passed the century mark. He was received with great honors all along his journey.

Colonel Scammon's regiment marched to Cambridge in companies, one following another, because it was not possible for the taverns along the line of march to accommodate a regiment at one time, and the men had not the outfit for camping by the way. Captain Hubbard's company was the first to start on the journey. Each man had armed and equipped himself with gun, powder, bullets, and all that was deemed necessary to engage in fighting the British army. As a matter of fact the dress and equipments were picturesque rather than uniform. The housewives did not all use the same dyestuff in coloring the cloth, nor the tailors the same cut in making the garments; but all had the same uniform courage and desire to defend the rights and to preserve the liberties. None but the officers wore uniforms. The following is the line of march pursued by Captain Hubbard's company.

The point of rendezvous was Berwick, now South Berwick, and all had gathered there by Saturday night, June 3. It is not recorded what they did on Sunday, but they started on the march at sunrise Monday morning, June 5, and reached Hanson's tavern in Dover in season for an early breakfast, and the proprietor had everything ready to entertain the sixty-four men when they arrived. This tavern was what is now called the old Dover hotel, and is owned by the Misses Woodman. It stands at the "Corner," at the junction of Hanson street and Central avenue.

From here they marched to Durham and halted for dinner at Winborn Adams' tavern at the Falls. This hostelry stood on the hill on the east side of "Oyster River freshet," and nearly south of where the Sullivan monument now stands. Mr. Adams was then in the army and was later colonel of a regiment. His wife, the mistress of the house, was the daughter of Israel Bartlett of Nottingham, and sister of Col. Thomas Bartlett, one of the distinguished men of New Hampshire in the Revolution. After dinner they marched to Newmarket and put up at Doe's tavern for the night. That place was a small village then. Just where the tavern stood I do not know, but it was somewhere near the falls. The reader, who has a lively imagination and has had experience in feeding and providing otherwise for a crowd of lively and hungry men, can easily see what "mine host" Doe and his wife had to do to meet the wants of that occasion.

Tuesday, June 6, they left at sun-

rise and marched to Exeter before breakfast, where they halted at Gidding's tavern and partook of the refreshments that were all ready for them, the proprietor having been duly notified of the time they would arrive. Resuming the march they reached Parsons' tavern in Kingston and halted for dinner. The journey of the day was completed at Sawyer's tavern in Plaistow, where they lodged for the night.

Wednesday, June 7, they were out of bed at daybreak and at sunrise began their march to Haverhill, having first partaken of liquid refreshments, the common beverage of that period. At Haverhill they breakfasted at Greenleaf's tavern. A heavy and violent thunder shower came up while they were eating and delayed their crossing the Merrimack till noon, hence Mr. Greenleaf had to furnish dinner for them. They crossed the river and reached Stevens' tavern in Andover about sunset, where they rested for the night. As they neared the seat of war the rumors of what had happened and was expected soon to occur grew thick and interesting, and kept the men talking till the old god Somnus called them to sleep.

Thursday, June 8, found them up and on the march at sunrise for Ballardvale, where they took breakfast at Deacon Ballard's tavern. In the forenoon they marched to Wyman's tavern in Woburn, where dinner was served. In the afternoon they reached Wetherby's tavern, in what is now Arlington, and encamped for the night.

Friday, June 9, they marched to Cambridge and were ordered to encamp near General Washington's headquarters, of a later date the his-

toric Longfellow house. Thus, these patriots had been four days in traveling about seventy-five miles, over rough roads, each man carrying his own baggage. They were paid one penny a mile, and free board at the taverns. The other companies follow in the same route from all points in York county, Me. So the regiment was well in camp before the affair at Bunker Hill, in which it took part.

On the day of the battle, June 17, Colonel Scammon's regiment had to march to Lechemere Point, East Cambridge, opposite Charlestown. No sooner had he reached there than he was ordered to "Cobble Hill," later the site of the McLean Asylum. From there, just after the noon hour, he was ordered to take his regiment across Charlestown Neck to Bunker Hill to join in the engagement against the British. As they crossed the Neck they were subjected to a severe cross-fire from the British gunboats in the rivers on each side; but his men did not flinch or halt in the march through shot and shell. Some of the men had seen service and had been under fire in the French and Indian wars, but most of them were smelling an enemy's powder for the first time as they crossed that narrow neck of land. Lieutenant James Roberts here had his first experience in war, and was one of the bravest of the brave. The record says that when they were in the hottest and most dangerous of this cross-fire Colonel Scammon shouted to his men: "Come on, my Yorkshire lads! Let us show our bravery!" The men responded heartily; they went on, and they did show their bravery all right in the thickest of the fight.

After the battle they returned to

Cambridge and resumed their camp duties near General Washington's headquarters, engaged in the siege of Boston. This regiment was a part of the besieging army of 17,000 men, who were encamped in a semi-circle around that town. They lived in all sorts of habitations, a few tents, but mostly log-huts. Cambridge was a village of 1,500 inhabitants with only a few large houses like Washington's headquarters. It was not a part of the siege to attack the British in Boston, but to keep them from getting out of it by any other way than by their fleet which filled the harbor. Washington expected they would come out and attack him at any time, night or day, so he had his men at all times prepared to defend themselves against any sudden sally that might be made. This was the kind of work that Lieutenant Roberts and his men had to do, day by day, during the siege.

The regiment had left York county in such haste that the officers had had no time in which to get their commissions, but that proved to be all the more fortunate for them, as they finally got their papers signed by Washington himself, instead of the Massachusetts officials. It is said that Lieutenant Roberts' commission is still in existence with some one of his descendants. Of course whoever has it has a great prize with the autograph of George Washington on it. Lieutenant Roberts saw the great general often, who is described as a man six feet two inches tall; very muscular; large hands and feet; a Roman nose; blue eyes; a fine, large head, and his body in grand proportion with his head; and he impressed the observer as noble and lofty in spirit.

After Colonel Scammon's regiment was through with the siege of Boston, Lieutenant Roberts continued in the service and rose through various grades to that of colonel of a regiment. He was prominent in town affairs also. He lost his life in 1780, while on a journey down the river to Portsmouth.

One of the men in the company kept a diary from which the writer was able to trace the route of march from Berwick to Cambridge. Scammon's regiment was the "Thirtieth Massachusetts Foot." The Thirty-first was Colonel Edmund Phinney's regiment of Falmouth and vicinity. The Thirty-first marched to Cambridge in July over the same route through New Hampshire and Massachusetts that has already been described. Of course in passing through Dover they did not always stop at the same tavern, as there were several here at that time.

One does not have to stretch his imagination very much to appreciate the lively times the women of the taverns had in cooking enough to satisfy the wants daily of sixty or seventy hungry men on their march to Cambridge. They not only had to provide for those men from Maine, but also for the companies in New Hampshire on their way to the front from the towns around Dover. The women did not have any modern cooking ranges to work with but had to do the cooking over fires in open fireplaces and in the huge ovens by the side of the fireplace. All this work required as much patriotism on the part of the women as the marching and fighting required of the men. No doubt there was a good seasoning of fun mixed with all the hard work that won

American liberty for local self-government.

The writer has always taken special interest in all that concerns the battle of Bunker Hill, and no little pride that his great grandfather was a private in Captain Henry Dearborn's company, Colonel John Stark's regiment, at the famous "rail-fence." Captain Dearborn was a Nottingham man, and later in life rose to be general in the American army. About the beginning of the nineteenth century he published his recollections of the battle and in it describes the march over Charlestown Neck as follows:

"After completing the necessary preparations (at Medford) for action, the regiment formed and marched about one o'clock. When it reached Charlestown Neck we found two regiments halted in consequence of a heavy enfilading fire thrown across it, of round, bar and chain shot from the lively frigate and floating batteries in the Charles river, and a floating battery lying in the river Mystic, Major McClary went forward (from Stark's regiment) and observed to the commanders (of the halting regiments), if they did not intend to move on, to open and let our regiment pass. The latter was immediately done. My company being in front, I marched by the side of Colonel Stark, who moving with a very

deliberate pace, I suggested the propriety of quickening the march of the regiment that it might sooner be relieved from the galling cross-fire of the enemy. With a look peculiar to himself he fixed his eye upon me and observed, with great composure:

"'Dearborn, one fresh man in action is worth ten fatigued ones!' and he continued the advance in the same cool and collected manner as before."

It was just the same with Stark when he began to fight the enemy at the rail-fence covered with new mown grass. When he saw the enemy landing from the boats in Mystic river to march up against the New Hampshire troops, he marched out in front of his men and stuck a tall stick in the ground; he marched back deliberately to his line and gave orders for his men not to fire till the British line reached that stick. They obeyed his order; the result is recorded in every history; the British soldiers were cut down as grass before a scythe. When the British had reformed and were again advancing, Stark gave orders not to fire until they could see the whites of the enemy's eyes; they did so and the whole British line was cut down as before.

Lieutenant James Roberts was not in Colonel Stark's regiment, but he was just as brave as Stark's men at his post of duty.



VANITAS VANITATUM.

By A. T.

With winter nigh, a butterfly,
In the sun came floating by,
And, prophet-like, "O fool," said I,
"To some summer region hie,
Else to-morrow thou shalt die."
But looking then with prophet's eye,
Where Pleasure's train was passing by,
From my heart there came a sigh,
And turning on my way, said I,
"Man hath not yet become so wise
That he may preach to butterflies."

THE FRONT FENCE.

By Louis Milton Boody.

Uncle Dory had decided to paint the fence.

"We hev sech derved mean weather here on this Cape Cod," remarked he; "nothin' but fog durin' this time of year, and nothin' but a blisterin' hot sun in the summer, thet paint, 'specially white paint, gits to be no better than whitewash."

Uncle Dory was on his knees by the front-yard fence, and, as he addressed the foregoing remarks to me, he gave force to his words by expressive waves of the paint brush.

"Jest look at thet confounded fence. Last spring I painted it with the best white lead and good linseed oil—feller I bought it of said 't was linseed oil, but I believe the derved stuff was powgie oil. Now see the derved

thing! Half on't black as sut with dust, and tother half jest like powder—got some of the stuff on my good black britches, too. I don't care so much for the britches, cos it didn't do 'em any hurt, but Abigail gut mad as thunder."

At this juncture Abigail and her daughter Hetty appeared at the door.

"Theodore, you ain't a goin' to paint thet fence with them pants on, air ye? Now, Theodore, do be sensible."

"Well, Abigail, I think 't would look better if I kept 'em on." Then his tone changed perceptibly, as he continued in an explanatory manner, "Abigail, I ain't a goin' to paint—not what you'd call reg'lar paintin'.

I'm jest a goin' to cover a few places."

Aunt Abby looked distressed. "Theodore, you air such a trial. You know you'll be spattered with paint from head to foot. Do for pity's sake hev a little sense, and change them pants!"

The Captain's head went up and he gave a snort, "Abigail, you let me paint this fence in peace. I'm a goin' to keep these pants on."

Aunt Abby returned to the kitchen, and Hetty followed after delivering this parting shot: "Father, I think you are real unlikely."

"Huh!" sniffed the Captain, "unlikely! Ain't thet jest like a woman? Unlikely! Ged, I'd like to know who's gut a better right than me to say whether I'm goin' to wear these pants or not! But, then, yer can't reason none with a woman. No, sirree, yer can't never tell a woman nothin'."

"Now there's my darter Hetty—good girl as ever was—hed a good education—graduated right here at that school yer see over yender—school-marster said he never hed a smarter scholar. But she's been teachin' school now fer a year. Thinks she knows all about everything now. Been livin' over to Southbay, yer see, en' gut a lot of dern-fool notions in her head."

"She don't like white paint—sez 'taint the thing now to hev yer house painted white. 'Taint artistic, she says. En' what Hetty sez Abigail will swear to. Ged! I don't know nothin' nowadays. What I say don't count. Jest as sure as I say a word, why Hetty puts her head back, en' kinder gives a little sniff en' sez with reg'lar quarter-deck air, 'Father, you

don't know. Styles hev changed.'"

The light of battle shone in the Captain's eye.

"Don't know! Don't know! Hm, don't know! P'raps I don't know. Ged, I follered the sea, man and boy, for fifty odd year. Shipped as cook at ten year, and been mate and marster of a vessel, but now, Ged! Hetty's captain, Abigail's first mate, en' I'm workin' before the mast, with the whole focsle all to myself. Styles hev changed—yes, sir, styles hev changed. They did n't hev no sech derned, cussed-fool notions, when I was a boy, as they do now."

"Show! My Godfrey dominy! thet's the ruination of this whole country. Show! Show! Huh, show! Nothin' but show! Hetty wants a meckintosh—hed one two year ago, but 'taint the style now—so she sez."

"Now thet meckintosh is jest as good as ever 'twas—don't fit quite so good as it did once, of course, fer Hetty's fleshed up some, but 't will keep rain off jest the same."

"But then, what's the use of talkin'! Talkin' is derned poor business when yer run afoul of a woman, 'specially if thet woman is Abigail or Hetty—might jest as well shet up when either of them begins to talk. I tell yer what 'tis, a man thet hez two women folks at home hez gut to sail pretty clost to the wind."

"Well, we ain't all built alike—some thinks one way en' some another. Thet makes me think of a feller thet used to live here in the village—used to go mate with Cap'en Josh Hillerson."

"Well, the feller gut to goin' 'round one winter to dances en' sech like, en' after a while he begun to

take a shine ter Susan Bigsbee, old Cy Bigsbee's darter—derved pretty girl, too.

"Well, they was engaged, en' 'twas understood that when he gut back from the next vyge they'd be merried. Things in this world is mighty uncertain, 'specially merriage.

"Yer see, the feller went whalin'—shipped along with a New Bedford cap'en, en' 'twas nigh onto three years en' a half afore he hove in sight agin. Ged, did n't he look fine! I recollec' the fust time I see him comin' down the street after he gut back. He hed a blue coat en' yeller pants—but I'm gettin' ahead of my story.

"Sue Bigsbee was a good enough girl, but—well, she was about like other girls, if yer know what thet is. Give me a good vessel en' a decent crew, en' I can do a thing or two, but I don't know nothin' about a girl. Ged, I never set up to be a *connoshur* on the subject of girls.

"Well, fer a time after the feller went away Sue was pretty dumpish—did n't go nowhere nor seem ter care fer nothin'—seemed kinder lonesome en' off color—lovesick, I suppose. Well, she run on thet way fer a week or two, en' then she took another tack. Mopin' want never in her line, en' I guess she overdid it. Anyway, all of a sudden she come out of mournin'—so ter speak—en' was as lively as ever.

"Ged, I had n't ought ter be wastin' my time tellin' yarns en' this fence not touched yet! Abigail en' Hetty will keelhaul me if they come en' find me runnin' on like a sea-lawyer this way—might as well finish, though, now, I've begun.

"'Twas pretty nigh on ter six

months or so when a feller come down here from Boston—a slick lookin' cuss, he was, too—buyin' up cramb'ries fer the firm he worked fer. Somehow he happened ter git acquainted with Sue Bigsbee, en'—well, as I said, yer can't ever tell nothin' about a girl. Soon's she saw him, with his shiny shoes en' standin' collar en' pretty neckties en' sech, the fat was all in the fire. He hung on here en' he hung on till he'd bought every cramb'ry in the town, en' he en' Sue was tergether the whole endurin' time.

"Yer know how sech things turn out—they thought they could n't live without each other—thet fust affair was all a mistake, yer know, en' so on—yer know how girls talk.

"Well, he went back ter Boston, en' arter a while they was merried en' went away ter live—I guess 'twas a good match, too. Them en' their two children was down here last summer—they've gut two of as likely-lookin' children as you ever see—a boy en' a girl.

"When it come time fer the other feller to git back, people was kinder wonderin' how he'd take it. Yer see, he had n't heard nothin' about it, fer when a feller goes off whalin' yer can't always tell jest exactly where to reach him by writin', so he don't git much news from home. There want nobody on the train comin' down from Boston thet knew him, en' so he did n't hear nothin' about it until he was ridin' over on the stage from the deepo.

"Jimmy Smith, the stage driver, told me about it. He said they was a drivin' along, talkin' of this en' thet—things thet had happened while he was gone—lots of things happen

when a feller's away on a whalin' vyge, I tell yer. Jimmy sez they was along by the old Joe Kent place, when the feller said, kinder quiet:

" 'How's Sue lookin'?' "

" Jimmy said it kinder took him back a bit, but he answered somethin' or other: Feller kinder suspicioned somethin' was wrong, en' he begun to ask questions. Jimmy held back as best he could, but when they gut into the village, the feller sez:

" 'Jimmy, yer keepin' somethin' back from me, en' I don't git out of this stage till yer tell me what 't is yer holdin' back.' "

" En' then Jimmy told him. Well, sir, Jimmy sez the feller jest set lookin' quiet-like out over the fields, en' keepin' mighty still fer a time, en' then he sez:

" 'Air yer tellin' me the truth, Jimmy?' "

" 'God's truth,' said Jimmy.

" The feller looked down at the wheels fer a minute or two, en' give a sigh, then he bust out into a laugh. Jimmy sez thet laugh made his skin crawl.

" 'Well, there's more than one Sue in the world,' said the feller.

" Well, sir, I'll be derved if he didn't go next day en' propose to Sue Baker. He told her he never cared fer Sue Bigsbee, anyhow, en', womanlike, she believed him. They was married within a month.

" Well, as I was a sayin', some thinks one way en' some another."

" Theodore," came a voice from the house, "air you a goin' to open them oysters fer dinner?"

" Yes, yes, Abigail, I'm a comin'."

" Guess I'll hev to paint thet derved fence next week," remarked the Captain to me.

SPORTSMEN . . .

I do everything in Taxidermy. Send me your trophies for mounting. Deer Heads a Specialty.

GEO. P. WELLINGTON,

The Reliable Taxidermist,

Send for Price List.

EAST JAFFREY, N. H.

RUMFORD PRINTING COMPANY,

Printers, Binders,

Engravers, Electrotypers.

Railroad Square

CONCORD, N. H.



MR. BAYNES AND "JIMMY," THE BLACK BEAR CUB.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXXVII. AUGUST-SEPTEMBER, 1904.

Nos. 2-3.

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.

By George I. Putnam.

Photos by Mr. Baynes except when stated otherwise.

"Hadn't you better inquire the way?" says your Companion for perhaps the twentieth time that morning. "Here's a pretty good looking house coming—"

"If you mean any reflection on the speed of this horse," you reply with dignity, "by attributing mobility to such objects as houses, I shall get out and walk and compel you to drive. As good a horse as there is in the county, the liveryman told us—"

"'T is a small county, and a poor."

"I'll inquire," says you, preparing to alight in the dooryard of the neat, red-painted cottage. Some one came out to meet us, and the some one was the man we sought. We had reached the Haven Cottage, in Croydon, and met its occupant, Ernest Harold Baynes, who welcomed us with the kindly manner that is the key to his success with all the lower animals, man included.

Mr. Baynes has been spending the summer on the eastern border of the famous Corbin Park, in Sullivan county, New Hampshire, and is now domiciled for the winter in Meriden, near the northern end of The Park. Sullivan county has gained some little public attention recently by reason of its many smart and agile centenarians; but with the coming of Mr.

Baynes the young men will again hold up their heads. The large public that has been enjoying his nature stories and studies in the past months will be glad to know something of his very interesting personality.

A young man just reaching the fresh and able maturity of the early thirties; medium height; stout enough to suggest strength; spare enough to prove the endurance of the wiry athlete; built for speed and carrying himself with the perfect poise of a happy physical training; face showing the pleasant lines impressed by sun and wind as he carries his studies afield; a thatch of brown, graying hair; his face and body the reflex of a mind that is active, discerning, well trained. A genial manner that places you on friendship's footing instantly, and a cheery voice that entertains you with story-bits and ends of experience in his work with birds and animals. These things mark the man whose success in the field of nature study has won him a wide public, together with recognition from that veteran, John Burroughs, and other of the old time leaders. Mr. Baynes follows the work from heart's choice; his efforts are sincere, his descriptions honest. There is a dependability about the man that



"Isaac," the Turkey Vulture.

runs through all his undertakings, and gives them permanence.

"Where are the 'critters'?" says your Companion, trying to look disappointed. "We expected to see all manner of fish, flesh and fowl on the fin, foot and wing submitting to your

guidance round the place. Where are they?"

"All around us," was the prompt reply. "They are a good deal like children; they never show off well before company. But we'll see what we can find."

So we submitted to his guidance, and sought the children with due care. For aught we could see we were as amiable in appearance as Mr. Baynes himself; yet feathers and fur flew to greet him, and shunned us as if we were the plague. We felt a secret aspiration to form ourselves on him, but the attempt seemed hopeless; and a little later we decided not to interfere with him in any degree. That was when, after stationing us at a safe distance and out of sight of the enemy even, he boldly approached the lair of an old lady skunk who, as he said, was "fixed ready for busi-



The Haven Cottage and Croydon Mountain.



Photo. by L. B. Baynes.

Mr. Baynes and His Tame Fox, "The Sprite."

ness," detached one of her young from her maternal breast, and brought the little black and white baby to us in his hand for our wonder and admiration. Nothing unpleasant transpired, and we wondered and admired. Joshua's feat of compelling the sun to stand still may have been more far reaching in its consequences, but it seems no more wonderful than to compel the mother skunk to stay her hand, as it were, in defense of her litter. Moreover, we know that this was done. Joshua's feat has been questioned.

The barn was in use as a hospital. A lame robin eyed us from the window-sill, his only apparent interest being whether or not we brought him a worm. A cynical and despairing coyote in a stall nursed a leg that the young foxes had chewed, and dreamed

of the freedom of his forbears on western prairies, forever unattainable for him. A flying squirrel showed the most lovable disposition imaginable, sitting in Mr. Baynes' hand and accepting peanuts from strangers with charming confidence. He sub-



"The Sprite" as a Youngster.



Mr. Baynes' Present Home Near the Northwest Gate of the Blue Mountain Forest.

Buffalo Herd in Foreground.

mitted to any amount of handling by those experienced hands, while the peculiarities that give him his name were shown and described.

Across the road, on a daisy-dotted



Adult Bull Buffalo.

One of the Corbin Herd.

slope and in the cool edge of a wood, were a number of big wire crates, in each of which some pent-up denizen of the wild temporarily acknowledged the sovereignty of man as exemplified in the person of Ernest Harold Baynes. In this one, fox kittens; in another, a wolf; a mature fox in the third, and a fourth claimed by a vulture that flew the length of his cord and flopped heavily upon the ground. While a young bear, rejoicing in the name of "Jimmy," ambled about at will, scorning cages, making short forays into the wood and up trees, but returning with commendable faithfulness to Mr. Baynes whom he had quickly learned to recognize as the source of bread and milk and other things good for young bears. The Companion was well convinced of the existence of "critters,"—he had inclined to skepticism before starting—and we made our way back to the cot-

tage accompanied by as many members of the Happy Family as were not detained by cords and cages.

We were particularly interested in the fate of the fox, which Mr. Baynes said was soon to be turned loose to shift for himself.

"You would n't sell him?" we asked.

"Yes, if I could get my price," he replied, brazenly. "Several men have asked what that was, and I always give them the same figure—one million dollars—no more, for he is n't really worth it; no less, for moral reasons." Then he became earnest. "As a fact, the fox has earned his liberty. He has helped me earn my money—he has given me my studies, and has posed for character in my stories. He has had nothing in return. All he wants is his natural liberty, and that he is going to have."



A Broad-Winged Hawk.

We demurred a little, for we had mental visions of a fox, robbed by captivity of his ability to compete with other animals in the wild, falling



Photo. by L. B. Baynes. Mr. Baynes and His Tame Prairie Wolf, "Romulus."



Young Raccoons at Home.

a victim to their relentless natures ; or of a fox, tame and trusting, trotting with unsuspected feet up to a man with a gun. But Mr. Baynes held there was no danger,—for the fox.

"Farmers tell me," said he, "that the tame fox is the worst fox. He is slyer than any other, and he is bolder. He will rob a henroost more openly and successfully. In fact, his operations become depredations. His natural war is on weaker animals than himself, and he will not suffer when I turn him loose in the park."

So we saw that the real danger was to Mr. Baynes, and not the fox ; that farmers would protest against the taming of "varmints," which might then be freed and become the worst sort of pests. We all know what the "embattled farmers" are capable of when they take a stand ; so we trem-



Fawn of White-Tailed Deer in July.

Showing the Protective Value of the White Spots at this Season.

bled, a little, for the enthusiastic naturalist who would spare the life of a single fox and ruin for some farmer's daughter the income of her poultry yard. We still count, however, on the qualities of redemption held by

trees is a lake and beyond that the heights of the Park mount up and up, ever clothed with trees, until the lofty line cuts the sky and shuts the west away. One may look and look, and never tire, for the land returns swiftly



Fawn of White-Tailed Deer in September.

the farmer's son and a handy shotgun.

The Haven Cottage that Mr. Baynes occupied is one of those surprising houses that keeps its pleasant places for the intimate guest. You might say it has turned its back on the highway with its passers, and keeps its face for the hidden side, turned towards the glories of the great Park. There is a wide, high veranda on this side, and the Park fence runs by at a rod's distance. Beyond the first fringe of

to its virgin state, and the green-clad folds of the hills inspire restful dreams. The mountain curve encloses as an amphitheatre; north, west and south the upraised world-crust rims you round, melting in distance to deep blue, coming nearer into hopeful green, making a blissful solitude in the centre of which nestles the red cottage with the white highway ribboning by unheeded. Here one denies the existence of the flesh and the devil, believing only in a

spotless world. Here one who is weary may grow strong; here also a naturalist may find the most secret and intimate heaven of his desires.

One immediate result of Mr. Baynes' stay in New Hampshire has been the arousing of his interest in the American Buffalo. With him, this means action, and he is already deep in the effort to arouse public opinion and sentiment to the necessity of preserving this noble animal from

the small wild animals of that civilized section, and attaining knowledge upon which he both writes and lectures most instructively and entertainingly. While he has by no means exhausted this field of study, his desire to widen the field has led him to make New Hampshire his home at present. The privileges of the great Corbin Park have been freely given him, with full power to hunt therein with all the weapons he de-



Mrs. Baynes Feeding "Actaeon," the Fawn.

extinction. Corbin Park contains a fine herd of buffalo, and, taken in connection with other herds scattered through the country, gives strong hope of future success. One of Mr. Baynes' most interesting lectures is upon the buffalo, and this, in connection with his earnest and convincing writing, is surely working to the result desired. It is a magnificent object, and worthy of his best endeavors.

For some years Mr. Baynes has been doing most excellent work at his home in Stoneham, Mass., study-

sires. As his weapons consist of field glasses, camera and note-book it is easily seen that the game will not suffer by his presence; while his studies of elk, deer, moose, buffalo and wild boar in a state of nature will certainly enrich man's present knowledge. For he is doing good work, and doing it well. It is a work that demands to be done, for mankind needs it. It is of high importance. When you consider, men have for a few generations been getting away from nature, wearing black broadcloth and living in cities. It has

remained for this generation to understand in some measure the folly of this, and to seek a return to the soil. Pioneers must go ahead and blaze out the way to this new-old land, encourage the revival of simple living, of belief in good old Mother Earth and her cures for man's ills, of interest in the natural life that ever shuns the cities, of love for the beasts, of kindness towards them, of a broader human sympathy than has been practised. Here is work for those who understand what is needed, for those who hear the call with comprehension, who have the physique and the courage to endure. The work

that Mr. Baynes has done is a guaranty of the work he will yet do; he brings fitness to the work, and the field is ample.



Young Fox Yawning.

OUR "OLD HOME WEEK."

By Ellen Burpee Farr.

(Read at Bow, N. H., Aug. 25, 1904.)

New Hampshire's children, roaming wide,
In many a clime, the earth around,
Will hear the summons to abide
For this rare time, with joy profound,
And with light hearts, will gladly seek
Their "native soil"
For "Old Home Week."

Our Farmer, from the grand, broad West,
Forsakes his "miles and miles" of corn,
And hies him straight, with eager zest,
Back to the state where he was born.
And fun is there, when "Greek meets Greek,"
And he "swaps yarns"
In "Old Home Week."

The Lawyer leaves the city's din,
Where piles of brick and stone, uprear,
And with his client's hard-earned "tin,"
Comes back to freedom, year by year.
So for this time, for him bespeak,
A glad release
For "Old Home Week."

OUR "OLD HOME WEEK."

The Doctor lets his patient "live"—
 Forgets that "calls" are part of life,
 And for a time dares all to give
 A respite to his world of strife.
 Of him beware! Lest he should seek
 To save your life
 In "Old Home Week."

Our "Politician" drops his artful "wiles,"
 Forgets that "Candidates" were ever born,
 And with the "other party," jokes and smiles.
 The future holds for him no times forlorn,
 While he goes forth, with conduct meek,
 To swell the crowd
 In "Old Home Week."

Of boys and girls, there comes a crowd,
 With elders in their youthful train,
 Than whom no parents are more proud,
 As with their kin, they meet again.
 What gay old pranks, these youngsters seek!
 What fun for them
 In "Old Home Week."

So "down the line" we search and call
 For those old friends, whom once we knew.
 New Hampshire greets them, "one and all,"
 And bids them come, the "tried and true."
 But what of those who may not speak,
 Or hear your call
 For "Old Home Week"?

How many such will not respond!
 Their souls heed not the calls of life.
 Today, they're in the "Great Beyond,"
 Far from the cares of mortal strife.
 So let them rest! No longer seek,
 Or wish them back
 For "Old Home Week."

And some who cannot heed the call,
 Would gladly meet with you once more.
 Send out to them, what e'er befall—
 Those absent ones, whose fate deplore!
 And for them all your love bespeak,
 With kindly thoughts,
 For "Old Home Week."

So, far from my home, in Sunset land,
 A "Greeting" speeds upon its way.
 For "memories" crowd on every hand,
 Recalling many a happy day
 With those whom you will vainly seek
 To join with you
 In "Old Home Week."

THANKSGIVING.

By H. G. Leslie, M. D.

"Man alive!" said Captain Some, one night when I had presented the proposition that I must return to my city quarters, "I don't want you to go until after Thanksgiving. I am getting to be an old man and have no near relatives or children and when this day comes around, it is a pretty lonesome thing for Marm and I to sit down and gnaw a turkey bone alone. Of all the blessings that Providence sends I think the great big old-fashioned family is about the best. I don't know of any word in the English language that has a more solemn sound than — alone. When my neighbors' sons and daughters come trooping back to the old home on this occasion, I feel that I have been deprived of a good deal in life."

That period of time ordinarily devoted to summer vacations had long since passed. From mountain hostelry and seaside resorts the children had returned to their schoolrooms and the business man to his desk, and still I lingered at Shoreline.

The trees along the river bank that bore the foliage of June, when I first saw them, had passed through various stages of transformation, the dusty tint of midsummer, the painted glories of autumn, and now with every gust of wind were sending their discarded decorations to float on the swift-running tide. The nights had grown chilly and in the early morning the dry grass in the yard rustled and crackled beneath the feet with the tune of frost. The river bank had already borne its first

silver fringe of thin ice, breaking up and floating away in the current with a chime and jingle of music, which would have been pleasant had it not been a prophecy of a sterner grip when it would not yield to wind and tide. Above in the cold gray of the sky the long irregular lines of wild geese seeking a more hospitable clime betokened the coming of a period of inclemency.

I had from time to time fixed a date in my mind when I would pack my belongings and return to my studio. Some new attraction would, however, present itself. Some varying tint of light and shade on the river. Some subtle unknown influence, and the day was indefinitely deferred. It was not altogether the appeal of nature that influenced me. I had no home of my own and even in childhood had been bereft of tender associations, clustering around the paternal hearthstone, so that the kindly unostentatious welcome to a seat by Captain Some's kitchen stove was a nearer approach to such comforts than I had previously enjoyed.

Friendships are not always the growth of years. There is a mental telegraphy that oftentimes tells us on the first meeting that here is one whom we have heretofore missed in the by ways of life, who possesses characteristics for which we have felt the need to complete our happiness. Such had been my experience in Shoreline. The daily association with its people, their simple, pleasant lives, undisturbed by the rise and fall of stocks in the market place,

genial, sincere, honest; these words mean so much to one who has seen the selfishness of human cattle in larger fields, that the touch of unglazed, unvarnished kindliness is a constant pleasure. Unfortunately the smile that has not beneath it some ulterior motive is as rare as the diamonds of Golconda and almost as priceless.

When the Captain gave me the invitation to stop over for this crowning event of the season's pleasure there was a ring and tone of voice that somehow conveyed more than the words themselves and as it required but little to tip the balance in favor of staying, I decided to remain.

To New England alone belongs the custom and observance of Thanksgiving Day. Here it originated and here transpired the events which gave cause for its being. History has engrossed the story on its pages, and the veriest tyro of a school boy can give the origin of the festival. The sons and daughters of Pilgrim stock have carried more or less of the sentiment to wherever they may have made their homes, but beyond the confines of New England it is a hot-house flower of forced growth; here it is spontaneous in development.

The poet Whittier must have had in mind this New England festival when he wrote the description of the wedding feast of Weetamoo in the "Bridal of Penacook," for surely nowhere else could have occurred the suggestion for such a scurrying together of good things for the delectation of the animal man:

Bird of the air and beast of the field,
All which the woods and waters yield
On dishes of birch and hemlock piled
Garnished and graced that banquet wild.

At almost any hour of the day, in the fortnight preceding the day set apart by the Governor of the Commonwealth

for the observance of these festivities, the Captain could be found in the kitchen arrayed in a wonderfully checkered apron covering the protruberance supposed to contain his digestive apparatus, and extending nearly to his feet, stoning raisins, chopping mince meat and paring pumpkins, or such other culinary preparations as preceded the event.

He had written to his niece in Boston who occupied the position of book-keeper in a mercantile firm in that city, as well as to the schoolmaster in Exeter, and received favorable replies from both. His injunction to the latter individual, not to forget his fiddle, betokened more than an ordinary element of hilarity. From sly inuendoes casually dropped I judged that the meeting of the Captain's niece with the young schoolmaster was a matter of exceedingly personal interest to them.

The afternoon preceding Thanksgiving Day the schoolmaster made his appearance, rosy and red from a long walk across the hills from Exeter. His hearty greeting should have compensated him for his rough journey on the uneven roads of Kensington, but in answer to a look of inquiry the Captain said, "Sadie will be up with Newell Marden the last trip tonight," thus tacitly admitting the particular attraction that was to recompense him for his long and dreary walk in the sharp November air. "All mankind loves a lover," and the Captain's smile as he made this statement proved that he was no exception to the general rule.

During the two weeks prior to this occasion the Captain's old dory made numerous trips to the Port to procure the condiments supposed to be necessary in compounding the various dishes. He even went so far as to visit the cider-

mill at the Buttonwoods and secure a keg of Tom Page's best sweet russet cider. This apparent lapse from absolutely strict temperance principles was only made on the repeated assurance of Mrs. *Somes* that it was utterly impossible to make good mince pies without boiled cider, and moreover there was the apple sauce to go with the doughnuts and cheese to be thought of. The Captain drew a long sigh as he started on this mission, well knowing of the repeated statements he would be required to make in reply to the sly inuendoes of his cronies with regard to secret bibulous habits. When the Captain returned from this unwilling trip Jake Short stood on the wharf and cheerfully assisted in landing the cargo. "Gor ram him," said Capt. Jared, "he is always hanging round where he ain't wanted."

At one time in the early history of Newbury, Vt., when the Thanksgiving Proclamation was read in church, one of the members gravely arose and stated that there was not a drop of molasses in town and as his boys had gone to southward to procure a supply he moved that the celebration be postponed until their return; which was accordingly done. No such untoward event occurred to mar Captain Jared's plans, and all things went as merry as the traditional marriage bell.

The sun arose Thanksgiving morning bright and clear but almost immediately slipped behind a gorgeously illumined cloud. A sure sign according to the Captain's standard of predictions that it would storm before night. Long before the church bell sent forth its appeal for devotional exercises, the sky had become overcast and the wind echoed the somber notes presaging the change. The scattered few who responded to the call of duty hurried along the bleak

street holding their wraps close about the face. Attractive indeed would be the discourse on such an occasion that would rival the housewives' consideration of the condition of the turkey, left to assume its most delectable flavor in the oven at home, and very popular was the preacher who had the good judgment to deliver an abbreviated sermon.

The Captain evidently did not feel the need of spiritual comfort and made no effort to respond to the call of the bell and accompany Mrs. *Somes* to the place of worship. His frequent trips to replenish the fire and carefully examine the conditions inside the oven door might have subjected him to the same reproof as the one of old who gave too much attention to the affairs of this world. His conscientious ministrations were amply rewarded and when Mrs. *Somes* returned home from her enforced period of rest the long table was in proper position and ready to receive its burden of smoking viands.

The Arab of the desert shares his pinch of salt with the traveler, beneath the folds of his tent, in token of friendship. The wild Indian of the far West when he invites the wayfarer to a seat within his lodge and bids him partake of his pot of meat precludes all ideas of treachery, and gives a guarantee of friendly regard. In a like manner the New England Thanksgiving table is an emblem of love and kindly feeling. Here are gathered the few of all the wide world most dear to the host. The ceremonials of state functions have no part or place at this gathering. The hired waiter, the obsequious servant is not in keeping with the event. The personal attentions of the master of the house, the watchful eye, the liberal hand conveys more than the morsel of

animal food; it possesses a permeating flavor of hearty good will, of more value by far than the orderly attendance and stately grace of trained servitors.

In the hour of repletion, over the figurative "walnuts and wine," the flash of studied wit, the brilliant display of oratoric power, bearing the trademark of laborious thought, pales before the simple stories and personal experiences of the host, who, although his efforts may bear the musty odor of age, contributes his best and all for the pleasure of his guests.

As we smoked our after-dinner cigars with the wind whistling around the window panes and the scattered snowflakes whitening the ground outside, the conversation drifted to the inconveniences and discomforts of a previous generation, who had used the great old-fashioned fireplace behind the stove, which the Captain had closed in favor of more modern methods of heating.

"Yes," said the Captain, "private houses were bad enough, but the old meeting-house at Rocky Hill took the cake on a winter's day with no attempt at heating. I have seen the puffs of breath going up from the pews like little steam engines. I can remember when my mother bought a foot-stove, and some of the women said she was getting terrible high toned. I used to have to go over to the parsonage and get my share of coals to put in it and take it over to the church. The minister's folks always built a great hickory fire Sunday mornings so as to have plenty of coals for the boys. I have seen a dozen standing round at a time waiting for their turn."

"What is a foot-stove, Uncle?" said the Captain's niece. "I never saw one."

"Bless your soul and body!" said

Capt. Jared in astonishment, "am I such an old back number that the things I know all about you never saw? Well, by Jiminy hill! you come up in the attic and I will show you the very one your grandmother used, and lots of other things I reckon you never saw. The fact is, that when some new thing comes around into this part of the house an old one goes into the next story, and then from there into the attic, and if it want for the roof to hold them in, I don't know where they would go next. Every time house cleaning comes around I have to stand guard."

"Now, Jared," said Mrs. Somes, "don't talk that way, and I don't believe that anybody wants to go in that dirty old place, so now!"

This did not prove to be the case, and we were soon treading the narrow stairs leading to the unfinished space beneath the roof. The Captain reached under the eaves of the garret and pulled out a square wooden frame of quite elaborate finish, which served to hold in place a perforated tin shell; inside of this was an iron tray designed to hold the charcoal, upon the whole quite a scientific device for imparting heat. On the wall hung a brass warming-pan, the duplicate of those that made up the somewhat celebrated cargo sent by Lord Timothy Dexter to the West Indies.

A variety of spinning wheels were in evidence, great and small, all bearing the marks of much service. Pathetic reminders of a lost art; every worn spoke telling its story of the devotion of patient hands to the needs of bygone generations. The Captain undertook to explain how the yarn was twisted by the spindle and drawn out in long threads, but if spirit eyes were looking from some shadowy recess, his clumsy efforts must have appeared like a trav-

esty on the skill of those hands that spin no more neither do they weave. Substantial chairs with broken flag bottoms stood here and there. Great, solid sea chests lined the wall, filled with the discarded finery brought home from many a distant land, now regarded as simple curiosities, the victims of fashion's fickle moods.

A heavy flint-lock musket stood in one corner with two or three rusty cutlasses, the relics of privateering days. On a wooden peg near the window hung a tall white hat with a long, silky fur almost like an animal's. This the Captain placed on his head, saying that it was his grandfather's wedding hat. He found an old green camlet cloak, with stiff high collar fastened by a large silver hook and chain. With these additions to his wardrobe he posed as the dandy of long ago.

Darkness began to gather in the corners of the garret before we descended to the sitting-room below, with somewhat of the same feeling as one has when returning from foreign lands to the familiar scenes of home.

"Now," said the Captain, when he had returned to the sitting-room, "let's have some real, genuine music. You can talk to me until doomsday about harps, pianos and orchestras, but to my mind they can't hold a candle to a fiddle. That little brown box that the Irishman said 'looked like a duck and was about the size of a goose, but when you turned him over on his back and rubbed his belly with a greased stick, Holy Mother! but the voice of him!' has more in it that will pull the heart-strings of a man than anything else in the world.

"You can hear your mother's voice in the old songs, your father's solemn tone in prayer, the laughter of child-

hood, the tremulous words of feeble age. It's all there! It's all there!

"When I was shipping a crew I always paid a man who could fiddle two dollars a month extra. Sailors get the grumps on a long voyage, and nothing will take it out of them like the snappy notes of a hornpipe. In ten minutes they are kicking the deck like mad and the squall is all over with."

The schoolmaster took out his violin and handled the bow with the skill of an expert. He made no attempt, however at classic productions, but played the old, sweet ballads of long ago.

After a little, in spirit of mischief, he shifted to the snap and flourish of an Irish jig, to which the Captain beat time in hearty appreciation, but when he suddenly changed to a well-known sailor's hornpipe, the Captain sprang to his feet and with a skill and agility wholly unexpected in one of his years and rotund girth footed the well-known step. As the music quickened, in feverish excitement his boot heels beat the floor like the long roll of a snare drum.

"There now, Jared," said Mrs. Somes, "I am ashamed of you. What would Elder Morton say if he should look into the window?"

"I don't know what *he* would say," said the Captain, "but I say that when a man is happy there is no way he can show it quite as well as by dancing. There's plenty of Bible authority for it, too. Whenever there was an especial occasion for rejoicing they danced. I don't know much about the modern fandangoes of hugging and lop-eared swinging, but I believe that there is nothing that makes one feel better than a good, honest breakdown."

The schoolmaster fingered his violin like a guitar and sang two or three college songs, then some one suggested

that the Captain give us a regular old sea song. Nothing loth, he cleared his throat and started that threadbare tale of

My name was Captain Kidd,
When I sailed, when I sailed,
And I murdered William Moore
And I left him in his gore,
When I sailed, when I sailed.

This selection was followed by

Billy Bowlin and his wife's mother
Both rode over the bridge together.
The bridge broke down and they fell in;
Devil of a bridge, said Billy Bowlin.

What was lacking in musical rhythm was made up in force, and seemed to carry the accompaniment of roaring sea and wind beating out the chords on straining rigging.

The schoolmaster whispered to the Captain's niece, and putting the violin in place they sang together the old song of Tom Moore's, "Sweet Vale of Avoca."

Have song writers lost a delicacy of touch and sentiment, or do the clustering memories of scenes and events give a flavor of their own to bygone minstrelsy? Certainly it seems as though the pages of the past must be turned to feel the heart touch of the best.

The lights had gone out along the shore save here and there where the wearying grip of pain called for a watcher's sympathy and attention. The wind howled in dolorous cadence down the wide chimney throat, the windows rattled and all the multitudinous sounds of a blustering night filled the air.

I lay awake for a long time, but finally dropped into a troubled sleep, where Captain Somes' brine-soaked songs mingled with the soft, tremulous notes of the violin in a way more fantastic and strange than the abrupt flashes of the northern lights that were painting the midnight sky.

The next morning when Newell Marden's overland express came swaying and rattling around the Ferry Corner I stood by my luggage on the Captain's front steps.

The theory that language was given man for the purpose of concealing his thoughts may or may not be true, but it is quite certain that the hand grasp of a friend gives an assurance of sincere regard that no words can rival. You may call it mental telegraphy, magnetism, or what not, but there is something that goes with it that binds the strands of friendship into a firmer cord. I felt this as I grasped Captain Somes' hand. Little was said, little need be said, we knew one another too well to play with words.

The old coach swayed and swang down the long street, its genial driver shouting his morning salutations to every one he met. When the horses slowed down to a walk on Cedar Hill I turned for a last look at Shoreline. A big lump came in my throat as I thought of the possible changes that might come ere my eyes rested again on this scene, if, indeed, they ever did.

A turn at the top of the hill, and the leaf of records of one summer vacation was turned.





Fire Consumed the Soil Twenty Years Ago.

Soil entirely gone. Rock washed bare by the rains. No future growth possible.

THE FOREST SITUATION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE, AND HOW TO CHANGE IT.

By Philip W. Ayres, Forester of the Society for the Protection of N. H. Forests.

I. THE SITUATION.

Few realize the importance of the forests in New Hampshire. Scattered as our people are in three hundred self-governing towns, it is difficult to realize the situation or to determine a method of forest treatment. Not only is a very large portion of the land area of the state covered by some form of woody growth,—more than seventy-five per cent., including the brush land,—but also a very large portion is non-agricultural and can never be productive of any but a forest crop. It has been estimated that the present gross product of the forests in the state is \$16,000,000 annually, and that at the present rate of cutting spruce in the

northern towns this product must soon be greatly diminished by exhaustion of supply. The old pine growth is gone already, but it reproduces rapidly, and we are reaping a large return annually from second growth. By proper management, getting pines instead of hard woods to succeed pines, as can easily be done, and has been done in the state repeatedly, the income from our pine forests can be more than doubled, perhaps quadrupled, while by a different method of cutting, our spruce supplies can be made to hold out much longer.

The clean cutting of spruce on our high mountain slopes, practised by all of the great paper companies, is wasteful in the extreme, and in many



This Tree Shows How the Soil was Consumed by Fire.

Two feet and eight inches were burned away.

instances, especially when the slash is consumed by the great fires, the soil is destroyed, and a future crop of any value is postponed for several centuries and sometimes forever. The accompanying picture photographs the soil consumed by fire, where formerly, only twenty years ago, a great forest stood. Germany and France have learned by much bitter experience that floods and timber famine follow destructive lumbering in the mountains. They now use the wiser, selective method, taking out only mature trees. We are following their former methods, without profiting by their experience, and when we awake to our real needs it may be too late. These considerations do not concern our summer visitors; they are not a matter of sentiment, but primarily of

bread and butter to our all-the-year population.

How essential a proper treatment of the forests becomes is seen in towns like Roxbury, formerly a flourishing community, but now without a post-office, or Saron or Richmond or many others that are not what they were when farming and lumbering combined yielded a comfortable living, for which the farms alone are inadequate and no longer used. It is inevitable that many of our mountain towns now flourishing will follow their example. Indeed, Bartlett and Tamworth have done so already, and are dependent largely on the summer visitors. It appears to be only a question of time when the present prosperity of several of our mountain towns will disappear.

As the forest grows slowly, and when abused produces tree weeds or species of little value, often for a hundred years or more, legislation is necessary—more necessary to a rational forest management than to general agriculture, yet our forest laws are few and inoperative.

II. HOW TO CHANGE THE SITUATION.

How can the situation be changed? In the following ways:

1. By spreading as widely as possible, among woodland owners, a knowledge of tree growth and tree values, and the best methods of cutting and of reproducing a forest. The Grange has been active in this regard, and can do still more. The Society for the Protection of New Hampshire forests provides lantern slides, and a lecturer free, except the expenses of the lantern.

2. There should be better laws on the subject of forest fires. Last year eight thousand acres burned over in the town of Bethlehem, two thousand in Franconia, twelve thousand in Milan and Berlin; more than two hundred thousand in the state at large, causing a loss in present values estimated at one and one half millions of dollars, with loss to young growth and to the soil that is beyond estimate. Several states, including New York, Massachusetts and Minnesota, have a fire warden in each town to put out small fires and to

bring forces quickly to bear upon large ones. There are striking examples of the benefit of this system in New Hampshire where private wardens have been employed.

3. By providing a nursery for the distribution of forest seedling trees and seeds at cost.

4. By establishing one or more areas in the state under expert management, to demonstrate the financial value of proper treatment of the forest, and to preserve some of the virgin forest, both of pine and spruce, of which now very little remains of either.

5. By the establishment of a national forest reservation in the White Mountains. A bill for this purpose has been introduced in both houses of congress. It has passed favorably the Senate Committee on Forest Reservations.

Every one who is interested in the preservation of the forests on these mountains, and in their more conservative use, is urged to write to his or her representative in congress, urging the passage of this bill. Persons of New Hampshire birth or ancestry, living in other states, can lend most valuable aid in this direction. Within the state the immediate objects to work for are better laws to protect our forests from fire, and one or more state reservations under adequate care.



DEMPSEY'S TRICK.

By Jesse H. Buffum.

The trouble began in a way that many troubles do, by my father's determination that I should enter the ministry. At first this did not concern me very much, for I was but fourteen years old when the subject was first broached, but as time accumulated I was so overwhelmed by the realization of my own sinfulness that I could not for a moment entertain the idea of correcting the same idiosyncrasies in others.

I gave this explanation to myself, for it was in a way comforting.

The inevitable climax came at last, and to the query, "What on earth *are* you going to do?" I promptly replied, "Go to my uncle and learn to quarry."

"Hugh!"

What made this sudden disposition of the problem possible was the fact that my uncle, Allen Eastman, owned a granite quarry far up in the "wilds" of New Hampshire, as my father termed it, in the beautiful White Mountain region; or, more particularly, in the quiet village of North Conway.

About my experiences in this strange position I shall tell you but little, for six weeks of quarrying ended in my extreme inquisitiveness being rewarded with a broken leg—two places, broken ribs—about six, and severe internal injuries.

My accident, which occurred in early spring, had been a peculiar one

the doctor said, and I was informed that I had a summer of idleness before me—to boot, the impossibility of a railroad journey home.

So I began to make the most of North Conway.

When I say that the trouble all began with my father, I am partially wrong, for had I not been born with a seemingly inherent love for railroading, I would not be telling you this story about myself—I mean about Dempsey,—for I play but a poor part in the little tragedy soon to be enacted.

Do not expect a graphic account of some deep-laid mathematical plot of a boy train despatcher, whereby he saves scores of lives by a single touch of the finger and brings the Limited in on time. It is a railroad story, to be sure, but of the practical coolness of an obscure fellow who, when he was needed, was there and able to *think*. The young man who wonders how he can succeed may read this with profit, perhaps.

I reveled in the unspeakable beauties of a springtime in the woods. I have learned where and when to spend my vacations, for the veritable nature-garden of the North Conway region cannot be surpassed. I took many walks after I had laid my crutches aside, and although I was weak and could stand but little exertion, I was constantly expeditionizing.

My fascination with things railroad led me to quite frequently pay visits to the depot, water tank and round-house. North Conway marked the terminus of the Boston & Maine. The Maine Central passed through another portion of the village, running north and west up through the White Mountains. It was on this branch that Dempsey did his "trick." I would each night at 6 o'clock stand and watch the engineer "put her to bed" in the roundhouse. The engines—there were three during the busy season—would come in from the turn-table panting just like "humans," as if they had done a hard day's work and wanted you to know it.

I did not confine my perambulations to the tank, switches or round-house, but occasionally would saunter into the cool depot, where the click of the relay fascinated and attracted me. For hours between train times, when the place was not busy, I would sit and chat with the operator. It was thus that I got to know Dempsey. Dempsey was the operator.

I had lived this way for about a month, perhaps, going and coming at will, doing nothing and wanting to do nothing, when one day after our customary chat about nothings in particular, Dempsey said to me:

"Why don't you learn to trick?"

He called everything a "trick," from booking cars to refilling batteries.

Dempsey nagged me continually about learning to operate. I have wondered many times at his interest in me, and as I have grown to know him better, I believe it was because he hated to see me kill time. I was indeed getting into a bad way. With

nothing on earth to occupy one, one gets tired of life even. So I began to learn the alphabet. As I grew a little more and more adept, the incentive became stronger, and I found myself spending several hours each day, wrapt mind and soul in the simple instrument before me. This went on until about the 13th of June, when, as the "summer" business began, there came down from the "C. F. D." the peremptory order to "Stop that novice work at C—y."

My ambition gauge dropped about fifty degrees, but Dempsey, who was resourceful if anything, sent me skyward again by running a private line from the office to his boarding-house and thence to my own room. Thus, whenever a spare hour came, whether daytime or evening, he coached me. I soon became an "expert," as my chum enthusiastically declared.

It was well along in July when an incident occurred which, though I placed no value on it at the time, proved of much consequence to me a little later on. I was spending the afternoon in the office as usual. Dempsey had left me, going out on some errand or other, and I was sitting alone, listening to the dull drone of the haymaking as it came up from the intervalles beyond. Suddenly the relay began to speak. I knew the call instantly: "C—y—C—y." It was the office call, and it kept coming insistently. It grew more imperious.

I trembled a little at what I was doing, but I opened in and, scarce realizing what I was doing, took down orders, flagged trains and, as some say, saved a few lives. I speak shortly of this, for it has nothing to do with Dempsey, and does

not compare with what he did in the mountains in the little town of Bartlett.

The summer was far spent. I had found time, when I was not sending whole chapters of "Quincy Adams Sawyer" over the wire to my friend of the key, to take in all the sights in the vicinity, and my conquering spirit yearned for fresh fields of adventure or work, for Dempsey had lost for me my laziness. I had climbed Washington, Moat, Kearsarge, and passed raptures on the various scenes and places of the famous White Mountain region.

My uneasiness for want of occupation was increased by a letter from home stating that my father had secured for me a position in a business house. It was time that I made some move. When I communicated to my chum this intelligence he was deeply interested, and distressed at the thought of my going back to New Jersey.

"It will never do," declared he, "you were cut out for the railroad and you won't fit anywhere else."

"Say," he continued, after we had stood a while in silence brooding over the matter, "will you take a trick if I can get one for you?"

"Yes," I said, though with no faith in the outcome.

My chum was enthusiastic and volubly assured me of a job soon found. I left him, myself far less hopeful of so delightful a result.

Though I had always entertained full confidence in my friend Dempsey, I was genuinely surprised to receive, as I did a few days later, my appointment to the night trick at Bartlett, a small town up in the mountains. It was here that my hero was to win

fame for himself and a better job for me.

I found my new duties very agreeable, and in time overcame the intricacies of the position with some assistance from my ever-ready friend down the line. During the remainder of the summer, and while the days were still hot, I found much leisure time, for my duties were light, as the passenger service, though brisk, alone demanded my attention. The freight traffic would begin to pick up in the early fall.

But while I had much time to spare from my work, I was not going to be allowed to lapse into idleness. Dempsey kept the wire hot. He first declared that I was not always going to hang out at Bartlett, and "you want more speed." He made me an expert in abbreviating, and no code or system in vogue in the railway world but what I could tick off glibly. On hot afternoons during August and early September we had delightful chats over the wire. I would sleep during the forenoon and spend the remainder of the day in the office. Occasionally he would try me for speed. Under his direction I accomplished a great deal, and during those periods when the wire would be almost entirely quiet, I would send him whole chapters of some favorite novel we would both be reading. Dempsey, who was an expert stenographer as well as telegrapher, would "take me down" in shorthand and repeat all I would send. I in turn would verify the stuff. In this way we both got in much excellent practice.

As the fall freight season opened in I found but small time for "novice work," so termed by the C. T. D.

The real work was beginning for me, and the heavy freight traffic kept me pretty well occupied throughout my trick. Nothing outside the despatcher's office is called a "trick," but I had fallen into Dempsey's phonology readily.

Coal and live stock and grain went up the line, and lumber and stone came down. A lot of mixed traffic was sprinkled in, but this constituted the principal business on the road.

Just why I never could determine, but the Bartlett freight yard seemed the dumping ground for all the empty freight cars north and east of Philadelphia. My predecessor informed me that on one occasion, in mid-winter, there had been a thousand cars in the yard at once, and "they made a nasty snarl," said he, adding significantly, "they changed operators next day." As the season's work advanced I began to realize what a "nasty snarl" might be, for several times my wits, and speed at the ticker, were taxed to the utmost to keep things out of a hopeless tangle.

A snowstorm in the White Mountains means something. December had come and gone, and still no snow—only a few inches. No genuine snowstorm had appeared. I was old for my years, and accepted this as a warning before disaster, for an "old timer" meant business for the operators. There were always blockades and rear-end collisions and such like to keep the poor fellows on nerve's end.

Dempsey came up to see me early in January—I think it was of a Friday—and as my trick began at 6 in the afternoon, he said he would stay

all night with me. He was off duty for a few days and was well rested. The night before it had begun snowing, and continued to snow all through the day following. When I went on at 6 a blizzard was raging.

All day long empty cars had been piling into the yard. The chief despatcher evidently realized the inexpediency of sending them further into the mountains in the face of what promised to be the biggest storm occurring in years.

It was none too warm, even in the office, yet sweat was pouring off my face as the strain increased.

It was near midnight.

I had no time for sociability. But Dempsey did not need entertaining. Despite his assurances that he felt "fresh as that young fireman on '71," he was now fast asleep.

The snow was now many feet deep and still falling fast. A double-header had just pulled in with thirty empty cars. The sidings were all full, so there she stood on the main track, fast losing her outlines beneath the heavy, clinging flakes which fell with amazing rapidity. I had booked every car so far, and had reported 983 in the yard. I had done a hard night's work, and weak from the exertion and rush, lounged back in my chair watching the snow as it drove by the window. I could scarcely distinguish the train on the track in front of me, only a few feet away.

The relay snapped—"B—tt," rather viciously, I thought. The wire had been talking some stuff about a special, but I had scarcely heard. It was with some misgivings that I opened. I was horrified when Liver-

more, next above, told me that special No. 5 had just passed.

I forgot all about Dempsey.

Opening on the C. T. D. I told him the situation. He swore in red-hot English and it snapped over the wire in an ugly way.

"Flag her!"

She had a snow plow in front and could n't see a red barn on fire.

"Back 86 [the double-header just in] down to Conway."

"86 stalled and can't move."

"——. No. 5 is lost and you——."

I don't believe I heard him finish, for I sprang across the room at Dempsey. Both he and the chair went to the floor together. I *had* been a little hasty. But I was helpless; and of course Dempsey would find a way out. You see I had boundless confidence in my benefactor. He sprang up and plied me with questions. He said, "I have twenty minutes yet," grabbed a lantern and rushed out the door.

Opposite the depot and parallel with the main track, on which stood freight train No. 86, ran a steep embankment. Between this track and embankment lay another track, a siding. On this stood a work train with derrick. Dempsey took this all in at a glance, though he was somewhat familiar with the ground. There

were, in the roundhouse across the yard, about twenty-five men, train hands and accustomed to rough work. In a few moments he had these men with shovels releasing the work train, rear and front. In the meantime the donkey engine was started, and one by one the empty cars of train 86 were picked up and dumped gently over the embankment.

It takes some time to handle thirty cars in this way. Dempsey had the job completed including the locomotive, with the exception of two cars filled with hay, when up the line sounded a whistle. No time to lose! While the derrick grappled one of the remaining cars, Dempsey sprang to the other. A lurid blaze shot skyward through the thickly falling snow. Above the storm came the rushing of steam and hissing of brakes, and special No. 5 came to a standstill, with her engine half way through the burning car. The wreckage was cleared away in a few minutes, and the special, with clear track, passed on down the line.

Dempsey is now at Portland, and I am holding down a good job at W——, one of the best positions on the road. This, however, is several years after Dempsey did his "trick" in the mountains.

A FACT.

By Laura Garland Carr.

Who does not earn, by work of brain or hand,
His place in life, wherever that may be—
Is but a useless cumberer of the land
And lives—by charity.



JOHN STARK, THE HERO OF BENNINGTON.

By Gilbert Patten Brown.

Live free or die—death is not the worst of evils.—John Stark.

From the lives of many of the prominent men of past generations, we of this progressive age can profit much. While their forms are unseen by the human eye, their deeds of valor are monuments in modern civilization. Empires of the old world have been born and destroyed by the children of men. In the new world a republic has been formed, as a home for the oppressed of all races and creeds; and in that home the Declaration of Independence will serve as a Bible for the rights of human kind forever.

In 1493 the Duchess of Burgundy, widow of Charles the Bold, sent under Gen. Martin Swart a distinguished body of German grenadiers to take part in the invasion of England, in support of the claim of a pretender to the throne of Henry VII. The invading forces were defeated, and those whose good fortune it was to survive

fled to Scotland, where they had the protection of the Scottish king. Among that large body of soldiers were several men, mighty in stature and intellect, bearing the name of Stark. From one of those men of Germany's best blood the subject of this memoir descended. In the books of heraldry we find mention as to one of this distinguished name having saved the life of the king of Scotland. Archibald Stark was born at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1697, and was graduated from the university of that city. While he was young, the family moved to Londonderry, Ireland, at which place he married Miss Eleanor Nichols. In 1720 they, together with other Scotch-Irish families, came to the new world and settled in the old town of Nutfield, among the forests of the New Hampshire colony.

The warlike hand of the red man seemed to cause a cloud of gloom to hang over that part of the country, and giant Archibald Stark at once took up arms in defense of the king against the natives.

The inhabitants of Londonderry were in some instances protected from the savages through the influence of Father Rallee, the Catholic friar of Norridgewock, who informed the Indians that they would surely go to hell if they meddled with the Irish.

John Stark, his son, was born in Nutfield (now Londonderry), New Hampshire, August 28, 1726. He received but little education, yet the best the town at that time could afford. But like Franklin "improved himself in books," so when arriving at manhood the hunter boy of Londonderry possessed the rudiments of an ordinary English education. He, together with his brothers, William, Samuel, and Archibald, held commissions in the king's service during the "Seven Years," or so, often called the "French War," of 1754 to 1760. On August 20, 1758, he married Miss Elizabeth Page of old Dunbarton, N. H. She was of sweet manners, of rare beauty, and of Norman and Celt extraction. The following children were the fruit of that marriage: Caleb, Archibald, John, Jr., Eleanor, Eleanor, 2d, Sarah, Elizabeth, Mary, Charles, Benjamin Franklin, and Sophia. The emigrant is buried in the beauteous city of Manchester, N. H., where a rude stone is seen, bearing the following epitaph:

Here lies the body of Mr.
Archibald Stark. He
Departed this life June 25th,
1758, Aged 61 Years.

Although the Starks had served the crown faithfully in colonial times,

when the dark cloud of the war of the Revolution came, no family in all New England took a more firm stand against the British longer ruling the American colonies than this one family. Excitement ran throughout that town, and they were foremost in the new and most vital issue. After the battle of Lexington (1775) John Stark was appointed colonel in the "Massachusetts' Line," and on the following month was appointed by the general court of New Hampshire, colonel to command the First New Hampshire regiment, which body, with Colonel Stark at its head, was in the thickest of the fray at the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775.

In 1776 he served in the Canada campaign under Maj.-Gen. John Sullivan, L.L. D. In the battles of Trenton and Princeton his regiment played a most conspicuous part. He being of modest disposition, therefore, claimed but little credit for his vast achievements, and was superseded by congress. This grieved the great-hearted patriot, who at once resigned his commission and quietly retired to his farm at old Merrimack, where he "patiently bided his time."

Much grieved were the New Hampshire people, as they had seen the mistake made by their honorable and patriotic body in failing at a very early date to appoint the hunter boy of wild Londonderry a colonel, thus permitting the Massachusetts colony to commission him. In 1777 he again left his loving wife and family amid the granite hills and took up the sword of human justice and fought at Bennington with results well known to history. As a volunteer he had joined General Gates and had fought with distinction and bravery at the

battle of Saratoga. After having been ordered by General Gates to send away his troops (and somewhat doubting the patriotism of Gates) he wrote the following letter :

ALBANY, June 1, 1778.

To the Mayor and Council of Albany :

GENTLEMEN :

As I am ordered by the Hon. Major-General Gates to send to Fishkill all the Continental troops from this place, with the British Hospital, I must beg the favor of you to mount the guards for the security of the city and the stores in it.

Your compliance will much oblige

Your friend and very humble servant,

JOHN STARK.

General Gates had not acted in a friendly manner to General Stark, as he well knew the New Hampshire veteran to be an honest man, and Gates was not so. General Stark, like the majority of those foremost in the patriot cause, was a member of the Masonic institution. It had been his wish for many years to be a Mason (some of his dearest friends were members of army lodges). In the busy and then much troubled town of Albany, N. Y., was old "Masters' lodge, No. 2" (now Masters' lodge, No. 5), among whose rolls of membership were the names of many men distinguished in colonial and Revolutionary life. The name of "John Stark, Brigadier-General," was proposed by a fellow-officer to "Masters' lodge," and on January 9, 1778, he was initiated into the ancient craft. There gathered upon that occasion at this fraternal shrine many of his military compeers. He paid "5L for initiation, 8s. to Tyler, and 4s. for extra lodge," and after his being there entered, crafted, and raised to the degree of a Master Mason, no prouder member of the fraternity could be found in all the Continental army than

the volunteer of Saratoga. In 1780 he served with marked bravery in the New Jersey campaign, and in 1781 had command of the Northern department.

On October 4, 1777, the continental congress passed the following act :

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of congress be presented to General Stark of the New Hampshire militia, and to the officers and troops under his command, for their brave and successful attack upon and signal victory over the enemy in their lines at Bennington, and that Brigadier-General Stark be appointed a Brigadier-General in the army of the United States."

From the above date he bore a commission of a regular brigadier-general and served to the close of the war, when he was brevetted a major-general September 30, 1783. General Stark was noted for his unique phrases. Just before the battle of Bennington things looked critical to the Americans; he there addressed his soldiers in a most fitting manner. His words gave them fresh courage, and in concluding, he said: "We must conquer, my boys, or to-night Molly Stark sleeps a widow." Those last words reminded them of their homes, and all that was dear to them. Just previous to the battle of Bunker Hill, a British officer asked General Gage if he thought the provincials would stand the fire of the king's forces? He replied: "Yes, if one John Stark is amongst them—he served under me at Lake George, and was a brave fellow." At Bunker Hill an old soldier cried in tears to General Stark: "My son has fallen dead." The giant warrior replied: "Is this a time for private grief, with the foe in our face?"

In his official account of the battle of Bennington, General Stark thus writes: "It lasted two hours, the hottest I ever saw in my life; it presented one continued clap of thunder; however, the enemy were obliged to give way and leave their field pieces and all their baggage behind them; they were all environed within two breastworks with artillery; but our martial courage proved too strong for them. I then gave orders to rally again, in order to secure the victory: but in a few minutes was informed that there was a large reinforcement on its march within two miles. Colonel Warner's regiment, luckily coming up at the moment, renewed the attack with fresh vigor. I pushed forward as many of the men as I could to their assistance; the battle continued obstinate on both sides until sunset; the enemy was obliged to retreat; we pursued them till dark, and had the day lasted an hour longer should have taken the whole body of them."

Since the death of General Montgomery, this victory was the first event that had proved encouraging in the

Northern department, and the name of Stark was upon the lips of all patriots.

At the end of the war he retired to his farm in New Hampshire. He was popular only as a soldier. By his youthful training he had become well skilled in the art of warfare. As a farmer he was unsuccessful, and in politics he took no part. He died May 8, 1822. In Manchester, New Hampshire, upon the banks of the Merrimack, on a high bluff of land, stands a monument to the "Hero of Bennington." The inscription is simply

Major-General Stark.

Gentle reader, there rests all that is earthly of the scout of rural Londonderry, in whose veins there flowed blood of the chivalry of early Germany. The pine-covered hills of the town of his nativity seem, as each springtime comes around, to sing a requiem to a sacred memory:

Sleep on, thou warrior, ever bold;
Men think of thee no shame.
Your like could ne'er be gained with gold,
Nor insults touch thy name!

THE HOPE PLANT.

By A. H. H.

My little hope plant, promised much
In the spring of the opening year;
I've tried so hard, to nourish it right
To my heart was its life so dear.

The sun has tended the garden flowers,
And they have been full of bloom;
But not one bud has my little plant had
And my heart is filled with gloom.

The seeds are scattering over the earth,
Nature's perfect work is done;
But my little plant I have misunderstood;
The lot of many a one.

HISTORY AND POETRY FROM THE LIFE OF F. B. SANBORN OF CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

CHAPTER II.—HEREDITARY INFLUENCES. SANBORNS, TOWLES AND LEAVITTS.

Having established my own existence in the first chapter, with some account of the immediate environment around my childhood and youth, it is proper next to consider the antecedents. Every person, by inheritance, is but a kind of net result of thousands of ancestors, both for his physical and mental structure. We understand heredity, as yet, very little in its details; but of its general effect there can be no doubt. The puzzle is to reconcile multiplicity with unity; the individual is one, his forefathers are innumerable. Is he, am I, a composite photograph of the multitude, or has some syndicate, or some powerful antecedent unit, impressed on me characteristics not of the generality, but specially traceable to him or them? I incline to the latter alternative, not only from a general survey of the field of heredity, but from special facts in my own genealogy.

The Sambornes of England, who came over with their grandfather, the Puritan ejected minister, Rev. Stephen Bachiler, were purely English, so far as known; but possibly Norman rather than Saxon, and perhaps with a comparatively recent French admixture, through the Bachilers, with their kindred, the Merciers, Priaulx, etc. The Leavitts, my mother's ancestors, were also purely

English, but from more northern and eastern counties,—Lincoln or Yorkshire, instead of Wilts and Hampshire. No Irish strain appears in either line until some generations after the migration. Bachilers and Sambornes and Husseys, all kindred, were among the founders of Hampton; Leavitts, of two different stocks, were among the founders of the next town, Exeter. A certain connection by affinity seems to have existed between my ancestor, Thomas Leavitt, and his pastor, Rev. John Wheelwright, who, with the first Wentworth, and two-score others, founded Exeter. But nothing not English appears in that line; the wife of the first Leavitt being the daughter of John Bland, a good English name.

Now about 1650 there appeared in Hampton, N. H., a stalwart Irishman, Philip Towle, called a "seaman," and of course a Protestant, who in 1657 married a daughter of the same Isabella Bland from whom, through the Leavitts, I am descended. At the age of sixty-two he had a son Caleb, who married Zipporah, daughter of Anthony Brackett (an Indian fighter whom the Indians slew), and had eleven children, all but one leaving families. Caleb's son Philip, grandson of Captain Brackett, married Lydia Dow, and had a daughter Esther, who married Benjamin Leavitt, great-grandson of Isabella Bland, and therefore second cousin of Esther

Towle. About the same time my other great-grandfather, Benjamin Sanborn, married Anna Towle, second cousin of Esther, so that by those two marriages the Towle influence gave me a double chance of inheritance.

From the Towles came the great height and size which some of the Sanborns and some of the Leavitts have since shown. A son of Anna



Hon. Moses Norris, Jr.

(Towle) Sanborn, my great-uncle John, was about the stature of Abraham Lincoln, and of enormous strength. From Esther's daughter, Comfort Leavitt, who married Moses Norris of Pittsfield, my mother's cousin, Norris the Congressman and Senator, derived his height and physical strength. My own stature, and such strength as I have had, evidently came from the same source, for neither the Sanborns nor the Leavitts, in their own lines, were above the common size.

Moreover, this slight Irish admixture seems to have introduced a gay and active turn of mind, often verging on eccentricity, which was hardly natural either to the Sanborn or the Leavitt stock. From old Parson Bachiler the Sanborns might have derived, and doubtless did, vigor and independence, which were his traits; but liveliness, ambition, black hair and fair complexions, with an occasional turn for music, and escapades, came to the Leavitts from old Philip Towle.

When an old lady, recently, looking at me carefully, and hearing me talk with something of the Hibernian liveliness, said to me: "You were *intended* for a rogue," I said to myself, as Emerson did on a different occasion, "This is a saying in which I find a household relationship." Therefore, when Colonel Higginson, Mrs. Dall, and others fancy they see in me some outward signs of descent from Daniel Webster's "black Bachiler" ancestor, the old parson, I cannot deny the fact; but know in my own mind that my complexion and physical traits come from the Leavitts. When Esther Leavitt entered the Hampton Falls meeting-house with her sons Jonathan, Reuben, Brackett, and her daughter Lydia, for whom my mother was named, she could not help showing pride in her handsome children; and her deep religious sentiment did not make her regard it as a sin. My mother, as I remember her, to the age of sixty had the traditional Irish beauty—jet-black hair of great length and thickness, clear blue eyes with long lashes, and a complexion of clear white and red, which descended to several of her children. Others of

them followed the Sanborn type, with equally fair complexions, but without the sparkling eyes and thick dark hair.

There was an early admixture from another source in the Sanborn line, by the marriage of Mary Gove (daughter of Edward Gove, the prisoner of London Tower) to Joseph Samborne, son of the first John, and the first of the name to reside where I was born. Although Edward Gove's descendants became peaceful Quakers in considerable number, his own temper was far from peaceful at times, and he had involved himself in a dispute with his powerful neighbor, Nathaniel Weare, who was long active in the magistracy of New Hampshire. Notwithstanding this, Gove was often chosen to important local office, was a captain in the militia, and a man of property enough to make the confiscation of it a matter of interest to Governor Cranfield, who in 1683 procured his arrest, trial and sentence to death for high treason. It was an absurd name for his offence, which was an armed demonstration against James II and the Tories who then held sway in the new Province of the Weares, Cutts, Husseys and Sambornes.

He was sent to England under the escort of Edward Randolph, the great enemy of Puritan rule in New England, and lodged in the Tower under strict guard, about the time that the leaders of his party in England, Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney, were imprisoned there, preliminary to their execution. But Gove was soon seen to be a harmless man, and nobody in England, even in that bloody time, urged his beheading. His neighbor, Weare, visiting England in the in-

terest of the planters and merchants of the province, secured the resignation of Cranfield through the influence of Savile, Lord Halifax; and soon after, the pardon and return of Gove to that part of Hampton which is now Seabrook. He recovered his forfeited estate, some part of which seems to have come to his daughter by way of dowry. She was married at the age of sixteen to my ancestor, two short months only before her father's sentence to death, and in the foot company of Hampton which arrested him, and put his mounted men in custody, her father-in-law, Lieut. John Samborne, was an officer.

Thirty years before, when this Lieut. John and Edward Gove were young men, they had joined Samborne's uncle, Christopher Hussey of Hampton, in a petition to the Massachusetts General Court in favor of Robert Pike of Salisbury (where Gove was then living), who had given offence by his free speech to the Puritan oligarchy. For this Hussey and Samborne were fined, but Gove seems to have escaped notice. He had been a member of the Provincial Assembly just before his arrest in 1683, and was a leading man.

After his return to Hampton he was chosen, along with Weare and others, to frame a temporary constitution for the Province, after the imprisonment of Sir Edmund Andros, and his name is signed, January 24, 1690, to the only copy of this brief and sensible document known to exist. Little more than a year later (May 29, 1691) he died. Various legends and traditions survived him, and are still kept alive by credulity

or ignorance,—that he was a hard drinker, was insane after leaving the Tower, and believed himself to have been slowly poisoned in his food there. His important offices before and after his imprisonment discredited these stories. He was probably a person of excitable and rather eccentric temper, and in other respects a good citizen, of more than ordinary intelligence. His son and his servant, William Healey, joined in his demonstration, and were long in prison for it.

His contemporary, Lieutenant Samborne, had been briefly imprisoned by Cranfield in 1684, for refusing to pay quitrents on his land in Hampton, which Robert Mason claimed to own. He escaped from the Hampton jail, probably by the connivance of the jailer.

I thought of these imprisoned ancestors when the United States Senate had me illegally arrested in 1860, but I was discharged by the Massachusetts court the next day, without going to prison. I have since visited many prisons as their official inspector.

By my maternal grandmother's line (Hannah Melcher, descended from Edward Melcher of Portsmouth) I am connected by descent with nearly all those early Hampton families from whom I am not descended through the Sanborns, Leavitts and Towles. But I still hold the chief part of my heredity as coming from the Leavitts and their Irish kin. My other ancestors were yeomen, deacons, petty officers in the towns, and industrious farmers tilling their own land; but the Leavitts, after the Irish infusion, began to get more education and push their fortunes farther. My grandfather, Thomas

Leavitt, and his father, Benjamin, were land surveyors, as George Washington, St. John de Crèvecoeur, John Brown and Henry Thoreau were,—a pursuit that implied education, accuracy, and some knowledge of the world. 'Squire Tom's oldest brother, Jonathan Leavitt, was an officer in the Revolution, afterwards a merchant, and one of the first citizens of Passamaquoddy, now Eastport, Me. There he came into acquaintance with the Lesdernier, or Delesdernier, family, of Swiss origin, and still keeping up the French language, which was that of their native Geneva.

When the celebrated Albert Gallatin, adventuring to America in 1780, reached Boston from Gloucester, where he landed, he was taken in charge by the Lesderniers, went with some of them to Machias, and spent a year on the Maine coast, trading with Indians, paddling in canoes, and learning English from the Lesderniers and their friends. Then he got an appointment in Harvard College to teach French, and soon found his way to Virginia and Pennsylvania, where he became a Democratic leader.

The Leavitts were also Democrats, as most of the Revolutionary soldiers in New Hampshire were, and my grandfather, appointed a justice of the peace by John Langdon, soon became a local leader of the party in his region. As a young man he was active and gay, and his sons, Benson, Joseph and Anthony Brackett (named by his Grandmother Esther for her ancestor, the slain Indian fighter) had the same activity, and soon left the little town to seek fortune elsewhere.

Joseph was to be the heir of his childless uncle, Brackett Leavitt, in Pittsfield, where his cousin Norris, afterwards senator, was growing up and getting an education. But the uncle was cut off by sudden death, and the boy returned home till he was old enough to be taken in charge by another uncle, his mother's brother, in Boston. Benson also went to Boston; in time the two brothers became merchants in a prosperous way at the North End, and in 1843, when I first visited my cousins, their children, they were living in the two tenements of a double house in Fleet Street, not far from Father Taylor's Seamen's Chapel. A few years after Dr. Edward Beecher was living in Charter Street, opposite my Uncle Benson's house at that time, and I called on Mrs. Stowe there, fresh from her success in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

A certain sad romance, which could not extinguish my Uncle Brackett's natural gaiety of heart, followed his efforts to establish himself in the world. He married early and migrated to Ann Arbor in Michigan; was attacked there by the fever of the region, nearly died, and returned with his wife and son to his father's house to recover health. There I remember him with his violin, playing and singing—the family all having that gift—and amusing a child like me. Then he disappeared, going this time to Orange, near Hanover, N. H., where he bought a farm and carried it on without much success. Presently he tried a new move, and went to Illinois, some ten years after Ellery Channing had done the same thing in a more northern county. The

California gold fever in 1848-'49 attacked my uncle, too; he left his wife and young family near Peoria, Ill., and crossed the Plains to California, where he was prospering, as he wrote; but presently tidings of him ceased. Long afterwards it was learned that he had been murdered, and his property taken. Not even the place of his death is certainly known to his children, one of whom, Thomas Leavitt, has been a state official of Illinois, after an honorable career in the Civil War.

Another Thomas Leavitt, son of my Uncle Joseph, and named, like Brackett's son, for his grandfather, was killed in an Indian fight in what is now Dakota, as a lieutenant of an Iowa regiment, enlisted for the Civil War, but turned aside to fight the Sioux in the Northwest.

His father, whom I was said much to resemble in stature and features, had died of consumption after a long illness, when I was about sixteen. This uncle had the same cheerful turn of mind, and endured his malady with great patience.

My grandfather, the old 'Squire, born in 1774, was by 1844 verging on seventy; the loss of his sons, the illness of his wife, and the comparative neglect of his affairs by his absorption in politics, where he did not find the official promotion he hoped for, had combined with increasing age to diminish his natural high spirits. He was somewhat given to bewailing the degeneracy of the times; his sons, who faithfully looked after his affairs, were Whigs, his grandsons, Charles and myself, were anti-slavery youths; he remained a Jackson Democrat, as did my father. This caused the old gentleman some

pangs, but his kindness of heart and his interest in the family continued. He visited his descendants in Boston, and carried his snuffbox into their parlors and those of their friends. On his last visit, about 1850, he sat for his daguerreotype, as he had sat more than forty years before, to his Carolina friend, James Akin, and this final portrait, as I chiefly remember him, adorns this page. He died in



T. Leavitt, *Æt.* 75.

1852, when I was fitting for college at Exeter, and I was struck, in looking at his dead face in the coffin, to see so much of the youthful expression there (at 77) which Akin had caught in his slight sketch of 1808. The fair and smooth cheek, the clear-cut features, had taken on an earlier expression; and much of this youthful look was afterwards reproduced in the features and air of my son Victor, who has investigated the genealogy of his ancestors in Old England and New.

So much for the chapter of heredity. I quite agree, however, with old Master John Sullivan, father of two state governors, John of New Hampshire (the General), and James of Massachusetts, and grandson, as he said, of four Irish countesses, that men must be valued for what they are, not for what their forefathers may have been. Writing at the age of 93 to his son, the General, the retired schoolmaster quoted a Latin pair of distichs, which in English run thus :

Was Adam all men's sire, and Eve their mother?
Then how can one be nobler than another?
Ennobled are we not by sire or dame,
Till life and conduct give us noble fame.

Philosophers, who seek to know the causes of things, are apt to be interested, however, in the manifold influences that make men individuals,—no two alike, even in the same household,—and it is in the ancestry that we must look for certain determining causes, before environment and education begin to do their modifying work on the newly-arrived inhabitant of earth. Of that environment it is now time to say something. As I remarked in a chapter on "The New Hampshire Way of Life," which my son, Mr. Victor Sanborn of Kemilworth, Ill., induced me to write for his copious "Sanborn Genealogy" :

"For many years the bulk of the New Hampshire people were farmers or farm laborers; the mechanics, except in the largest towns, worked on their own land, or some neighbor's, a part of the year; and the parish minister, the country doctor, and lawyer, and the village schoolmaster all had farms, large or small. Originally, each parish had its parsonage or manse, to which more or less land was attached; this the parson and his sons, with a hired man,

cultivated, like his parishioners. The shoemaker who made my first pair of boots had a few acres, attached to the old house in which he lived and had his bench; the blacksmith at the corner of the road might also be a farmer; and the carpenters and cabinet-makers, if they prospered at all, became landowners. At first there may have been less of this 'territorial democracy,' as Lord Beaconsfield styled it, in New Hampshire than in Plymouth and some other colonies. A considerable tendency manifested itself among the Cutts, Champernowns, Atkinsons, Waldrons, Gilmans, Dudleys, Weares, etc., to establish a distinct class of gentry, such as existed in England; and the Wentworths and their connections maintained an offshoot of the Anglican church in Portsmouth, as did the royal governors and others in Boston. But the influences of a new country, combining with Calvinism, especially where the settlers were chiefly from the yeomanry and tradesmen of England and Northern Ireland, as in New Hampshire, soon brought about a virtual democracy. Education, however, was always highly valued there, and most of the towns in Rockingham county had a learned minister or two, preaching to the majority of the people, catechising the children in church and school, and often promoting the higher education by opening libraries, giving instruction in Latin, and encouraging the brighter boys to go to the academy or to college.

"In my own town much was done in this way by Dr. Langdon, a retired president of Harvard College, and his successor in the ministry, Rev. Jacob Abbot, a first cousin of Dr. Abbot of Exeter Academy,—both good scholars of wide reading and public spirit, who from 1781 to 1827 preached in the meeting house near by, and lived in the old parsonage, which was burnt in 1859. At the southern end of the town, after Parson Abbot's retirement, the Baptists set up their 'Rockingham Acad-

emy,' a sectarian high school, but not specially sectarian; so that for a town of 700 people and small wealth, Hampton Falls was well equipped with the means of education.

"The old-fashioned district school was in full swing when I was a boy; in it everything might be taught, from the alphabet upwards, to both sexes and many ages; there might be pupils of 20 taught in winter by a youth of 15; often by a college student, released in the winter term to pay his college bills by the money earned as schoolmaster. Francis Bowen, the professor and author, while a student in Harvard, taught in our 'Red Schoolhouse,' and boarded with Deacon Lane, my grandfather's cousin, whose father had inherited Dr. Langdon's globes and wig. The advantages of such a school were obvious; for though the teacher might have 40 pupils in 30 classes, to be taught in 340 minutes, at the rate of 13 minutes to each class,—yet the younger learned so much from hearing their elders recite, that perhaps as much knowledge, irregularly gained, got into the heads of bright scholars as is now insinuated more methodically by young women skilled in the newer modes of teaching. The terms were short, and arranged to meet the necessities of farm-labor, in which most children, even girls, took some part. They weeded gardens, picked apples and potatoes, husked corn, carried grain to mill, and with their mothers did much of the marketing, both buying and selling. In berry time they gathered raspberries, huckleberries, blueberries, wild blackberries, cranberries and barberries; and the women of poorer families carried these about to the farmhouses for sale, taking in payment provisions or clothing for their families, as did the Barrington basket-making gypsies, in their semi-annual rounds. One of the latter class, 'Hippin Pat Leathers' (a woman) of Whittier's 'Yankee Zin-cali,' used to whine at my grandfather's door, 'Haint ye got nerry

nold jacket, nerry nold gaownd, nerry nold pair traowwsesfur tu gimme fur this 'ere basket?' The huckleberry women from Seabrook carried away from the same door salt pork in a pail, butter and cheese, and other means of stocking the Byfield larder."

All this I have seen still surviving ; but the worst of the rum-drinking times had yielded, before my recollection, to the efforts of the early temperance reformers. I have seen similar cases, but it was in Essex county that Arthur Gilman, the architect (born in Newburyport), used to place the scene of his hero who went about sawing wood for the "forehanded folks," and took his pay in rum. One Saturday he had worked for the village 'squire, and was offered for the task a pint of the beverage. "Oh, now, 'Squire, can't ye make it a quart? Haow kin a man keep Sunday on a pinto' rum?" "Nonsense, Jem; you have n't earned more'n a pint,—can't you keep the Sabbath on that much?" "Wa-al, 'Squire, ef you say so, I s'pose I must; but jest think on't,—*haow* will it be kep'?"

The seafaring class, who were rather numerous in the old town of Hampton, and in Seabrook, Salisbury and Rye, were specially liable to the tippling habit; and when they went long voyages were apt to come back with their morals injured. But they were notable seamen, and great fighters when any naval war gave them a chance. My mother's cousin, Lewis Leavitt, perhaps named for Lewis Delesdernier of Quoddy, where he lived, was famous in the annals of the family for his skill in navigating from Eastport to Boston in the worst weather and the darkest night. Whether this anecdote of him is fact

or fiction I cannot say with confidence; but it was told and believed among his kindred. He was skipper of a coaster, which in the War of 1812 was captured by a British frigate. A prize crew was put on board, and she was headed for Halifax. Captain Leavitt watched his chance, and at night, when only the watch and the man at the wheel were on deck, he applied his great strength to them, threw them successively down the hatchway, fastened the hatches down, took the wheel himself, and steered his schooner into a friendly port. He was Esther Towle's grandson.

In simple communities such as I remember, maiden aunts were a power and a blessing. One of them, in the neighborhood of Boston, once told Theodore Parker, "The position of a maiden aunt is not to be despised, Mr. Parker; without maiden aunts the world could not be peopled, sir." In the nursing and pupilage of New Hampshire children the aunt bore a great part. I had three maiden aunts,—my mother's youngest sister, who stayed at home and kept her father's house, and after his death carried on the farm; and two elder sisters of my father, who lived with him in the old house where they were born. Aunt Dolly, his half sister, had been brought up, as I have mentioned, by her grandmother, Anne Towle Sanborn, who humored her, but kept her in a narrow domestic circle, from which courtship and marriage never emancipated her. She had the ways of the 18th century, just as she had its dishes and warming-pans, and ideas of costume. Never did she go farther from the houses of her relatives than to Ken-

sington, whence her mother, whom she never knew, had come; even Exeter, the "Suffield" of Miss Alice Brown, was almost unknown to her, though but five miles away. She was purely domestic; had certain cooking "resaits" that had come down to her, and that nobody else could manage; sat in her room or lay in her bed, and knew the ownership of every horse that passed the house, by his step. "I wonder where Major Godfrey was gwine this mornin'? His horse went down the Hampton road about half-past four." She watched the passer-by with an interest hard for the young to understand; the narrow limits of her existence developed curiosity in a microscopic degree. The wayfarer, though a fool, as she was apt to think him, was not an indifferent object to her. She kept track, too, of the minutest family incidents; would remind me the next morning, when I came in late at night from some visit, or a private cooking-party in the pine-woods, "The clock struck two jest after you shet the door, Frank." But she had sympathy with youth, and withheld such revelations from the head of the family; though you would not have said that discretion was her strong point. She outlived all her brothers and sisters but one, and was a neighborhood oracle as to births, deaths and marriages, without ever leaving the fireside in her latest years.

Aunt Rachel was a very different person. Born five years later (1789) and dying some years earlier, she had a most sympathetic, pathetic and attractive character. Fair and delicate of complexion, blue-eyed, with pleasing features, a sweet, rather sad voice,

she spent her later years (when alone I knew her), in caring for others. As a child she had been a favorite at Dr. Langdon's, who lived just across a little common and died when she was but eight years old; but the family, including Miss Betsy Langdon, the granddaughter, remained in the parish longer. A little Italian engraving from the parsonage was always hung in her "parlor chamber." She continued intimate at the parsonage, in the time of the Abbots; and and their children, of whom there were many, grew up under her eye, and were cared for by her in their earlier and after years. Aunt Rachel was skilled in all household arts, particularly in spinning, weaving and gardening; had her beds of sage and lavender, her flowers of the older kinds, introduced from Dr. Langdon's garden, I suppose; and was the maker of simple remedies from herbs, delicious wines from currants, and metheglin from honey and other forgotten ingredients. Mr. Treadwell's "Herb-Gatherer," that pleasing poem which he sent from Connecticut to Ellery Channing, and which Channing revised until it seemed almost his own, and gave to me to print in the *Springfield Republican*, had touches that recalled my dear aunt to me, after many years.

Aunt Rachel had her romance in youth; a pretty creature, she had been wooed by one who, wandering about in the wider world little seen by her, found some richer or more brilliant match, and broke off the engagement. This happened long before I was born, and I never saw him; but I believe the fine musket in which I learned to insert the bullets I had run in the wooden mould, and sometimes

hit the target with them, was his once, and had his initials in the silver mounting. He had wounded a tender heart with a more cruel weapon; and I fancied I read regrets for the dream of youth in the tears I sometimes saw falling, as my aunt spun in the long garret at the west window of which I sat and read my *Waverley Novels*. Her sister, nine years younger, had made an unlucky marriage, with many children and much hardship; and Aunt Rachel was often called to go to Brentwood and look after the young family and the delicate mother, who seemed to have inherited consumption (according to theories then prevailing) from her mother, my grandmother Sanborn, who died eight years before I was born. She performed this duty cheerfully; had taken care of her own mother in her last illness, then of her father and sister; and of many invalids who died or recovered. These charities called her much from home, and I saw far less of her than of Aunt Dolly, her half-sister, who was as much a part of the old house as the oak arm-chair in the kitchen, or the chimney corner cat. But she impressed my imagination more; she was gentle by nature and by grace, and deserves not to be forgotten. Had I been blessed with a daughter, I would have named her Rachel.

I have mentioned her spinning. Of the hundred farmhouses in the town when I was ten years old, more than fifty must have had looms, and all had the large spinning wheel for wool spinning. The garret of every one contained disused flax wheels, although a few farmers still grew flax, lovely with its blue flowers. But all kept sheep, and sheared them in

June; then had the wool made up in great bundles, wrapt in old linen sheets, spun and woven by an earlier generation, and pinned up with thorns from the bush of white thorn in the pasture, to be carried to the carding-mill. It was then brought home in "rolls," spun into yarn by the women of the house, and woven into cloth or knit into socks, buskins and mittens for the family. This homespun cloth was then sent to the "fulling-mill" to be dyed and fulled; finally brought back to be cut by the neighborhood tailor and made up into suits for the family, by the "tailoress," who went about from house to house for the purpose. Of the children at the district school, not more than one in twenty wore anything in winter but this home-made cloth. In summer they wore the cheap cotton from the New England factories and calicoes of the "ninepenny" variety. The boys mostly went barefoot till twelve, and the girls sometimes.

Gradually, after 1840, the town became dotted with shoe shops, where the young men and some of their elders made sale shoes for the manufacturers of Lynn and Haverhill; the women in the houses "binding" the uppers before the soles were stitched on in the shoe shops. My brother and I learned this art; he to perfection, I rather awkwardly; and it was from the profits of my first box of shoes that I paid the cost of my foot journey to the White Mountains, in September, 1850. Soon after this I began to prepare for Harvard College, at the suggestion of dear friends, and had no difficulty in entering a year in advance, in July, 1852. Up to that time I had mostly lived at home in the surroundings described, taking part in the labors and the leisure por-



Frank Sanborn (August, 1853), Æt. 21.

trayed in my first chapter. The accompanying portrait, from a daguerreotype taken in 1853, represents the student and lover that I was, during this period of my "obscure and golden youth," as Thoreau says. Amid many anxieties and mortifications, I

was happy, by reason of the romantic love which my next chapter will relate. It was a part, and an idyllic part, of my New Hampshire life; and with its close I became a citizen of Massachusetts and the world.

[To be continued.]

MIDSUMMER.

By Eva J. Beede.

Soft the song the leaves are singing,
 Tufted is the waving grass;
 Butterflies, like air flowers, winging
 Where the earth flowers may not pass.

Golden cups, the crowfoot swaying,
 Catch the sunshine and the dew;
 Balmy zephyrs, gently playing,
 Coy and blushing roses woo.

Cool the tents the elm trees, spreading
 Forth their grateful leaf shade, make
 Witching beams, the bright moon shedding,
 All the sleeping fairies wake.

EDITORIAL NOTES.



Autos at Bretton Woods.

The cut will demonstrate the favor the White Mountain region has received at the hands of automobilists this season. The photograph was taken in front of the New Mount Washington Hotel at Bretton Woods and shows one of the good roads on this estate and a party enjoying a short run. The first car is a Winton, being driven by Harry Fosdick of Boston, Mass. In it are seated Governor and Mrs. Bachelder.

An Automobile Law.

It is generally agreed that the next Legislature will pass some sort of a law establishing the maximum speed of automobiles upon the highways of the state. Several bills of that nature were introduced at the last session, but all failed of passage. Since then, the automobile has been a more common user of our highways. It can be safely said that the great majority of the drivers of such vehicles conduct them reasonably and with regard for the rights of others upon the avenues of travel. But there is now and then an auto-car driver who is reckless and

inconsiderate, and because of him, definite and stringent regulations are necessary for his restraint or for his punishment. In the framing of a law that shall fairly meet all of the varying conditions, much consideration should be given. Some weeks ago this paper printed the views of some of the leading automobilists of Manchester as to the provisions such a bill should contain, which attracted much attention and some comment.

The real centre of motor cars in New Hampshire this season has been Bretton Woods. They have been there by scores and of all styles and descriptions. Discussions pertaining to all

phases of the business have been general. Now at the close of the season, John Anderson gives the following interesting summary of his views as to the provisions of such a law, in the editorial columns of *The Bugle*, under the caption of "A Starter":

"Bretton Woods favors a state law to restrict speed of motor cars to eighteen miles in the lowlands and twelve miles in the mountains, and half speed in passing houses or within 100 yards of the vanishing point of a road on curves or the point beyond which the road is not in full view; and the same provision where a short hill hides the road beyond. A full stop for frightened horses, and the assistance of the chauffeur or other member of the auto party to help lead the horse or team by, when such assistance may be needed or asked.

"The horn to be sounded three times at each point where the road is not seen to be clear at least one hundred yards ahead.

"Twenty dollars fine for first offense, one half to constable; impris-

onment for second offense (one half to constable if he wants it)."—*Manchester Union*, Sept. 28, 1904.

* *

Road Improvement Under State Supervision.

FOREST LAKE ROAD IN WHITE-FIELD AND DALTON.

This is a road to a beautiful little lake, and a favorite resort for people of Littleton and vicinity. The road was built by the state of New Hampshire in 1901; it is one and one half miles long, and by the appropriations of the last Legislature, has in the past two seasons been made a model country road. Good ditches have been dug and the drainage perfected. Mud holes have been filled and the entire length rounded up and surfaced with good material, and this summer the road was hard and in perfect condition. The surface is as good, hard and smooth as that of any macadamized road in the country.



On Forest Lake Road



Before.

The cuts will give some idea of work done by the state of New Hampshire on its roads the past two seasons.

The photographs were taken at a point about one mile from Bretton Woods, on the new state road between Fabyans and Twin Mountain, at what is known as the rock cut.

The first picture shows the condition after the blasting, and before the removal of the rock. Steam-power drills were used, and the holes charged with hundreds of pounds of dynamite.



After.

The second picture shows the finished road, the rock having been removed and the roadway surfaced.

The bridge shown in both pictures crosses the Ammonoosuc River, and is built of steel, strong enough to sustain a train of railroad cars. The abutments are built of Portland cement concrete. This is probably the first concrete masonry used in highway work in New Hampshire. This makes the whole a beautiful and thoroughly strong and permanent structure.

From a point just beyond this bridge may be seen the Ammonoosuc Lower Falls and the great gorge in the solid rock, which is one of the many attractions in this White Mountain region.

SPORTSMEN...

I do everything in Taxidermy. Send me your
trophies for mounting. Deer Heads a Specialty.

GEO. P. WELLINGTON,

The Reliable Taxidermist,

EAST JAFFREY, N. H.

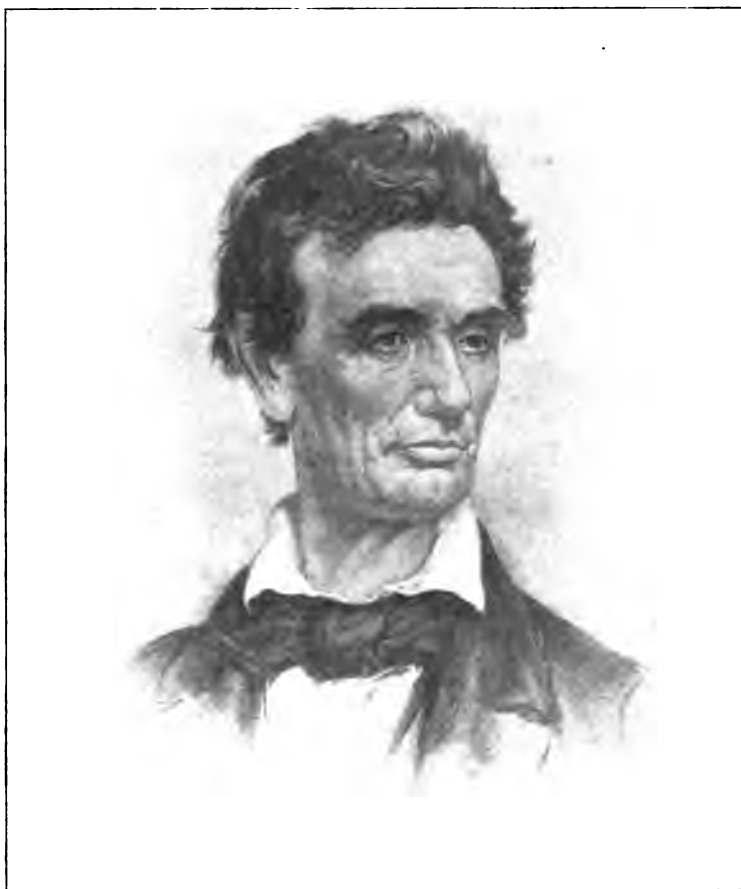
Send for Price List.

RUMFORD PRINTING COMPANY,

*Printers, Binders,
Engravers, Electrotypers.*

Railroad Square

CONCORD, N. H.



Reproduced by Glenton, Nashua, N. H.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXXVII. OCTOBER-DECEMBER, 1904.

Nos. 4-6.



A Section of the Jefferson Notch Road.

Improved by State Highway Commission, 1903-'04. This road was formerly a mass of mud, hub-deep.

STATE HIGHWAY WORK IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

By John W. Storrs, Civil Engineer.

The report of the state highway commission, of which John Anderson of Bretton Woods, Charles F. Eastman of Littleton and George E. Cummings of Woodsville were members, is so modest in tone that it gives but an indefinite idea of what has actually been accomplished in highway work and improvement under their direction.

The people of New Hampshire are certainly entitled to know more fully the details of the work done and the

satisfactory results of their undertaking.

The bill as passed by the last Legislature made an appropriation of \$32,000, to be expended by this commission on the improvements of certain roads that then had been started, but not finished, and for the building of new roads.

The bill authorized the commissioners to survey and locate a highway, beginning at the base of Mount Washington, at a point in the Thomp-

son and Meserve purchase, at the easterly terminus of what is known as the Mount Washington Turnpike, thence over said turnpike as it now exists, to the point of its intersection with the Portland road, so called, near the Fabyan House, thence over said road to an iron pin driven in the ground. From here the bill provided for building a new road, about a mile

being a distance of eight and a half miles.

It was provided, however, that this last part should be built, not for a carriage road, and specified that only \$5,000 should be used in its construction. The entire distance covered by the survey and location of this road is about twenty-two miles. That the commission faithfully performed this



Profile Bridle Trail, Eight and One Half Miles Long.

Built by State Highway Commission, 1903-'04. This was not intended for a carriage road.

in length, and then to cross the Ammonoosuc River, and use the old road for a distance of about a mile, then cross the river again, building a new road about two and a half miles in length, and coming again on to the old road near the Twin Mountain House, thence over an old road, a distance of about two miles, and then build a new road to the Chase farm, or Profile House golf links, this last stretch

part of their duty is shown by an elegant and accurate set of plans which they caused to be filed with the secretary of state. These plans are on twelve different sheets of heavy mounted white paper and bound with cloth cover in such a way that they may be easily taken out and used separately.

The plans show the location of the old roads as they now exist and the

new roads as located and built, with curves, distances, etc., and a record of the landowners and reference to deeds of the rights of way as conveyed to the state. These plans give definite information, so valuable to the engineer for reference and future operations, and make a permanent record.

The bill authorized improvements

The road follows down the southerly slope, crossing various brooks, large and small, to what is known as Twin River farm. This division is about ten miles in length.

The Southern division begins here and follows along (at about the same general elevation of 1,900 feet above the sea) the base of the Presidential



Another View on Profile Bridle Trail.

on the Jefferson Notch road. This road may properly be divided into two parts, and locally is called the Northern and Southern division. The former begins at the E. A. Crawford house at Jefferson Highlands, and winds down the hill into the valley of the Israel's River, and then follows up the south branch to the summit of Jefferson Notch, where it reaches an elevation of 3,000 feet above the sea.

Range from Mount Washington to the Crawford House, at the famous Crawford Notch. This division covers a distance of about four miles. This road was originally put through (and was passable, but never finished), and was a difficult undertaking. It was through a rough, rugged country and away from habitation. Rocks, trees and stumps were abundant, but dirt or anything suitable for



Section of Road between Fabyans and Twin Mountain House, Showing Side-Hill Cut.

road building was scarce and hard to get.

This commission found a big amount of work to be done here, and the question was how to begin and what to do that could be done.

The Southern division seemed to demand attention first, as it was needed most. Here was a continuation of mud and mud-holes. One of these was about one quarter of a mile long, while another was over half a mile in length—real mud, too. Where in ordinary dry times a wagon wheel would go down clear to the hub, at some previous time brush, tree tops

and shavings had been used to fill or cover this mud up, but without good results. In fact, the conditions were probably worse.

The commissioners decided that the only way to do was to shovel out the whole mess,—brush, shavings, mud and all. This was done, good ditches were dug, good under drainage provided, the roadway was filled with broken rocks and stones, and finally surfaced with good road material. This latter had to be drawn in some cases over a mile.

The whole of this division was carefully gone over, and this past season

has been in good condition. The parts of the road that were the worst are now the best.

On the Northern division long stretches were rounded up and surfaced, obstructions removed from ditches and water-ways. This latter required lots of blasting, and hundreds of pounds of dynamite were used.

Good material, or in fact any kind of dirt, was not handy and it was necessary to go long distances for proper surfacing material. To add to the troubles of the commission, the cloudburst of June, 1903, destroyed completely parts of this road.

No one who was not familiar with the conditions as this commission found them can realize or appreciate

the amount of work done here and the good results accomplished. What has been done may be considered as permanent, but, like all roads, must be taken care of to be maintained in its present condition. The appropriation that they recommend is principally for completing and finishing those parts of the road that were destroyed by the cloudburst, and for building two bridges.

The new road, not a carriage road, built from near the Twin Mountain House to the Chase farm or Profile House golf links, is in the mountains called the Profile bridle trail, and at the golf links connects with a road to Franconia, Sugar Hill and Littleton, and with another road to the Profile House, a distance of three miles.



Road between Fabyans and Twin Mountain House.

Built by the State Highway Commission, 1903-'04.

The Profile bridle trail is eight and a half miles long and opens up a beautiful, heavily wooded country, and when improved for carriages will be one of the most delightful drives in the mountains, and the connecting link between the base of Mount Washington and Bretton Woods, and the Profile House in the famous Franconia Notch with its lakes, the Old Man of the Mountain and other scenic attractions.

The commission laid out this road with regard to its probable future improvement for carriages, and carefully located it with reference to avoiding steep grades, railroads, etc.

If the road is ever completed along the lines proposed, there will be no place that a team of horses cannot trot at a good pace. There will be two bridges, one across Gale River, and the other, an overhead bridge, over the tracks of a branch of the Boston & Maine Railroad. The commission obtained the right of way four rods wide, and took deeds from the landowners which are on file with the state treasurer. They cleared the timber, stumps, rocks and boulders for a width of twenty feet, and used quantities of dynamite in these operations.

They made a good road for horseback riding, and a road that it has been possible to get over with teams. Governor Bachelder and his council drove over this road on their inspection with a four-horse mountain wagon. This party were well pleased and satisfied with the character and amount of work done.

The pride of the mountains is the road built by this commission between

Fabyans and Twin Mountain. The length of this new road is about three and a half miles. The bill authorized its location between definite points marked by iron pins.

The road crosses the Ammonoosuc River four times, and there are two bridges over the Zealand River. The bridges are pile trestles, with one exception, and this, at the lower falls of the Ammonoosuc, is a beautiful and substantial steel bridge with massive concrete masonry abutments. The maximum grade on this road is ten per cent.

The work was in places heavy, in one place a deep ledge cut, where hundreds of pounds of dynamite had to be used in blasting out the rock; in other places deep cuts and heavy side hill work. The trestle bridges are built with oak piles and Georgia hard pine stringers covered with hemlock plank. They are eighteen feet wide.

The roadway is sixteen feet wide, besides the ditches, and was surfaced with material at hand. This road was built in part to avoid four railroad crossings, and in all places keeps well away from the railroad. This adds very materially to its attractiveness as a pleasure drive to visitors at the mountain hotels.

The scenery from this road includes a grand view of the Presidential Range, a view up the Zealand River Valley from Glacial Ridge, the lower falls of the Ammonoosuc, and the many beautiful little glimpses of the river which it follows, in part, as it winds around at the base of foothills of the Sugar Loaf Mountain.

CRAYON PORTRAIT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By William O. Clough.

A few months ago one of the popular magazines* of the day published the accompanying portrait of Abraham Lincoln, and with it a brief statement, and nothing more of importance, that a New York gentleman is the owner of the only artist's proof known to be in existence. There is, however, another copy, and it is the property of the writer.

This portrait of the martyred president was made at Springfield, Ill., in 1860, following his nomination to the presidency, by C. A. Barry, a noted Massachusetts artist of that day. It is, as artists of today must admit, a striking likeness in bold treatment, and so unlike any of the many portraits of the great emancipator that have been given to the public in late years as to attract attention and admiration.

The student of art will be impressed with the gracefulness of the pose, the unaffected expression in which character is brought out, and also by the breeziness of the Middle West, which gives tone to it. Rigidity, which minimizes the effect of many of the portraits of Mr. Lincoln, is made flexible, and to emphasize the intellectual mind and sterling qualities of head and heart that made him a man of the people, the unerring judge who estimated his fellow men at their precise value to a cause, the astute poli-

tician, the statesman with acumen to grasp the intricate problems of government, and mould seemingly widely divergent forces into their proper relation to the destiny of our country. It is also Lincoln in whom is discoverable the genial and kindly bearing of the child of the prairie, the individuality that caused him to be loved and trusted by men and women of his generation, and whose memory will be cherished so long as history is written and read.

This crayon portrait of Mr. Lincoln was a gift to the writer some twenty years ago by a physician†, who, by reason of age and infirmities, was dismantling his office. He saw that I admired it, whereupon he related to me the circumstances under which he obtained it, and also gave me the artist's story that accompanied it. Later, much to my gratification and surprise, he sent it to my residence with his compliments.

"It was presented to me," he said, "by a patient of mine‡, a relative of Artist Barry. There is not the shadow of a doubt of its genuineness. I was her family physician for many years, and it was made mine in recognition of my attention to her in a

† The late Dr. T. H. Gibby, Nashua.

‡ Mrs. Eben McIntire, Nashua. It is a singular circumstance that the last member of the family—a former Nashua shoe-dealer, noted vocalist and Knight Templar Mason—died at his home in Philadelphia since this article was prepared. It is also a circumstance that Dr. Gibby's only daughter, only child as well, is a resident of Philadelphia.

* *The National Magazine.*

protracted illness. There are probably other copies in existence, but of that I have no information."

Artist Barry's account of his visit to Springfield, and the circumstances and conditions under which he obtained the sittings and made the portrait was as follows:

"It was late in the afternoon of the last Saturday in June, 1860, when I found myself in front of a small, two-storied house, almost entirely surrounded by a plain white paling, in the City of Springfield, Ill. I had journeyed from Boston at the request of certain prominent Republicans of Massachusetts, bearing a letter of introduction from Governor N. P. Banks to solicit sittings from Abraham Lincoln.

"My intention was to make a crayon drawing (portrait) from life that could be used on my return to Boston as a study for reproduction on stone by an eminent lithographer. It was quite late in the afternoon, as I have said, when I arrived in Springfield, so I went at once to the front door of the now well known house and rang the bell, little suspecting the amusing bit of experience that came next. Suddenly the door was thrown violently against the wall, revealing to my notice a very small boy straddling across the passageway.

"'Hallo, mister!' screamed the small boy, 'what der want?'

"'I want,' I replied, 'to see Mr. Lincoln. I have come all the way from Boston to talk with him.' In an instant, before my lips closed, in fact, the small boy shouted out:

"'Come down, "Pop,"; here's a man from Boston to see you,' and thus saying, he wheeled himself upon

one foot and vanished through the end of the hall somewhere, leaving me as he found me, standing in the doorway. But I had not long to wait, for the good, the immortal Lincoln immediately came downstairs, holding out a great hand of welcome towards me. 'They want my head, do they? Well, if you can get it you may have it; that is, if you are able to take it off while I am on the jump. But no quills in my nose; I have had enough of that; and don't fasten me into a chair!'

"I learned afterwards from his own lips that he had never sat for a portrait, except photographic ones, but that Sculptor Folk of Chicago had 'plastered' him, so he termed it, sometime in 1858, for a bust. The arrangement, as made between Mr. Lincoln and myself, was that we were to meet at his room in the court house on the following Monday morning at seven o'clock, and this is the way the said arrangement came about. Twisting Governor Banks' letter in his large furrowed hands, he said:

"'I suppose you Boston folks don't get up at cock-crowing as we do out here. I'm an early riser, and my rising don't mean nine o'clock in the morning, by any means. Now, I'll tell you what we'll do. You come to my room at the court house on Monday at seven sharp, and I will be there to let you in.'

"The good man evidently thought he had me on the hip, so to speak, as he said this, for he shook his side most heartily with suppressed laughter when he was bidding me good night.

"But Monday morning came, and seven o'clock came, and at precisely that hour I turned the corner of the

street upon which the court house faced to see, coming towards me from the other end of the sidewalk, my queer sitter.

“‘Well done, my boy,’ he said, as we shook hands, ‘you are an early bird, after all, if you do hail from Boston.’”

“‘I told him I was rarely in bed after daybreak and much of my best work was done before breakfast. And so, pleasantly chatting, we went up to his room together.

“‘Now, then, what shall I do?’ he inquired, pointing to a large pile of unopened letters upon a table.

“‘Absolutely nothing,’ I replied, ‘but to allow me to walk around you occasionally and once in a while measure a distance upon your face. I will not disturb you in the least otherwise.’”

“‘Capital,’ said my distinguished sitter, smiling pleasantly, ‘I won’t be in the least bit scared; go right ahead.’”

“Then he threw off his coat and, sitting in front of the table in his shirt sleeves, plunged his hand into the great heap of letters before him, leaving me to begin my task. How vividly it all comes back to me as I write. The lonely room, the great bony figure with its long arms, and legs that seemed to be continually twisting themselves together; the long, wiry neck, the narrow chest, the uncombed hair, the cavernous sockets beneath the high forehead, the bushy eyebrows hanging like curtains over the bright, dreamy eyes, the awkward speech, the pronounced truthfulness and patience; and lastly, the sure feeling in his heart that coming events, whatever they might be, would come

to him and to the American people straight from the hand of God. A marked look of depression upon his face at times gave me no end of trouble. There was a far-away look about the eyes very often, as if the great spirit behind them was conscious of terrible trials to come, as if there was a mighty struggle going on in the bosom of the living man that living men must not know of until the time was ripe for them to know; such a struggle as Jesus knew in his agony after the arrest; as Savonarola knew when he was fighting single-handed the church of Rome; as Luther knew when he stood before his judge at the Diet of Worms; as Cromwell knew at the head of his thousands of men; as Theodore Parker knew when the whole Christian world, with one or two exceptions, held him in utter abhorrence.

“‘I worked faithfully upon the portrait, studying every feature most carefully for ten days, and was more than fully rewarded for my labor when Mr. Lincoln, pointing to the picture, said: ‘Even my enemies must declare that to be a true likeness of “old Abe”.’”

The portrait was exhibited in Chicago at the Tremont House, in New York at the room of George Ward Nichols, and Boston at the rooms of the old Mercantile Library Association on Summer Street. It was lithographed most excellently for those days and could have been seen in many places in Boston and elsewhere on the week following the assassination. A month later not a copy was to be obtained for love nor money, and therefore it is more than probable that there are more copies in ex-

istence than is believed by "the New York gentleman."

Artist Barry related this as a part of his experience in connection with the portrait: "When it was on exhibition in Mr. Nichols' room in New York and standing on an easel in the middle of the room facing Broadway, a short, thick-set gentleman walked in. He did not speak to me; I did not speak to him. He stood a short distance from the picture for a little

while, then—I had turned my head to look at him—stepped forward and, folding his arms across his breast, said slowly with clear utterance: 'An honest man, God knows.' The next instant he passed out of the room. It was Stephen A. Douglass." The last that was known of the original portrait—made in 1860, and the first made of Mr. Lincoln from life—it was owned by Mrs. E. A. Hilton, Commonwealth Avenue, Boston.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF COL. AMOS A. PARKER.

By Amos J. Blake, Esq.

Amos Andrew Parker was born in Fitzwilliam, October 8, 1791. At the time of his death he was the oldest living graduate of any American college and member of the bar in New England. He died at the home of his youngest son, Hon. John M. Parker, in Fitzwilliam, May 12, 1893, aged 101 years, 7 months and 4 days.

He was the fourth of the nine children of Hon. Nahum Parker, a United States senator, and for twenty years a judge of the Court of Common Pleas of this state. A brief sketch of his distinguished father and of his public services rendered to the state and nation will not be out of place at this time.

Hon. Nahum Parker was born in Shrewsbury, Mass., March 4, 1760. His father was Amos Parker of Lexington, Mass., a brother of Jonas Parker, who was one of the eight men killed in Captain Parker's company of Minute Men on Lexington Common on the memorable nineteenth of April, 1775. The

name of Jonas Parker is on the Lexington monument.

Amos Parker was born July 26, 1723, and died at Shrewsbury, December 23, 1790. His wife was Anna Stone, born October 21, 1726, and died November 13, 1799. They had nine children; the two oldest were born in Lexington, the others in Shrewsbury.

Nahum was their seventh child and at the early age of sixteen he entered the Revolutionary Army from Shrewsbury. How long he remained in the army we have no means at hand to determine. He kept a diary at the time and if that could be consulted, the question might possibly be settled.

In the year 1817, when pensions were granted to all Revolutionary soldiers, he applied for a pension, and as evidence of services performed he sent to the secretary of war, John C. Calhoun, his diary, accompanied by an affidavit stating that he was the identical man who performed the services mentioned



COL. AMOS A. PARKER.

therein, and at once received his pension certificate; the secretary remarking that the evidence was conclusive, for no man could make such a diary without having performed the services. He was present at the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga in 1777.

After the war he married Mary Deeth of Gerry (now Phillipston), Mass., August 11, 1783. After living a short time in Gerry, he moved to Shrewsbury in 1784, and in March, 1786, he came to Fitzwilliam and settled on a farm, now owned by Harvey A. Clark, on the east side of the town. He resided there until the day of his death.

The "History of Fitzwilliam" truthfully says of him: "The ability and fidelity of Mr. Parker were at once recognized by the people of Fitzwilliam, and he was soon called to fill offices of trust. October 17, 1792, the proprietors of this township elected him as their clerk and treasurer, and he held these offices till the closing up of the business of the proprietors in 1815. Though not educated as a lawyer, he was well acquainted with the forms and merits of civil proceedings, and brought to all his public duties a well-trained mind; a habit of exactness in all the calls issued by him for legal meetings, and in the record of the same, and the utmost fidelity in accounting for the funds in his possession. To all these qualifications for a public servant he added an almost faultless penmanship, so that from the date of his election as clerk of the proprietors, their record books become easy of comprehension.

"In 1790 Mr. Parker's name first appears upon the records of Fitzwilliam as one of the selectmen, and he held this office for four successive years. Beginning with 1792 he was often moderator of the town meetings. In 1794 he was

chosen to represent this town in the state legislature, and was re-elected annually till 1804, or for the period of ten years. In 1806 he was again chosen representative."

He had eleven commissions as justice of the peace and quorum throughout the state. His first commission is dated January 9, 1794, and signed by Josiah Bartlett, governor, and the last is dated December 20, 1836, and signed by Isaac Hill, governor.

Of the eleven commissions three were signed by John Langdon, three by John Taylor Gilman and one each by Josiah Bartlett, Samuel Bell, David L. Morrill, Matthew Harvey and Isaac Hill. He had three commissions as judge of the Court of Common Pleas. The first is a commission as "Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Cheshire," dated February 3, 1807, and signed by John Langdon.

The second is a commission as "An Associate Justice of our Circuit Court of Common Pleas for the Western Circuit," dated July 13, 1813, and signed by John T. Gilman.

The third is a commission as "An Associate Justice of the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Cheshire," signed by William Plummer, governor, and dated July 5, 1816. During all the years in which Judge Parker held the office, and discharged the duties of judge, Cheshire county included within its limits the present county of Sullivan. Cheshire county, incorporated March 19, 1771, was one of the five original counties into which the province was then divided, Keene and Charlestown being the shire towns.

July 5, 1827, the county of Cheshire was divided; its northern portion being taken to form the county of Sullivan, which was named in honor of Hon. John

Sullivan of Durham. In 1813 the "Western Circuit," as it was called, included the then counties of Cheshire, Grafton and Coös; the largest in the state, and Judge Parker "rode his Circuit" (as it was then termed) on horseback with his saddle bags, in one of which he carried the famous "Green Bag," containing his court papers, reports, statutes and other law books for reference, and in the other his change of wardrobe and other articles, being absent from home frequently during the terms of court in his district, from five to ten weeks at a time. In 1805 and 1806 he was elected and served as counselor from the "Old Fifth Councilor District." In 1828-'29 he was senator to the General Court from District No. 9, and was one of the leading members of that body. June 13, 1806, he was elected a senator from New Hampshire in the United States Congress for the full term of six years, but finding his duties as judge and senator too onerous, and moreover, sometimes conflicting in point of time, he resigned his office as senator after a service of three years, and continued to hold the office of judge.

In all the civil, social and religious affairs of the town, Judge Parker was prominent for a long series of years. His honesty, ability and fidelity being universally acknowledged by his townsmen, and in fact throughout the state. Of his kindness to the poor and afflicted many instances are related by aged citizens, and his influence was invariably in favor of the culture and good morals of the people.

He died at his homestead November 12, 1839, aged 80 years; and a substantial granite monument marks his resting place in our public cemetery, with the following inscription thereon:

NAHUM PARKER.

Born March 4, 1760.

Appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in 1807.

United States Senator from New Hampshire from 1806 to 1810.

Died November 12, 1839.

The subject of this sketch, Amos Andrew Parker, attended the district school in Fitzwilliam during the short terms kept in his district, and when the school was not in session, worked upon his father's farm until 15 years of age, when he formed the purpose of obtaining a collegiate education. He took a preparatory course of one year under the instruction of his pastor, the Rev. John Sabin, and a three years' course at New Ipswich Academy, under the tuition of Oliver Swain Taylor, who at that time was principal of the institution.

In June, 1810, he entered the University of Vermont in the Sophomore year, and graduated in 1813 at the age of 22 years, ranking second in his class. He was appointed to deliver an English oration, with the place of honor in the joint exhibition of the Junior and Senior classes; the Greek oration at the Junior exhibition and the salutatory address in Latin at Commencement.

Soon after graduation he went to Fredericksburg, Va., and was engaged as a teacher in the family of a wealthy planter, where he remained three years. He then returned to New Hampshire and commenced the study of law in the office of James Wilson, Sr., of Keene, completing his course with Hon. Levi Chamberlain, who was at that time in the practice of law at Fitzwilliam. He was admitted to the bar in 1821, and commenced the practice of his profession in Epping immediately after, where he remained until 1823, when he moved

to Concord to accept the editorship of the *New Hampshire Statesman*.

In 1824 and 1825 he was commissioned and served as aid on the staff of Governor Morrill, from which office he received his title of colonel. While residing at Concord, he was delegated as one of the governor's aids to proceed to Boston and invite General Lafayette to visit New Hampshire. This was in June, 1824. The General kindly accepted the invitation, but desired that his visit to New Hampshire be deferred until the following year, and accordingly in June, 1825, Colonel Parker made the same journey to Boston with proper equipage to convey the distinguished French soldier and statesman to Concord.

The equipage consisted of a barouche with four horses, an elegant stage-coach with four horses, and a two-horse carriage for the baggage. The General was accompanied by his son, George Washington Lafayette, and his private secretary and a body-servant. General Lafayette was then 67 years of age, well preserved, and in good health.

After Colonel Parker's retirement from active professional life, he published a work of 150 pages entitled "Recollections of Lafayette and his Visit to America." After leaving Concord he practised his profession at Exeter and at Kingston, and returned from the latter place to his native town in 1837, and continued the practice of the law.

While residing at Exeter Colonel Parker made a long excursion to the West, and on his return, published a valuable book (which was one of the first of its kind), entitled "A Trip to the West and Texas." It was published in three editions of 5,000 copies each, and had a rapid sale. He also published a book of poems in his eightieth year, and

wrote many stories, articles for magazines, and newspaper contributions. In his native town after 1837, he held nearly every office in the gift of the people, and took a very active part in the measures adopted to suppress the Rebellion, furnishing three sons for the Union Army, one of whom died in the service. He had received and held 15 commissions as a justice of the peace and quorum of five years each, covering a space of 75 years, his first commission bearing date June 22, 1822.

For several years he was a trustee of the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane, a director of the Ashuelot Fire Insurance Company, a director of the Cheshire County Bank (now Keene National Bank), was a member of the Bar Association of New York City, and of the New Hampshire Historical Society. He served as representative from Fitzwilliam during thirteen sessions of the the Legislature; his first election to that office was at the March election in 1839. He occupied the position of first selectman in Fitzwilliam for ten years, and for many years was moderator of town meetings, town agent and town treasurer; during the Civil War he was chairman of a committee of three for funding the war debt of the town, which was very efficiently and promptly accomplished. For 72 years he was a member of the bar, and engaged in the practice of the law the greater portion of that time.

In 1844-'45 he was actively engaged in forwarding the projected railroad between Boston and Burlington by way of Rutland. After aiding in obtaining charters for the "Fitchburg" and "Cheshire" railroads, he brought the matter before the people of Vermont, addressing large crowds at Bellows Falls, Brandon, Rutland, Vergennes, Burlington and other places. The Rutland and

Burlington Railroad was soon built, and is today the Rutland Division of the Central Vermont System.

Colonel Parker was a man of splendid physique, tall, remarkably erect through life, and in all respects well proportioned. As a public speaker he also made his mark. In addition to Fast Day addresses, railroad, political, educational and miscellaneous speeches, Colonel Parker delivered five Fourth of July orations, one in 1813 at Falmouth in Virginia, one in Rockingham county, one in Vermont and two in Fitzwilliam. One of the finest gems of its kind was an address on "Education," delivered at Rindge on October 17, 1843, before the Cheshire County Common School Association.

In his boyhood days he was too studious and busy to engage in any of the sports and dissipations which often undermine the constitutions of the more favored youths, and the temperate habits he then formed greatly augmented and preserved his constitution for work and a long life.

At 80 he had the vigor, endurance and strength of a man of 50; and at 90 that of a man of 60. He was always regarded as a well-read lawyer, a safe counselor, and when engaged in the trial of causes, a successful advocate. He was a good citizen and an honest man. He was a ready writer and a good thinker, and his success at the bar, upon the stump, and in the halls of Legislature attested his power and influence as a speaker and debater. His was an active life, and he was long interested in the cause of education and temperance.

Colonel Parker was a good Latin and Greek scholar; he retained his knowledge of the classics to a remarkable degree during his whole life, and quoted Latin and Greek phrases and maxims, in

his conversations and addresses, with great ease and fluency. He was quite a wit, and at times enjoyed a good joke.

A short anecdote illustrating his ready wit was recently related to the author of this sketch, by Hon. Albert S. Waite of Newport. While attending the session of the court at Keene, between 40 and 50 years ago, the judges and lawyers made their headquarters at "Col. Harrington's Tavern," as it was commonly called in those days, and more recently the Eagle Hotel; at the familiar sound of the dinner bell, the presiding judge and the lawyers from the various towns in the county and other parts of the state attending the term of court, filed into the spacious dining room and took their seats at the well-loaded table, which was assigned by the good host to the judge and members of the bar. Among the prominent members of the bar of Cheshire county at that time was Judge Frederick Vose of Walpole, who was invariably punctual and constant in his attendance at court, the sessions of which generally lasted from five to six weeks, and he was also equally punctual in his attendance at the dinner table. On one occasion there were seated at the head of the table, His Honor John James Gilchrist, the presiding justice, E. L. Cusheon of Charlestown, Aldis Lovell of Alstead, A. H. Bennett of Winchester, Col. Amos A. Parker of Fitzwilliam and several other members of the bar from other portions of the state, including himself, who was seated at the table directly opposite Colonel Parker, who, after looking up and down the long table for several minutes, failed to see Judge Vose of Walpole in his accustomed seat. Colonel Parker, turning to Brother Waite, ejaculated, "*Inter Nos?*" (Where is Vose?) which cre-

ated great merriment among all those seated at the table,

Colonel Parker was married three times,—first, to Miranda W., eldest daughter of Rev. Daniel C. Sanders, president of Vermont University at the time of Mr. Parker's graduation, by whom he had three children, two of whom still survive, George W., who resides at Halifax, Mass., and Andrew, who resides in Brooklyn, N. Y. He married second, Mary, daughter of United States Marshal McClary of Epsom, by whom he had four children, two of whom are still living, Mrs. Miranda S. Smith, widow of Anson B. Smith, formerly a hardware merchant of Winchendon, Mass., and Hon. John McClary Parker, now engaged in trade at Fitzwilliam, and who has served in both branches of the New Hampshire Legislature. He married third, Julia E. Smith of Glastonbury, Conn., April 9, 1879, he being at that time 88 and Miss Smith 86 years of age.

Miss Smith had become famous some 20 years before her marriage for resisting taxation without representation, or in other words, by refusing to pay taxes because she did not have the privilege of voting; and also by a translation of the Bible from the original Hebrew and Greek into English unaided and alone after seven years of severe labor and study, and publishing 1,000 copies at her own expense.

Her fame was in no wise diminished by her marriage to Colonel Parker at her advanced age. It was a nine days' wonder at the time, and more or less noticed by the newspaper press throughout the country, but it really proved to be followed by seven years of happy married life, during which time they resided at Glastonbury, and at Hartford, Connecticut.

She died March 6, 1886, and soon after Colonel Parker returned to his native town and resided with his youngest son, Hon. John M. Parker, as before stated, where he received all the care and attention necessary to make his declining years pleasant and happy. He was buried in our public cemetery, and a substantial headstone of native granite marks his final resting-place. At the time of his death the following editorial appeared in the *Independent Statesman*, printed at Concord, N. H.: "Colonel Amos A. Parker, once editor of the *Statesman*, has closed his more than a century of usefulness. Colonel Parker has lived a life marked by conscientious faithfulness to many a trust. As an editor, as a lawyer, as an official, he gave the best he had to the fulfilment of his duties, and went down the path of a green old age with powers unimpaired, with faculties undiminished, to a reward laid up by years of honesty with himself, his fellow-men and his God."



HISTORY AND POETRY FROM THE LIFE OF F. B. SANBORN OF CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

CHAPTER THIRD.—YOUTHFUL LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Up to my eighteenth year I had lived fancy free, though very susceptible to the beauty of girls, and slightly attached, at school and in the society of my companions, to this maiden or that who had fine eyes, a fair complexion and a social gift. To one pair of sisters, indeed, I was specially drawn by their loveliness and gentle ways. Toward the younger of the two, of my own age almost exactly, I had early manifested this interest when my years could not have exceeded seven. They had come with their cousin, who was also my cousin, to spend the afternoon and take tea with my two sisters; it may have been the first time I had noticed the sweet beauty of Sarah C., who was the granddaughter of the former parson of the parish. So strongly was I impressed by it, that while they were taking tea by themselves, boys not being expected to enjoy their company, I went to my strong box, which contained all my little stock of silver, took from it a shining half dollar, the largest coin I had, and deftly transferred it to the reticule of Sarah, hanging on the back of a chair in the "parlor chamber," all without telling anybody what I had done. The two girls (aged seven and ten) went home unsuspecting what had occurred, but in emptying the reticule that night, the coin was found, and Sarah knowing nothing about it, the gift was

sent back to the house of the tea-party, and my little scheme of endowing her with my worldly goods was discovered, to my confusion.

There had been other fancies, but nothing serious until the year 1850, when I was just eighteen. Nor had I taken the burden of life very seriously in other directions. I had formed no scheme of life; my education had been going on as already described, with no particular plan on my part or that of my family. My mother's cousin, Senator Norris, being in Congress from 1843 until his death in 1855, it had been suggested that he should appoint me a cadet in the West Point military school; but I had no turn for a soldier's life, and nothing was done to obtain his patronage, which my grandfather, a veteran Democrat, could have secured, perhaps. So I drifted along, working on the farm perhaps half my time, studying, shooting, wandering about the pastures and woods with comrades; and spending my evenings in lively company, playing chess, cards, or, for a few years in the summer, joining a cooking club which met weekly in the thick woods far from houses, and got up a fine supper of chicken and coffee, with a dessert of sponge cake; which one of our number, afterwards Capt. John Sanborn Godfrey, of General Hooker's staff in the Civil War, had the secret of preparing to perfection.

This entertainment had begun with my schoolmates, William Healey and

Charles Brown, and two or three students of the Rockingham Academy, Cavender of St. Louis, Vanderveer of New York, and another, but was then transferred to an unfrequented pine wood, near the boundaries of Exeter, Hampton and Hampton Falls, and included two Tilttons and other school-mates on that part of the Exeter road. After I left home to enter college the Exeter congressman, Gilman Mars-ton, afterwards a general in the war, and some others from Exeter were admitted to the mysteries, but I never met with them later than 1850, I think.

A more exacting literary society had been established about 1848 in the upper hall of the schoolhouse where I had been a pupil, under the name of the "Anti-Tobacco Society," at the instance, I suppose, of the good minister of the Unitarian parish. We held debates, and soon established a MS. monthly journal, *Star of Social Reform*, which received contributions, supposed to be anonymous, from the members, male or female, and these were read at the monthly meetings. I early became a contributor, both in prose and verse, and in the summer of 1849 wrote a burlesque on the poem of "Festus," then much read in New England, in mild ridicule of the English author, Philip Bailey. The following winter the editor of the *Star* (now Mrs. S. H. Folsom of Winchester, Mass.), visiting her friend, Miss Ariana Smith Walker at Peterborough, showed her the "Festus" verses and some others, which she was good enough to like, and sent them to her dearest friend, Miss Ednah Littlehale of Boston, the late Mrs. E. D. Cheney, with this note:

March 30. 1850. I don't know that I should have written you today if I had not wanted to send you the enclosed. It purports to be a newly discovered scene from "Festus," and is written by a person who does not altogether like the book, as you will see from the last part, especially. I want you to read it *first*, and then read the little note which will tell you about the author. I think it is capital; tell me how it strikes you. Please return it to me in your next. A. S. W.

A few weeks later, April 26, she added:

I send you herewith some poetry of Frank S., the author of the new scene from "Festus." The little ballad, is, I think, very pretty. He called it "Night Thoughts," but I like "The Taper" better,—do not you? And now I will tell you that he is a Hampton Falls boy, and that his name is *Sanborne*. I will send you all I can of his writing, and I want *you* to write a criticism upon the "Festus," etc., for the *Star*, a paper written by the young people at H. Falls. They shan't know who writes it; but won't you sometime send me a sort of laughing notice of this "new Poet"? I want you to, very much. Do you not get a pretty picture of the *maid* "who her needle plies," etc.? It reminded me of your "Gretchen."

The ballad was the subject, afterwards, of a commendatory notice in the *Star* by A. S. W. which pleased the young poet, and led him to anticipate the arrival of the critic; who also had some curiosity to see the youth about whom her friend had told her many things. When they first saw each other in the small church at Hampton Falls, she was sitting beside her friend in the pew, and I was opposite, facing them, but only 30 feet away, so that our eyes met. She wrote on her folding fan, with a pin, "I don't dare look at Frank S.; he has a poetic face." In her next letter to Ednah she said (July 22, 1850):

I have seen F. S., the young poet,—a face like the early portrait of Raphael, only Frank's eyes and hair are very dark. I don't care, now I have seen him, to speak or meet with him. [In fact two days after he called on her and was welcome.] When we began to talk earnestly I



Birthplace of George and Anna Walker. .

forgot everything else in my surprise and pleasure. I was astonished and delighted. There was a charm about everything he said, because he has thought more *wholly* for himself than any one I ever met. . . . In books, too, I was astonished at his preferences. It seemed strange that *Shelley* should be the favorite poet of an uncultivated, I should say, self-cultivated boy; but so it is, and he talked of him and of the poems as I never heard any one talk, after his own fashion. . . . He stayed until 11, and yet I was neither weary nor sleepy, rather refreshed and invigorated.

The "laughing notice" of the Festus scenes, obligingly written by Miss Littlehale, and sent to the editor of the *Star*, was this, followed by Miss Walker's comment on the ballad:

The following notices of recent effusions we take the liberty of quoting for the benefit of the readers of the *Star*. This first,—a very brief extract (from the *London Enquirer*) from a notice of "The Supplementary Scene to Festus," which appeared in the July (1849) number of the *Star*; the second "Night Thoughts," from a source less foreign.

The New Scene of Festus.

The burlesque is capital; the similes are some of them so like "Festus" one could easily cheat another into the reality of certain passages. Who this young devotee of St. Crispin is, we cannot divine. The lines show an admirable tact at verse making; we hope to see something which has the writer's soul in it, too. So promising a genius should be cultivated, not spoiled.

I have elsewhere spoken of this lovely vision of youth and spiritual grace first fairly seen by me in the Hampton Falls church, July 20, 1850. She was the daughter of James Walker of Peterborough, a first cousin of President Walker of Harvard College, and her mother, Sarah Smith, was the favorite niece of Judge Smith of Exeter. She had died in 1841, and Mr. Walker had remarried a daughter of Rev. Jacob Abbot of Hampton Falls. Ariana, named for Judge Smith's

daughter, was born in the Carter house on the steep Peterborough hillside, overlooking the river Contoocook from the northeast, and commanding, as all the hills thereabout do, a noble prospect of Monadnock. Her brother, George Walker, afterwards bank commissioner of Massachusetts and consul-general of the United States at Paris, was born five years earlier in the same house, and the brother and sister tripped down this hill in early childhood, near the mansion of their uncle, Samuel Smith, the judge's manufacturing brother, to attend the private school of Miss Abbot, now Mrs. Horatio Wood of Lowell, whose younger sister James Walker married in 1844. Her uncle, Rev. Dr. Abiel Abbot, pastor at Peterborough, had earlier in his ministry, at Coventry in Connecticut, persuaded Jared Sparks, the future historian, then a carpenter in Mr. Abbot's parish, to go to the Phillips Academy at Exeter in 1809. Mr. Abbot going to make a visit to his brother, the successor of President Langdon in the Hampton Falls pulpit, slung the young man's box under his parson's chaise, while Sparks himself walked all the way to Exeter; whither his box preceded him, to the care of Dr. Benjamin Abbot (a cousin of the Hampton Falls pastor), then Principal of the famous Academy. It was this intermarriage between the Abbot and Walker families that led, as above mentioned, to my first acquaintance with Anna Walker. Her stepmother had a sister, Mrs. Cram, married in their father's old parish, and living next door to the old house then occupied by Mrs. Joseph Sanborn, my uncle's widow, with her two children, who were cousins of Mrs. Cram's children. Indeed the

two houses once had belonged to the Cram family, with only a garden between them; the later built of the two being more than a hundred years old, and soon to give place to a new house, in which many of my interviews with Miss Walker were afterwards held. But the old house, in its large parlor, was the memorable scene of our first interview, briefly described above by Anna herself. In a fuller entry in her journal she said:

F. stayed until 11 and yet I was neither weary nor sleepy, but rather refreshed and invigorated. He excused himself for staying so late, but said the time had passed rapidly. C. seemed very much surprised that he had spoken so freely to a stranger; I think he himself will wonder at it. The conversation covered so many subjects that I could not help laughing on looking back upon it; he might have discovered the great fault of my mind, a want of method in my thoughts, as clearly as I saw his to be a want of hope. But talking with a new person is to me like going for the first time into a gallery of pictures. We wander from one painting to another, wishing to see all, lest something finest should escape us, and in truth seeing no one perfectly and appreciatingly. Only after many visits and long familiarity can we learn which are really the best, most suggestive and most full of meaning; and then it is before two or three that one passes the hours. So we wander at first from one topic of conversation to another, until we find which are those reaching farthest and deepest, and then it is these of which we talk most. My interest in Frank S. is peculiar; it is his intellectual and spiritual nature, and not *himself* that I feel so much drawn to. I can't say it rightly in words, but I never was so strongly interested in one where the feeling was so little *personal*.

This was by no means my own case. I had the strongest personal interest in this young lady, whose life had been so unlike my own, but who had reached in many points the same conclusions, literary, social and religious, which were my own, so far as a youth of less than nineteen can be said to have reached conclusions. We met again and again, and



*Yours truly
Anna Walker*

discussed not only Shelley, but Plato and Emerson, of whom we were both eager readers. She had received from her father the winter before Emerson's "Representative Men," just after she had been reading Plato with Ednah Littlehale, and she was also familiar with several of the other characters in that volume,—her studies in German having advanced further than mine. Two years earlier she had read Emerson's first book, "Nature," more than once, and at the age of 18 thus wrote of it to Ednah:

April 1, 1848. I am glad you have read "Nature." It has long been one of my books. It lies at this moment on my little table, and seldom does a day pass without my finding there something that chimes with the day's thought. Emerson always gives me a feeling of quiet,

simple strength. I go to him, therefore, when I am weak and feeble,—not when I am full of unrest and disquiet. My soul is at times the echo of his; like the echo, however, it can only give back a single word. I bow in quiet joy at his grander thought; but, like him, I do not therefore yield my own. The light of his spirit does not dazzle my eyes so that all seems dark elsewhere; on the contrary, the world around me, reflecting back that radiance, smiles in a new-born glory. I love the whole earth more, that I know him more truly.

Of the crayon by Morse; here engraved, which remained in Boston some weeks after it was finished, that winter of 1847-'48, she thus wrote to Ednah, February 6, 1848:

George Walker is very enthusiastic about Morse and the picture. "It is almost too fine," etc. From what he told me I should think it decidedly the finest of Morse's pictures. Tell him I could not have been more glad if the pic-



F. B. SANBORN IN COLLEGE, 1853.

ture had been my own. Greenough, the sculptor, says it is the finest crayon ever done in Boston. Shall I tell you what I felt when I read George's letter?—a deep regret that I was not beautiful. I could wish myself lovely for Morse's sake, for the sake of his fame; because then the picture would have been finer.

No one ever found this portrait other than beautiful. When I first saw her, two years after Alpheus Morse had finished it, her expression had changed from the serene, saintly look which Morse depicted, to one of more vivacity and gayety, which in her periods of comparative health was her natural expression, and which made her even more charming than in the earlier portrait. She had just reached 18 when it was drawn, and it was made for her brother, herself retaining only a daguerre from it.

Our second evening was that of August 1, and this is the record of it in her journal:

Last night F. S. was here again. We had been wishing he would come but did not expect him. He was in a fine mood, but one or two things I regret in the evening's talk. He had spoken of many things earnestly, and at last he mentioned James Richardson's proposal that he should enter into the ministry. We all laughed. I wanted to say something of his future life; but I seemed to have no right. He said "That is the last thing I should choose." "No," said I, with decision, "preaching is not your mission." I felt as if I must go on, but I restrained myself and was silent. He must have thought we ridiculed the idea of his becoming a minister, because we thought him unequal to the work. I did not feel this so fully then as I did after he was gone; but it hurts me to have so repulsed him, for I think he wished us to say something more—to talk with him of himself and of his future. O golden opportunity! I fear it is lost and will not come again.

We talked of many things—I more of people than formerly. His mind is analytic, the intellect predominating and governing the heart; feelings do not often get the mastery. He is calm and searching, with a very keen insight into the merits or demerits of a style. This is characteristic of his mind. He is unsparingly just to his own thought. He is not at all a dreamer; or, if he is ever so, his dreams are not

enervating. He is vigorous, living, strong. Calmness of thought is a large element of his nature; it extends to the feelings as well as the intellect. Yet there is fire under the ice, and I imagine if it should be reached it would flame forth with great power and intensity.

We talked of Plato and Herbert and Shelley, and many others. He says it is not the thought of "Alastor" that makes it his favorite, but the versification. I do not think now that he is wanting in severity. He went away after eleven. "I have stayed even later than the other night," said he, "quite too late." "Oh, no, not at all," said I. I think he liked to come again. It may seem vain to say so, but I suspect he had seldom talked with any one exactly as he did with us tonight. C. is the only person here who would care to talk with him on such subjects; and her gentle modesty would not allow her to sit deliberately down to draw any one out as I have done with Frank. C. said she did not know he could talk so finely. I believe that to him it was a relief. He has a rich nature, and yet my interest in him has little to do with feelings, less so than I could have supposed possible for me.

Ah, how little do we at such times know ourselves! The next few weeks showed that nothing so interested her feelings as the fortunes of this youth.

As I wrote the above, Mrs. Cram asked me why, if I felt that F. had misunderstood what I said of his becoming a minister, I did not write him a note, and tell him what I then wished so much to say. She urged my doing so, and at last I wrote the following, which I showed to her, and which she advised my sending:

NOTE.

When you spoke last night of Mr. R.'s proposition that you should enter the ministry, I have thought that what I replied might and must have given you a wrong impression. When I said with decision that I did not think preaching your mission, it was not because I feared you would fail in that or, in anything for which you should heartily strive; but because it seems to me as if no one should take such a mission upon himself unless he feels a decided call, and is sensible of a peculiar fitness.

Your work in life seems to me more clearly pointed out than that of most men; it comes under that last head in "Representative Men;" we need you as a writer. I know how much of struggle and even of suffering such a life must contain, but Plato says, "When one is attempting noble things it is surely noble also to suffer whatever it may befall him to suffer."

I feel that there is that within you which cannot rightfully be hidden; and your success seems to me sure, if you will but bend your whole energies to this end. I wish I were wise enough to suggest something more than the goal to be reached; but I am sure you will have

other and more efficient friends who will give you the aid of experience.

Perhaps you will think I presume upon a short acquaintance to say all this; but it is often given to us "to foresee the destiny of another more clearly than that other can," and it seems to me only truth to strive "by heroic encouragements to hold him to his task." Will you pardon my boldness? I give you God-speed.

Your friend,

Anna W.

The next day the journal goes on:

We rode to the Hill (the post-office) and left Frank's note with his little brother, Josey, at school. I felt sorry I had sent it the moment it was fairly gone, and if I could have recalled it I certainly should. It contained little of my thought, and would do harm if not received earnestly. It is difficult to do good. I hope I shall see and talk with F. before I go to Gloucester.

August 3. This evening, as I lay wearily on the sofa, for I had been sick all day, Charles Healey came in, and immediately afterward, Frank. I felt not at ease, for we could say nothing of what was in both our thoughts often and often, I am sure. I seemed stupid, talked, but said nothing. Frank was gay—he is seldom that; C. said when he had gone, "Anna, I saw your influence in all F. said to-night,—he was happy." I don't know what to think. Why did he come and why has he said nothing about my note? It requires speedy answer.

August 6, Tuesday. I felt all day as if something was going to happen to me, and in the afternoon F. C. brought me a letter from Frank. It was calm, manly, kind, sincere, earnest; not warm—apart from feeling. I felt it very much. A note which came with it, and which contained little in words, gave me an impression of feeling which the letter did not. A sonnet F. sent me also, which I like. He added some marginal notes which rather made a jest of it; but I think the sonnet was written earnestly, and the notes were an afterthought to conceal that earnestness. How deeply, how strongly I am interested in Frank! I feel as if I must help him. He has hardly been out of my thoughts an hour since I wrote the note. And now his frankness gives a new tone to my thought; for I feel as if I might perhaps do something for him.

THE SONNET.

Our life—a casket of mean outward show,
Hides countless treasures, jewels rich and rare,
Whose splendid worth, whose beauty, wondrous fair,

Only the favored few may see and know
On whom the partial Gods in love bestow,
To ope the stubborn lid, the silver key;

And such methinks, have they bestowed on Thee.

Or shall I say? o'er all things base and low

Thou hast the blessed power of alchemy,
Changing their dross and baseness into gold;

And in all vulgar things on earth that be.

Awakening beauty, as the Greek of old

Wrought vase and urn of matchless symmetry

From the downtrodden and unvalued mould.

August 6, 1850.

F. B. S.

Wednesday, Aug. 7. I went to the Sewing Circle on Munt Hill. I had three reasons for going—to be with Cate, to sit under the green trees once again, and to see Frank, who I felt sure would be there. I had a beautiful but wearisome afternoon. I liked to sit under the green arches of the oaks and maples, and to watch the play of faces, and read through them in the souls of those around me. Cate is the best, and most beautiful and worthy to be loved; and next to her I was drawn to Helen Sanborn. She is cold and self-centered, but she interests me. I want to know what all that coldness covers and conceals. Frank came; he greeted me last, and then almost distantly—certainly coldly. He was gay and witty, and we had a little talk together, sitting after tea in the doorway. Miss (Nancy) Sanborn's house* is prettily located, but there is something really mournful in such a lonely life as hers. Heaven save me from so vacant, so desolate a life as that of most unmarried women!

We had a pleasant ride home, and I thought F. might come up in the evening. If he does not I shall probably not see him again. I hope he will come.

August 8. He did come up last night, and we talked very earnestly and freely together. I think I never spoke with more openness to any one; we forgot we were Frank and Anna, and talked as one immortal soul to another.

The conversation began by Cate's showing him my Analyses. I sat in a low chair at C.'s feet, and watched his face while he read. It was steady; I could not read it, and I admired his composure, because I do not think it arose from a want of feeling. He said, when he had finished, that he should not like to say whose the first analysis was; it might apply in parts to many; and then turned to his own, and began to talk of it; not easily, but with difficulty and reserve. I gave him a pencil and asked him to mark what he thought untrue. He made three or four marks, and explained why he did so; but not for some time did he say that it was himself of whom he spoke. He said I overrated him; he was quick but confused, and he complained of a want of method, strictness and steadiness

*The old Sanborn house near Munt Hill, in Chapter I.

of purpose, in his intellectual nature. I thought these rather faults of habit than of nature; few minds left so wholly to themselves, with so little opportunity, would have been other than desultory.

To be overestimated, or to feel himself so, is extremely painful to Frank, and he constantly referred to it. "I shall not, I think, be injured by your praises," said he at one time; "I have a mirror always near me which shows me to myself as I really am." In referring to that part of the analysis where I spoke of his being less self-dependent than he thought himself, he said, "Yes, I want some superior friend to whom I can go at all times, and who will never fail me." Who of us does not need such a friend? I thought of Ednah gratefully.

In talking of the ways and means of life before him, I told him how deeply I felt my own want of practical ability; it seemed idle to suggest only the goal to be reached, and to say nothing of the paths leading thereto. "After all," said I, with real feeling, "I have not helped you." "I am afraid," he said, "that you suffer as I do, from a want of self-confidence." Cate urged me to greater freedom, for I was embarrassed, and I said in reply, "I wish I were wise." "I hope it is not my wisdom that restrains you," he said with great gentleness, "a little child might lead me." The tone of feeling touched me, I looked at him quietly, and talked more clearly of school and college, and all the possibilities which the future held out to him, and the probabilities.

I told him it was the discipline he needed most,—not so much the books he would study as the power he would obtain over his own thoughts, and the opportunities which such a life would open to him. He then spoke of himself, and said that he feared a sedentary life would "only hasten what would come soon enough of itself." And for the first time I observed the hollow chest and the bright color which indicate consumptive tendencies in him. Health must not be sacrificed; his work in life must not be hindered by bodily weakness; this is an important consideration. He then spoke of Mr. R.'s proposition, and, finally, all solved itself in the question, "What is really my work in life?"

"I think," said I in reply, "that there might be a person wise enough to decide for you." "I think so, too," said he quickly, "and I wish that person would decide,"—"or those persons," he added, after a moment. I thought it possible he might mean Cate or myself by "that person"; but I did not feel capable of choosing for him, even if he had thought of me when he spoke,—and of that I greatly doubt. So no reply was made,—but the final result seemed to be, that if his health would allow,

private lessons or school would be the best thing open to him.

In looking again at the Analysis,*—I told him that it would not bear severe intellectual criticism; it must necessarily have many and great faults. He said, "It is almost perfect, except that you stood at too high a point of view, so that some defects were concealed,"—and seemed surprised that he should have laid himself open so far in so short a time. But "I see that I must have done so, unless you have much clearer eyes than most people." "Not that," said I, "but I have a habit of studying souls; persons are more to me than to most. I read in them as you read in books. I have seen in you tonight some new traits of character." He then asked me to add them to the analysis; but I would not promise to do so. "I hope," he said, "that you are not going to conceal anything. Talk to me as if I were a chair or a table; I can bear any truth,—do not fear to wound me." "I am not afraid to be severe with you," said I.

The conversation turned upon many things which I cannot write here,—upon pride, upon faith in a future life, etc. It was not till after midnight that he said he must go; and then it was evidently only because he felt he ought; the conversation held him. "When," he asked, "shall you be in Hampton Falls again?" "Perhaps in one year, perhaps not for several," said I. "Then it is doubtful when we shall see one another again. I shall not be likely to meet you anywhere else." "Yes," said I, "when I see you next, your destiny will probably be decided." "I will promise you," he said, "that my choice shall be made as quickly as possible."

I told him I hoped I should hear of it when he did so. He said he might not be in Hampton Falls at that time, and seemed, I half thought, to wish me to ask him to tell me himself of his decision; but I hesitated to do so, and so said nothing. "And so," he said again, as he bade me good-by, "it is uncertain whether we shall see each other again for

*The close of this is as follows: "Has many noble aspirations yet unsatisfied. Still seeking, seeking, groping in the dark. He wants a definite end for which to strive heartily; then his success would be sure. Much executive power, executes better than he plans."

"Loves the beautiful in all things. He has much originality; his thoughts and tastes are peculiarly his own. Is impatient of wrong, and almost equally so of inability. Is gentle in spite of a certain coldness about him; has strong passions in spite of his general calmness of intellect and affection. A nature not likely to find rest, struggle is its native element; wants a steady aim, must work, standing still is impossible; but he must have a great motive for which to strive."

Aug. 5th, 1850.

"Many contradictions in this analysis, but not more than there are in the character itself."

years. Well,—I shall always remember that there is one person in the world who thinks more highly of me than I do of myself." We shook hands, and he went away.

Intellectually, or by a certain fitness between us, I seemed to draw near to him, and I think he was sorry that our acquaintance should have been so transient, and should have terminated so suddenly. It seems strange to think of now, and not quite real to me; but I feel it has been of great service to me, however little I have done to help him. I have never seen any one like Frank. It is good to have a new interest in life, and in him I shall always feel strongly interested. I believe the journal of this evening is very poor; it gives not the least idea of what I consider as almost the most singular conversation in my life,—and the end of a strange experience.

Ah, no! it was the beginning of that experience of which Dante wrote in his *Vita Nuova*,—"Behold a Spirit cometh mightier than thou, who shall rule over thee." This gentle maiden had not been averse to Love, but now he came in his full armor. The tell-tale journal goes on:

When he was gone I felt so full of regret that I had not spoken more wisely to him that I covered my face with my hands and let the warm tears flow fast,—but it was only for a moment. I was excited as I seldom am; felt strong and free, and as I looked out of the window had an inclination to throw myself down on the cool grass below. The girls would not let me talk; they went to their rooms,—but I lay waking all the night through. How I wished for some divining power to give me a knowledge of Frank's thoughts! Had I helped him? was this meeting of ours to have any influence upon his life? and if so, would it work for good or evil? was this the beginning or the end of some new life? Lastly, how had he thought of *me*? finely and highly, or had I seemed poor and bold? Upon his thought of me all the power of this evening to help him must depend; and I felt doubtful what it had been. Are we really to see each other no more? and is this to end our acquaintance? Have I been forbearing enough? Should I not have waited to be sought, and not have gone out to meet him? But my motive was pure and disinterested; does he know that? Of course he could not seek me. There certainly was feeling in him tonight,—I saw it in his face. It is true then that he loves X.? These and a thousand other questions I went on asking,

while the night wore away. I rose ill and feeble, and all day have suffered much; though not more than I expected last night. I have written F. a note, the principal object of which is to ask him to tell me himself when his decision is made as to his future life. I shall send it with the Analysis. Mrs. C. has seen and approved of it, and I trust to her judgment. There is much more feeling in it than in his letter; but it seemed to me not to touch upon sentiment. Beside, F. is not vain,—the strange boy!

There was no occasion to doubt how I had received all this inspiration and encouragement to a more active life. It had been taken exactly as it was meant, and no thought unworthy of the most ideal friendship occurred to me. But the arrow of Love had wounded me also, and I was not so unconscious of it as Anna was. We continued to correspond, and I went on my projected trip to the White Mountains early in September, with my head and heart both enlisted in her service. In one of my letters I sent her these lines, which, after the avowal of my love in November, I completed to a sonnet, by the lines of the final couplet:

SONNET II.

As calmest waters mirror Heaven the best,
So best befit remembrances of Thee
Calm, holy hours, from earthly passion free,
Sweet twilight musing,—Sabbaths in the breast:
No stooping thought, nor any groveling care
The sacred whiteness of that place shall stain,
Where, far from heartless joys and rites profane,
Memory has reared to Thee an altar fair;
Yet frequent visitors shall kiss the shrine,
And ever keep its vestal lamp alight,—
All noble thoughts, all dreams divinely bright,
That waken or delight this soul of mine.

So Love, meek pilgrim! his young vows did pay,
With glowing eyes that must his lips gainsay.

In the meanwhile she had gone to spend the rest of August with her dear Ednah at Gloucester by the seaside, and from there, two weeks after

this parting at Hampton Falls, she wrote to her friend Cate what I may call

ADVICE TO A YOUNG STUDENT.

(TWENTY TO EIGHTEEN.)

GLOUCESTER, August 22nd, 1850.

And now, dear,—I want to talk to you about Frank,—about whose future I have had much anxious thought. There seem to me to be many objections to both the plans we mentioned in that evening's conversation, which were not as clear to me then as now,—I mean the going to college or the studying with Mr. Richardson.* Amid the sedentary habits of Cambridge I really fear for Frank's health,—so many have I seen sink under them who were more vigorous than he; and so often have I mourned over earthly promise lost,—ruthlessly thrown away,—amid influences like those, where everything was sacrificed to the *intellect*. With all the external struggles which Frank would be forced to undergo in addition to these, I feel as if it were hardly possible for him to go through a course at Cambridge without impaired health,—and, as a necessary consequence, *inevitable*, diminished powers; for let no one dream that he can break *one* of God's laws without the *whole* being suffering therefrom. Frank's health *must* be preserved; his work in life *must* not be hindered or marred by bodily weakness. He owes it to the good God who has given so much to him not to "lay waste his powers,"—that he may remain here with us, and help us to live, as long as he can. Is it not so, darling?

With regard to Mr. Richardson, even if that *should* be open to Frank, I doubt if it would *really* be for the best. James Richardson's faults of mind are so exactly those which F. complains of in himself, that I fear he would not obtain from him that discipline which he most needs. There is not enough *reality* about J. R. to satisfy the wants of a true and strong nature; not that I fear *contagion*, for Frank has more power of self-preservation than any person I ever met, and he might as well cease to be, as cease to be *true*; but his *teacher* should be a man of strict and accurate mind, with an element even of intellectual *severity* in it,—with a soul *open* to

enthusiasm but not *possessed* by it,—and ready and willing to impart its wealth to others. Such a man Mr. R. is *not*, and I do not say this from my own knowledge, merely, but from the better knowledge of those who have known him long and intimately.

And now, after all this, dear, I want to make a *new* suggestion to Frank,—which is that instead of either of these things he should remain at Hampton Falls, and take *private* lessons of Mr. Hoyt at Exeter, during this winter at least. Going into Exeter once or twice a week would be easy for him, and all that would be needful in his case. And from all I hear of Mr. Hoyt he is admirably fitted to be Frank's guide. Ednah, who knows him, says he is just the person, she should think, to do F. good; I only judge of him through others. If I were Frank I should go to Mr. H. and tell him just how it was with me,—that it was the *discipline of education* that I wanted, and not to be fitted for any particular profession; and I should ask *his* advice as to the studies best to pursue. If Frank would do this, I do not fear for the result; if I am not mistaken in my opinion of Mr. H. at the end of the winter he would no longer stand in need of that friend who is *wise* enough to choose for him his future course in life.

Does not this seem to you the best and most possible *present* course for Frank? It does seem so to *me*; and I have thought of this with *far* more anxiety and effort than I have bestowed even upon *my own* winter, and all that must depend thereon. *Can* I say more? or will you understand fully that this is *my best* judgment,—which *can* only pass for what it is worth? though I would it were of a thousand times more value than it is. . . . After all, this can only be a suggestion,—for it is made without a full knowledge of facts, and there may be many objections known to Frank, of which I am wholly ignorant. I would only offer it as all that I have to give.

Frank's course in life, as it lies clearly in my thought, seems to be this: To devote the next four or five years to as severe study (and I do not mean by study mere getting of lessons) as a strict obedience to the laws of health will allow; to take for this time intellectual discipline as the principal, though not the *exclusive* end and aim of life,—and for this purpose to make use of *all* and the best means in his power. At the end of those years he may work with his *hands* at anything he pleases; there is no labor which a noble soul cannot dignify. He shall make shoes or be a farmer, or whatever else he finds easiest,—if he will give us his *best* thoughts through pen and paper,—if he does also his appointed

*Rev. James Richardson, a classmate of Thoreau at Harvard, was then settled at Haverhill, Mass., and, preaching at Hampton Falls the preceding April had met F. B. S. and urged him to go to college,—promising to aid him, if needful. Nothing had come of this, or was likely to. Prof. J. G. Hoyt was the teacher of Greek and mathematics at Exeter Academy,—an active anti-slavery man also.

spiritual and intellectual work. He shall even settle down quietly in H. F. if so his choice lead him (for place will be little to him when he has obtained full possession of *himself*),—so that he do but let his light so shine before men that they may see his good works and give thanks to the Father therefor. I would not condemn him to the hard struggles of the *merely* literary man, *even* if his physical strength would allow; for in this money-loving Yankee land want and suffering are the sure accompaniments of such a life; but I *would* have him fitted to use to the *full* those powers of mind which God has given him for the benefit of others; and I would have this work of a writer the highest end and aim of life, —although other things may be the needful and even beautiful accessories.

And now I wish you to *show* this part of my letter to Frank; and I should like him to consider it without any reference to its being *my* opinion (for I think it would have not *more* but less weight, perhaps, on that account), but simply as a suggestion worthy of thought, while he is making his decision with regard to his future life, and the immediate steps to be taken therein. "If I were to proffer an earnest prayer to the gods for the greatest of earthly privileges," says Mr. Alcott in his *Journal*, "it should be for a *severely* candid friend." *That*, at least, I am and have been to Frank; and even should he think me inclined to force and intrude my opinions upon him, I will not selfishly shrink from doing what I think right, because I may thereby suffer the loss of his good opinion. I am very anxious that Frank should *now* and quickly have some intellectual guide and friend; and such, I hope, Mr. H. might become to him. Hitherto he has stood alone, for he is strong and *cheerful*,—but now he wants a helping hand, though it do but touch him gently, so that he may feel himself a link in the great chain that binds humanity together. For this he appears to me *not* yet to have felt quite clearly. He himself says "A little child might lead me",—but he cannot be led,—only guided,—and even that must be by his *superior*.

I incline to think he has never learned much from any *one* soul; for his life has been rather in thoughts than persons; but *all* things, animate and inanimate, have been his unconscious teachers; and should I seem to flatter if I said that, like his own Pilgrim, he has in him "something of the universality of Nature herself?" I think I do but use the expression with his own meaning. I have spoken to *you* dear, often, of the suffering of Frank's probable life,—but not from any feeble wish to hold him from it. He

must go upward by the "steep but terrible way"—by the *precipice*—and not by the *winding path*,—and I say *God speed*.

There is one other person in Exeter who would take Frank as a pupil, I have no doubt,—and that is Mr. Hitchcock.* In belles lettres he is far superior to Mr. Hoyt, and indeed to most men,—and I think he might gratify Frank's *tastes* more fully; but I doubt if he has so strict and accurate a mind as Mr. Hoyt, or would prove so good a guide for F. I should like him to be Frank's *friend*, and not his teacher.

I followed this very wise counsel, took lessons in Greek of Mr. Hoyt for a year, and then entered Phillips Exeter Academy for seven months, and from that entered at Harvard a year in advance,—having read much Latin before going to Exeter. The arrangement had the incidental advantage, not foreseen by either of us, that I could receive my letters and parcels from Anna, and send my own without attracting too much notice from friends and relatives,—who were generally excluded from knowledge of the correspondence.

I have sometimes thought that a young man of less vanity than F. B. S. might be excused for hoping that a lady, who evidently took so deep an interest in his character and future career, had at least a slight personal reason for so doing. But that would have been unjust to this rare personage, who certainly was the most unselfish, altruistic and just of all women. The disclosure of love was truly as great a surprise to her three months after this as anything could have been; but that it was not unwelcome the event proved.

* Rev. Roswell Hitchcock was then preaching at the old church in Exeter, but afterwards became the head of the Calvinistic Union Theological Seminary at New York. Anna's judgment of him was very just; what her observation had been I know not; but once taking tea with him would have given her this perception, so remarkable was her insight.

Soon after my return from the White Mountains I made the arrangement with Prof. J. G. Hoyt of the Exeter Academy, by which I was to recite to him in Greek for a year before entering regularly as a student in Exeter.

My visits to his study were weekly, and this was the beginning of a friendship with a noble man, which continued so long as he lived. Years afterward he wished me to take a position with him in the Washington University at St. Louis; as the late

at Hampton Falls, she wrote me a letter early in November, asking my confidence in the matter. To convince her what the truth was, I confessed my ardent love for her. She received the avowal as it was meant, but in a spirit of self-denial, she deferred the acceptance for a time. The journal, as formerly, received her confession:

I opened the note (November 21, 1850) and read the first two or three lines, and covered my face with my hands. It seemed impossible to believe in the reality of what I saw. That



Exeter Street in 1850.

Amos Lawrence had offered me, a few years earlier, the head mastership of the Lawrence Academy in Kansas, which has become the State University. For good reasons, I declined both offers.

Miss Littlehale, whom I first met at Exeter in the spring of 1852, was in the autumn of 1850 seriously ill for a long time at her father's house, 44 Bowdoin street, Boston; and there Miss Walker visited her in October and November of that year. Misapprehending some circumstances in my relations with her particular friends

Frank could love *me*,—weak, feeble, unworthy as I am,—I had never even dreamed. When I could read the little note, it was so clear, so like Frank, that I could only thank God that he loved me. Had he been near me then,—could not but have told him that I loved him. I, the lonely, felt myself no more alone; and life looked fair to me in this new radiance.

So early and so bold an avowal fixed the fate of both; they could never afterward be other than lovers, however much the wisdom of the world pleaded against a relation closer than friendship. But the world must not at first know the footing upon which they stood; even the father and brother

must imagine it a close friendship, such as her expansive nature was so apt to form, and so faithful to maintain. One family in Hampton Falls and one friend in Boston, Miss Littlehale, were to be cognizant of the truth; and it was not clear, for years, to the self-sacrificing good

ment of marriage, to be fulfilled when my college course should be ended, and my position in the world established. The announcement was made in 1853, following a recurrence of the mysterious illness from which she had suffered more or less since 1846, and of which she died in 1854.



George Walker in Paris, 1886.

sense of the maiden, what her ultimate answer to the world might be. Hence misunderstandings and remonstrances from those who saw more clearly than the young lovers could, how many outward obstacles opposed themselves to this union of hearts. But the union remained unbroken, and could at last be proclaimed to the world as an engage-

In the intervening four years since our first meeting, great happiness had been ours, and also much suffering, from the uncertainties of life and the divided allegiance which she owed to her family and to her lover. Finally this source of unhappiness was removed, and it was seen by all that her choice was to be accepted, whatever the results might be. Her brother

George was her confidant after a little. His relation to his sister after the death of their mother, and in the feeble health and engrossing occupations of their father, was peculiarly admirable. When she found herself more closely bound to another, this new tie was not allowed to weaken the fraternal affection. He adopted the youth who had so unexpectedly become dear, as a younger brother; and his delicate generosity in circumstances which often produce estrangement was never forgotten. In public life he was the same considerate and high-minded gentleman; not regardless of the advantages which social position and moderate wealth give, but ever ready to share his blessings, instead of engrossing all within reach to himself and his circle. Without the commanding talents or decisive character which make men illustrious, and secure unchanging fortune, he had, as Channing said of Henry Thoreau, "what is better,—the old Roman belief that there is more in this life than applause and the best seat at the dinner table,—to have moments to spare to thought and imagination, and to those who need you."

Yet this affectionate brother seemed at first to stand like a lion in the path that was to bring two lovers together. A month after the declaration, Anna wrote to Ednah Littlehale, her dearest friend:

And yet, my Ednah, even you are not dearer to me than Frank is. I cannot bear to tell George of all this until F. has achieved for himself so much that it will not seem mere madness to George. I think I cannot speak of this to him until this is so. I cannot expose F. more than myself to the pain that would follow; and yet you say it would not be right to keep this a secret,—and I *could* not ask a longer waiting of

Frank; how shall it be with us? Will you help me as much as human love can aid, and tell me what you think of all this? I, your *child*, ask it of you as I would have done of my mother, were she living and near me; will you refuse me? "Will F. be able to like you"? Yes, yes, yes,—as much as I do; he would love you,—you would *suit*; only you must see each other first under favorable circumstances,—not in Town, not ceremoniously. I send you inclosed F.'s letters: I wish you to return them *at once*, and write to me of them some time, frankly,—just what you feel,—this, dearest, at your leisure. . . . Believe me that I do not muse and dream; the only time when I am ever guilty of this is in the very early morning,—when I have waked sometimes from dreams of F., and, half waking, half sleeping, have fancied what we should say to one another when we met.

And to show that I was no better in that respect, she enclosed to Ednah my last sonnet:

SONNET III.

Being absent yet thou art not wholly gone,
For thou hast stamped thine image on the
world;
It shines before me in the blushing dawn,
And sunset clouds about its grace are curled;
And thou hast burthened every summer breeze
With the remembered music of thy voice,
Sweeter than linnet's song in garden trees,
And making wearisome all other joys.
Sleep vainly strives to bar thee from his hall,—
Thou win'st light entrance in a dream's disguise,
And there with gentlest sway thou rulest all
His gliding visions and quick fantasies;
The busy day is thine; the quiet night
Sleeps in thy radiance, as the skies in light.

"These I thought you would like," she adds at the foot; "tell me if you do." The topic was never far from her mind, wherever she might be. At Westford, visiting her stepmother's sister, the aunt of her Hampton Falls confidante, she wrote to Ednah (Jan. 20, 1851):

One thing Cate tells me, that I am very glad of. She says that last summer Frank gave all the letters he had had from me to his sister Sarah; and asked her to read them, and tell him

if there was any peculiar feeling in them? She did so, and said to him that she did not think there was. Then he told her the way he was going,—that he felt he had no power to resist,—that he saw himself daily passing into deeper waters; that every day he loved me more and more, and could not go back a single step. And he asked her to read the letters again, with reference to his feeling for me, and tell him what she thought of them. She gave them back to him, and only said, "Frank, you must watch over yourself unceasingly." It is a help to me that Sarah knows of this. I can be truer with frank judging of actions and words through her. . . . It is possible that I may not go to H. Falls at all next summer; and it is possible that I may spend some weeks there.

This last she did. Among the verses of the first year were these, which she also copied and sent to Ednah; indicating another mood of her young admirer:

SONNET IV.

One with sad, wrinkled brow said unto me:

"Why will thou strive, since struggle is so vain?

Thou dost but fret and chafe thee with thy chain,—

Thou canst not break it. No,—still waits for thee

The common sorrow of mortality,—

Restless to live, unsatisfied to die,

Pining for freedom, and yet never free."

"Yet will I never weep," calm answered I,

"But wreathe these heavy fetters round with flowers;

And through my grated window from the sky

Catch cheering glimpses of the heaven's great eye,

To shorten or to gladden my dull hours."

And lo! the prison walls bound me no more;

One breath of Hope has opened wide the door.

Our correspondence was incessant, and the Exeter post-office gave the opportunity to mail and receive letters without exciting gossip. Something like valentines passed in February, and on the 24th she wrote to Ednah:

May I talk to you of F.? I find him mingling more and more in my life; find it daily more

difficult to turn my thoughts from him. I believe he is dearer to me now than ever before. I hear often from him; he writes two letters to my one, generally; is he not good? I said to C., "I did not suppose Frank's pride would let him do that." "Ah," said she, "his pride is great, but his love is greater, and has quite overcome it." She has seen all the letters. F. thinks it not right to send them through her otherwise, and it is through him that it has been so. I told her I did not dare to speak to him as warmly as I felt; that by great effort I had compelled myself to answer quietly, when he had lavished love upon me. This is to show you that I am truer than I feared. . . . His winter seems to be much to him; he writes fully of his life outwardly as well as inwardly. I can't well realize that the Frank who cuts wood all day in the pine woods "where the birds are not afraid to come, and where the crows fly so near that one can hear their wings creak and rustle as they hurry along; and the sun shines through the trees, and over their tops at noon," is the same person who sits at night studying Greek, or talking with me of Schiller and Emerson, Shelley and Plato; does n't it seem strange to you, too? (March 19, 1851.) If it is finally decided that I do not go to H. Falls next summer, as seems likely now, I see no other way but for F. to come here in June. The excuse must be a pilgrimage to Monadnock,—not very difficult to see through, but sufficient to make no explanations necessary. I hate equivocation, but I am forced to it; and if it is possible for F. to come, it would be possible for me to receive him. There is another way which may be open to me. I might go to H. F. and stay two or three weeks, spending only a fortnight with you at the beach. If anything should happen to prevent my being with your family, or if you were in Dublin, I should think this the best plan for me, apart from any thoughts of F. But if I went to H. Falls, I know busy tongues would say it was for F.'s sake, and report would occupy itself about us both. Should I hesitate for that? What do you say?

There could be but one issue to all this; the heart governs in such matters, and I knew very early that her heart was mine. Nevertheless, there was the usual alternation of hope and fear, of jealousies and misunderstandings, out of which we always emerged with increased affection. I have

never heard of a love more romantic and unselfish; no permanent thought of ways and means, of foes or friends, came between us. I had been gifted with the power of winning friends without effort,—a gift that in her was carried to its highest point. She was beloved wherever she was seen, and had no enemy but her own self-accusing tenderness. Her life

had inspired. Emerson's "Hermitone" pictured the process:

I am of a lineage
That each for each doth fast engage;
In old Bassora's walls I seemed
Hermit vowed to books and gloom,—
Ill bested for gay bridegroom.
I was by thy touch redeemed;
When thy meteor glances came,
We talked at large of worldly fate,
And drew truly every tract.



Peterborough in 1854.

had been such as to arouse compassion for one so endowed, and so fettered by illness; but that very affliction had chastened her to a saintliness that was charmingly mingled with coquetry. "I love to be praised," she said; "I love to be loved"; and few were ever more beloved. By Heaven's direction her favor lighted on me; and, as usual, she exaggerated the qualities in me that herself

It was so from the beginning with her. At her first visit to my town, years before I saw her, she wrote to a Boston friend:

I reached Hampton Falls safely and found my friend Cate just the same—dear good girl! as ever, and professing herself very glad to see me. Here have I been, therefore, during the last week, living in true farmer-like style, with but two or three neighbors, and no village within three miles. The situation is a pleasant one. There is a pretty autumn landscape seen



The "Little Wood Opposite"

from the window at my side, whose gentle beauty does me good. There is much of blessing in Nature's silent sympathy. At night, too, we have a wide view of the glorious stars, which seem to have been peculiarly beautiful these last two evenings. I have thought of you all as I looked for my favorite constellations. Dear, you showed me the Scorpion,—you, Corny, Cassiopeia, and Ednah the Pleiades. All these were visible last night, and I am glad I can never look upon them without thoughts of you; is it not a pleasant association. Here too (as everywhere else), have I met much kindly sympathy. Strangers greet me like a long expected friend; rough, old farmers speak with a softened tone to the invalid stranger; and though the grasp of their hand be somewhat rough, it is full of heart-warmth, and, therefore very pleasant to me. One evening I had a treat which I had not anticipated here,—really good music. A pretty Mrs. Tilton* sang like a woodland bird, and with Cate's sweet low voice for a second, it was beautiful. I love music dearly, and *good* voices

are sweeter without an instrument than with it; so I did not miss the piano at all.

This was written in the tame and lovely scenery of Hampton Falls, a few miles from the seashore, in which this lover of nature always delighted, and which she needed to visit every summer. Her own native region of swift streams and mountains she once described thus:

Yesterday I walked out for the first time for a long season. (February 24, 1851.) I went on the snowcrust into the grove by the river, part way over the steep hill; and rested on a great rock which juts out over a high bank, and from which I looked down into the water just below me. Great twisted pines grow out of this bank, huge old sons of the forest; and thro' their thick branches I could see the gleaming of the first fall, which was close to me. The river is beautiful now, very full and swift; not a brook, as it is in the summer, but a rapid, rushing river. The sunshine coming into where I was sitting, through the pines overhead, made a kind of chequered light on the snow, and brightened into rainbow colors the icicles which fell

*This was Susan Jordan from Boston, who had been living at the same farmhouse (now gone), one of the oldest in the township, but was now married to a neighbor-farmer; she was a protégée of the late Dr. Henry Bowditch, and died in this hamlet, half way from Exeter to Hampton Falls village.

from the trees yesterday and lay still on the crust. Add to this a perfect stillness of the winter woods, broken only by the noise of the water; and you will have the best of my Sunday. So much, darling, for the outward world. Our French progresses pretty well. Mr. Krone is my principal amusement; oh, that man! he is too funny for anything, as Mrs. Thompson would say. I have read the life of Dr. Chalmers, which contains much that you would enjoy. I think, however, it is too long, a common fault with Memoirs. He was a fiery spirit. I am reading Agassiz too.

It was this house, in Grove Street, Peterborough, with its "little wood opposite" upon which her windows looked out, which is associated with her in my memory, and that of her surviving sister and her friends,—now alas! but few, out of the many who rejoiced in her love. The engraving shows it much as it then was,—one of two houses built by McKean, a skilful carpenter, about 1844, and

both now owned by the Livingston family. But when we visited the Walkers there, it had a green bank sloping down to the river, unobstructed by the railway and its apparatus; across the amber water was the flower-encircled cottage of Miss Putnam, the "Lady Bountiful" of the village then, who gave Putnam Park to the public, and preserved the fine trees on her terraced river bank. On the opposite side from this west front was the garden,—small but neatly kept, and blooming in the season with Anna's favorite roses; while the pine trees overhung the narrow street, and waved a sober welcome.

This fac-simile of one of her small pages to Edna shows how she passed from one topic to another, in her letters; and how uncertain was her spelling and punctuation. In our four



Residence of Anna Walker, Grove Street.



Ravine and Cascade, Peterborough.

and this' then thick branches I could
 see the gleaming of the first fall which
 was close to me - The river is beautiful
 now - very full and swift - not a
 brook as it is in the summer but a
^{moving} river - The bright sunshine coming in
 as where I was sitting - this the pine over
 head - made a kind of chattering light
 on the snow and brightened into rainbow
 colors the coils which fell from the trees
 yesterday and lay still on the ^{crest} snow -
 Add to this the perfect stillness of the
 winter woods and broken only by the
 noise of the water - and you will have
 the best of my Sunday - so much

years' correspondence she never quite mastered the difficult spelling of Tuesday,—indeed, her education had been interrupted by frequent illness, and was desultory, though remarkable for the many fields into which it led her, in five languages,—English, Italian, French, German and Latin. But in the reading of human life and character she was unsurpassed, and that, as she told me, was her chief study. To quote again from "Her-

tact with graces like hers, native and untaught, but lacking in nothing of the perfection of good breeding. In no company, high or low, was she ever out of place. She was the delight of every circle in which she moved; and would have been, had her range of experience been world-wide. Her praise and her blame were equally useful and courteous; the impatience of which she complained in herself, and which had been a fault of her



The "Little Lake Near By."

mione" (for Emerson was our daily library):

Once I dwelt apart;
Now I live with all;
As shepherd's lamp, on far hillside,
Seems, by the traveler espied,
A door into the mountain's heart,—
So didst thou quarry and unlock
Highways for me through the rock.

To love this daughter of rural New Hampshire was more than "a liberal education," as Sir Richard Steele said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings; nothing, as mere intellectual training, was more stimulating and elevating than con-

wayward childhood, was now trained to a fascinating caprice, which made her ever a surprise to her friends. In one of my visits, when she thought she was withdrawing herself into the cool grotto of friendship (which she kept saying was what she wished), suddenly she became as attractive as any of the Sirens, and I said to her, "Anna, how little I expected this; I did not even hope for it; what has brought you into this dear mood? I never find you twice the same; when I think I have become sure of you,

and accustomed to some phase of you, —thinking it to be *you*,—suddenly you seem to me wholly other than I thought, and I feel as if I had never known you." Amid all these changing moods, she never failed to be what the French quaintly term *attachante*; and it was of her own sweet will that she was so. Never, in a long life,—now half a century since her death,—have I found another so truly a woman.

Meantime my actual education at school and college went on; though I was often called away by the phases of her illness, which, like everything about her, was strange and unexpected. From the depths of what seemed a mortal illness, and which no physician thoroughly understood, she would rally to a hopeful prospect of full recovery. But at last the forces of nature and her will were exhausted; she gradually passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and perished in my arms, August 31, 1854. We had been married eight days before, at her wish, and in her father's Peterborough house, where I had attended all the changes of her last summer on earth, and done all that true love could do to make the pathway easier.

It was long before I could return to my college studies; but she had foreseen and directed all that, and even provided in her will that I should study

in Germany. Yet the pressure of the conflict between Freedom and Slavery in Kansas, after I had graduated at Harvard in July, 1855, kept me in America, and brought me into relations with one as remarkable among men, as she I had loved was among women—John Brown, of Kansas and Virginia. Of him and the events of his last three years my next chapter will treat.

I have given much space to this four years' episode in my career, because I write for readers in New Hampshire. This romance of our lives was wholly of New Hampshire; Boston was only an occasional scene for its development, when we met there at the houses of her friends or mine. Nearly all of them are now dead,—Mrs. Cheney, one of the last to pass away, after a long life of public and private usefulness.

I have often said of my Ariana,—what Landor so modestly sung of his Ianthe,—Jane Swift,—in that verse addressed to the River Swift:

Thou mindest me of her whose radiant morn
Lighted my path to love; she bore thy name;
*She whom no grace was tardy to adorn,
Whom one low voice pleased more than louder
fame.*

Or that perfect distich in honor of the same Ianthe:

Vita brevi fugitura! prior fugitura venustas!
Hoc saltem exiguo tempore duret amor.

[To be continued.]



EDITORIAL NOTES.

SOME LESSONS FROM THE BERLIN, N. H., FIRE.

TWO VIEWS OF THE SAME.



BEFORE.

This fire occasioned a financial loss of \$160,000.00; it started in the Opera Block and consumed a number of other buildings, including two hotels. The Opera Block (shown in above cut) was a frame building covered with galvanized iron. The top floor was used by tenants who roomed there. Many of these tenants were compelled to jump from the fourth story win-



AFTER.

dows in order to get out at all: one was killed and several were injured in so doing. **THERE WAS NO FIRE ESCAPE ON THE BUILDING.**

The Opera House had seats for 1,500,—or 400 more than White's Opera House in Concord. The alarm was sounded at 9.15 p. m. Supposing that there had been a show in the Opera House that night, what do you think would have been the fatality in that case? It's simply appalling to think of. There are still left a plenty of such buildings in this state, and there ought to be stringent ordinances to prevent the public use of such fire traps. It's nothing but luck that the loss of life was not 100, or more.

* *
* *

Road Improvement in Some of Our Smaller Towns.

Comparatively few people know of the work that has been done by some of the smaller towns in the state in way of building good roads and improving their village streets. Within a few years the town of Littleton had their main street all rebuilt. The street was widened and straightened. New curbing was set where necessary, and between the curbing (which forms the edge of the sidewalk), the whole roadway was concreted with tar and gravel concrete. Now from the railroad depot, across the river, over a magnificent steel bridge, and down through Main street, is a good, wide concrete pavement.

The town of Woodsville has also put in tar concrete the whole length of the Main street, and what was at one time a rough and, at times, a deep mud road, is now a smoother and beautiful driveway.

Ashland and Meredith have recently improved their village streets by putting in a permanent pavement. Berlin has been rebuilding its main street this past season.

Lancaster repaired its main street a few years ago by putting in crushed stone.

In 1903 Lisbon relaid its sewer sys-

tem in part of the town, and this past summer has macadamized the main street and village square. They have converted a rough and worn-out old road into a modern improved road that it is a pleasure to do business on, and is a credit to the town.

Many other instances of road improvement in our smaller towns might be mentioned. This all goes to show the desire and determination of the people to have better roads in the state. This work is being started and done where, as it is thought, it will do the greatest good to the greatest number, and so it is, but from these beginnings, from these trunks as it were, will start the branches, and a little will be built from year to year until finally the roads improved will reach to the town lines, and good roads and a continuous system of good roads will be the result.

It is a good sign to see the people waking up to the importance of better roads. The people will demand of their road agents better results for the money they are spending, and the time is sure to come when those who have to do with our road work, and who spend our money, must give something to show for it. The people will demand a road builder for road agent and not, as is now too often the case, a political boss.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

Devoted to Literature, Biography, History, and State Progress

Contents

VOL. XXXVII

AUGUST-SEPTEMBER, 1904

NOS. 2-3

MR. BAYNES AND "JIMMY," THE BLACK BEAR CUB, Frontis.	48
ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES, George I. Putnam	49
OUR "OLD HOME WEEK" (<i>poem</i>), Ellen Burpee Farr	57
SHORELINE SKETCHES.—THANKSGIVING, H. G. Leslie, M. D.	59
THE FOREST SITUATION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE, AND HOW TO CHANGE IT, Philip W. Ayres	65
DEMPSEY'S TRICK, Jesse H. Buffum	68
A FACT (<i>poem</i>), Laura Garland Carr	72
JOHN STARK, THE HERO OF BENNINGTON, Gilbert Patten Brown	73
THE HOPE PLANT (<i>poem</i>), A. H. H.	76
HISTORY AND POETRY FROM THE LIFE OF F. B. SANBORN OF CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS (<i>Chapter II</i>)	77
MIDSUMMER (<i>poem</i>), Eva J. Beede	87
EDITORIAL NOTES	88

Subscription: \$2.00 per year; \$1.50 if paid in advance; 20 cents per copy.

Entered at the post-office at Concord, N. H., as second-class matter.

Illustrated, printed, and electrotyped by the Rumford Printing Co., Concord, N. H.



Illustrated descriptive pamphlets (containing complete maps) have been issued under the following titles, and will be mailed upon receipt of 2¢ in stamps for each book, on application to Passenger Department, Boston.

**ALL ALONG SHORE.
AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.
LAKES AND STREAMS.
FISHING AND HUNTING.
MERRIMACK VALLEY.
LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.
THE MONADNOCK REGION.
LAKE SUNAPEE.
SOUTHEAST NEW HAMPSHIRE.
SOUTHWEST NEW HAMPSHIRE.
CENTRAL MASSACHUSETTS.
VALLEY OF THE CONNECTICUT
AND NORTHERN VERMONT.**

Portfolios } NEW ENGLAND LAKES.
RIVERS OF NEW ENGLAND.
MOUNTAINS OF NEW ENGLAND.
Will be sent upon receipt of 6 cents for each book.

**Seashore,
Lake and Mountain Resorts
OF EASTERN & NORTHERN
NEW ENGLAND
AND THE
Maritime Provinces**
Reached by the
**Boston
AND
Maine
RAILROAD**



*Also Summer Tourist Book giving list of
tours and rates, hotel and boarding house list,
and other valuable information, free.*

D. J. Flanders,

GEN'L PASS'R & TICKET AGENT.

R. A. Supply Co.-Boston-

VOL. XXXVII
Nos. 4-6

THE

October—December
1904

GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE



CONCORD · N. H.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY







**"Give me the
Remington"**
says the experienced buyer

Remington
Typewriter Co.
327 Broadway,
New York.



Remington Typewriter Co.,
81 Franklin St.,
BOSTON, MASS.



What our patrons say in praise of our glasses would fill many volumes. Our work is never done until you are satisfied. Eyes and eyes alone.

BROWN & BURPEE

30 NO. MAIN ST., CONCORD, N. H.
940 ELM ST., MANCHESTER, N. H.

Boston University

Offers Metropolitan Advantages
of Every Kind.

COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS

Address the Dean, 12 Somerset St.

SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

Address the Dean, 72 Mt. Vernon St.

SCHOOL OF LAW

Address Dean MELVILLE M. BIGELOW,
Isaac Rich Hall, Ashburton Place.

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

Address Dean J. P. SUTHERLAND,
295 Commonwealth Ave.

GRADUATE DEPARTMENT

Philosophical and Literary courses.
For graduates only.

Address Dean B. P. BOWNE,
12 Somerset St.

W. E. HUNTINGTON, President.

60 YEARS'
EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. **HANDBOOK** on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

7-20-4

10c. CIGAR

Londres and Perfecto shapes packed in handsome souvenir boxes for the holidays. All dealers.

Boston Distributors,

**McGREENERY & MANNING, Cross & Fulton Sts.
L. JESELSOHN, 213 Hanover St.
N. Y. Distributor, A. H. HILLMAN CO., 94 Park Row.
R. G. SULLIVAN, Mfr., Manchester, N. H.**

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.



